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MORALE

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING

I

WAR is, no doubt, the least human of human relationships. It can begin only when persuasion ends, when arguments fitted to move minds are replaced by the blasting-powder fitted to move rocks and hills. It means that one at least of the national wills concerned has deliberately set aside its human quality, — as only a human will can do, — and has made of itself just such a material obstruction or menace. Hence war seems, and is often called, a contest of brute forces. Certainly it is the extremest physical effort that men make, every resource of vast populations bent to increase the sum of power at the front, where the two lines writhe like wrestlers laboring for the final fall.

Yet it is seldom physical force that decides a long war. For war summons skill against skill, head against head, staying power against staying power, as well as numbers and machines against machines and numbers. When an engine 'exerts itself,' it spends more power, eats more fuel, but uses no nerve: when a man exerts himself, he must bend his will to it. The extremer the physical effort, the greater the strain on the inner or moral powers. Hence the paradox of war: just because it

calls for the maximum material performance, it calls out a maximum of moral resource. So long as guns and bayonets have men behind them, the quality of the men, the quality of their minds and wills, must be counted with the power of the weapons.

And so long as men fight in nations and armies, that subtle but mighty influence which passes from man to man, the temper and spirit of the group, must be counted with the quality of the individual citizen and soldier. Every racial group, every army corps, every regiment, has its own distinctive mentality with which it endows its members, and for which it becomes reputed. And every commander accordingly seeks to know, not alone what numbers are against him, but *who they are*. In a paper just now before me I see these words: —

'On one occasion prior to an attack, an intelligence officer, whose duty it was to interrogate prisoners, gleefully remarked to me: "I've had very good news; the regiments in front of our new line are Saxons and Bavarians." These soldiers admittedly do not fight as well as the Prussians.'

And in another paragraph, —

'It was said of a certain foreign contingent whom a Hun officer had captured, that he sent them back to their

own line with the remark, "We can take you again at any time; we have enough mouths to feed already," — so little did he think of their fighting qualities.'

The story need not be taken as history; yet it is hardly too extreme.

And, as we have seen in the case of our own troops, every group of soldiers is an unknown quantity until it has been tried out. We had no doubt that American soldiers would acquit themselves well; but who is there that did not follow the early reports with a tense interest to know *how* well? What could the great business-loving republic do toward producing a fighting morale? — that was the question. We were aware that mentality as well as armament is a factor in warfare.

But how much does this intangible psychological factor count? Napoleon in his day reckoned it high. 'In war, the moral is to the physical as three to one.' But things have changed since Napoleon's day. Then there was still a personal element in the encounter of battles; there was still some truth in the Roman maxim, 'In battle it is the eyes that are first conquered.' Now one may spend weeks of fighting and never see an enemy — much less see the soul driven from his eyes. Yet there are reasons for believing that the moral factor is not less important to-day than heretofore. For consider: —

1. It is still the hand-to-hand fighting, especially the bayonet work, that constitutes the last argument of every engagement.

2. The quality of combat is none the less personal because one cannot see the opponent. The human face is but an organ of expression which we have to learn to read; and any physical thing that can show shades of temper is capable of being read like a face. Thus one learns to read firing as one learns to know the calibre of shells by

their whine. There is desultory firing, determined firing, enraged firing, nervous firing, timid firing, and many another variety. In this and a hundred other ways, battle always has its face, whether or not it is a human face; and experienced men feel as directly when that opposing eye is conquering or being conquered.

3. Perhaps because of the longer intervals of waiting and tension, the spirit of the various units seems sensitive as never before to a thousand shades of feeling, sensitive as a stock market to the rise and fall of confidence and good-will. All tokens from outside, especially the orders and their bearers, are scanned, perhaps subconsciously, for the straws that show what wind is blowing. If the officer's stout words come from an apprehensive mind, he will hardly conceal the fact; and what is outwardly accepted will leave an emptiness, like his own, in the hearts of his hearers. The fighting spirit, further from pure instinct than in former days, is by so much more canny, sensitive, and shrewd.

4. The strains of war on nerve and courage are not less but more severe than in previous wars. To take but a single indication, the prevalence of 'shell-shock' means, not that human quality has declined, but that it can deliberately expose itself to more inhuman and longer suffering than men have ever before in large numbers been called on to endure.

5. And in one way, at least, these mental factors are far more weighty than in Napoleon's day. For behind the army lies the nation; and the whole unwieldy mass, army and nation, is much more a mental unit than in any previous war, each dependent on the courage and good-will of the other. When armies were smaller, it was not so serious a matter if any portion of the civil population was disaffected. But now,

communication is prompt; and the communication of temper is far prompter than the communication of fact. It is not beyond credence that a strike of coal-workers in Pennsylvania might on the next day lose a battle in Flanders. Men in the field are able to know vastly more of the fortunes of their families than ever before in war; and perhaps for this reason the minor troubles and joys of civilian life loom larger on the firing-line. The entire population behind the fighters becomes a part of the fighting state of mind; and all shades of depression and elation pass with the speed of wireless messages from centre to fighting frontier, and back again..

In no war, I judge, has the human quality counted for so much: the endurance, the initiative, the power of sacrifice, the loyalty, the ability to subordinate personal interest and pride, the power of taking the measure of the event, of discounting the unfavorable turn, of responding to frightfulness with redoubled resolution rather than with fear, of appreciating the real emergency and rising instantly to meet it. It is these qualities of mind and character which in the ensemble go by the name of 'morale'; and it is these qualities that will win the war.

For war, completely seen, is no mere collision of physical forces: it is a collision of will against will. It is, after all, the mind and will of a nation — a thing intangible and invisible — that assembles the materials of war, the fighting forces, the ordnance, the whole physical array. It is this invisible thing that *wages* the war; it is this same invisible thing that, on one side or other, must admit the finish and so end it. As things are now, it is the element of morale that controls the outcome.

I say, as things are now; for it is certainly not true as a rule of history that will-power is enough to win a war, even when supported by high fighting spirit,

brains, and a good conscience. Belgium had all this, and yet was bound to fall before Germany had she stood alone. Her spirit worked miracles at Liège, delayed by ten days the marching programme of the German armies, and thereby saved — perhaps Paris, perhaps Europe. But the day was saved because the issue raised in Serbia and in Belgium drew to their side material support until their forces could compare with the physical advantages of the enemy. Morale wins, not by itself, but *by turning scales*: it has a value like the power of a minority or of a mobile reserve. It adds to one side or the other the last ounce of power which is to its opponent the last straw that breaks its back.

(I do not wish to convey the impression that the advantages in morale are all on our side. Morale is not identical with the morals of the case. Confidence, determination, endurance, and discipline may exist in a perfectly bad cause; and they do exist in the German command, or have existed there until recently. The professional status of their armies, their knowledge of their own power, their early successes in carrying the fighting into the countries of their victims — all these were heavy assets, mental assets, whose value has not wholly vanished. The officers of the British and American armies, taken in the large, are relatively new to their work; for some time they must be reckoned in the amateur class in comparison with the long-trained minds and bodies of the enemy. And this is a circumstance which makes itself felt all the way to the rank and file; for ability to rely on the experience as well as the sagacity of the officer is one of the prime elements in the morale of private soldiers. And of course we cannot assume that the German rank and file, fed on a diet of inspired opinion and prepared fact, yet as a mass

believe their cause a bad one. Their guilt is the guilt of consent; and the most vulnerable point in their morale is the willing conspiracy of their worse natures with the general spirit of the campaign, which renders them liable to the most unmanning type of fear, when fear comes.)

Differences in morale, however, are cumulative. Psychologically, as applied to armies, there is an obvious rough truth in the adage that nothing succeeds like success. Depression, on the other hand, relaxes the grip, and so begets failure and further depression; fear reduces control and tends to grow toward panic. Where such gigantic numbers are engaged, it is more nearly true than ever that an army which does not think itself beaten is not beaten: if a decisive victory in the field is possible, it will probably be preceded by a victory over morale. A general crumbling of confidence among the vanquished will usher in the débâcle.

We see, then, why it is that after providing for the number of fighters and their equipment there still remains a great question: how much fight is there in each one and in the mass? And we see that there are always two ways to increase our fighting strength — by increasing the number of our units, and by increasing the fighting power of each unit. Whatever could double the morale of a million men — if that were possible — would add the equivalent of a million such men to the force.

And the thing is not impossible. For the amount of fight per man may vary through a far wider range than the Napoleonic ratio of three to one. This is true even of the minor ups-and-downs of the daily rhythm. Ten men at their top notch of condition might easily handle a hundred similar men at their ebb of hunger, pain, and fatigue.

And there are other variable elements which count quite as much, such

as buoyancy and humor. Humor is a symptom of margin: a man who has it can do more than fight when he is fighting — he can look about and find a trick to spring; and then we have sergeants who with a handful of men bring in a battalion of prisoners. Or he can make the passing misery dwindle in magnitude, as in General Shanks's story of the Irish corporal in the Philippines who, after a hot day's marching and a loss of the trail, was sent to the top of a ridge to reconnoitre. When a comrade called up to him, 'I say, Shorty, is this the last hill?' he shouted back, 'Yes, the last hill it is — the next one is a mountain.'

But beneath these minor variations are the fundamental differences in the set of the will, the long-time qualities that make the tenacious and undefeated fighting man or the reverse.

The most important distinction among our people, affecting morale, in or out of the army, is not that between the loyal and disloyal, but that between the whole-hearted and the half-hearted or three-quarters-hearted, — those who are in the war but with reservations conscious or unconscious; with insufficient, cloudy, dazed, or socially fabricated motive power, not enough to carry them well over the threshold into the new and harsher outlook on their own fortunes and personalities that war requires; somewhere shrinking and unreconciled, — in brief, with inadequate foundation for the lasting elements of morale. This foundation we have especial need to understand, if we are to have the morale that wins.

II

Perhaps the simplest way of explaining the meaning of morale is to say that what 'condition' is to the athlete's body, morale is to the mind. Morale is condition; good morale is

good condition of the inner man: it is the state of will in which you can get most from the machinery, deliver blows with the greatest effect, take blows with the least depression, and hold out for the longest time. It is both fighting power and staying power, and strength to resist the mental infections which fear, discouragement, and fatigue bring with them — such as eagerness for any kind of peace if only it gives momentary relief, or the irritability that sees large the defects in one's own side until they seem more important than the need of defeating the enemy. And it is the perpetual ability to come back.

From this it follows that good morale is not the same as good spirits or enthusiasm. It is anything but the cheerful optimism of early morning, or the tendency to be jubilant at every victory. It has nothing in common with the emotionalism dwelt on by psychologists of the 'crowd.' It is hardly to be discovered in the early stages of war. Its most searching test is found in the question, how does war-weariness affect you?

No one going from America to Europe in the last year could fail to notice the wide difference between the minds of nations long at war and that of a nation just entering. Over there, 'crowd-psychology' had spent itself. There was little flag-waving; the common purveyors of music were not everywhere playing (or allowed to play) the national airs. If, in some Parisian cinema, the *Marseillaise* was given, nobody stood or sang. The reports of atrocities roused little visible anger or even talk — they were taken for granted. In short, the simpler emotions had been worn out, or rather, had resolved themselves into clear connections between knowledge and action. The people had found the mental gait that can be held indefinitely. Even a great

advance finds them on their guard against too much joy. As the news from the second victory of the Marne begins to come in, we find this despatch: —

'Paris refrains from exultation.'

And in the trenches the same is true in even greater degree. All the bravado and illusion of war are gone, also all the nervous revulsion; and in their places a grimly reliable resource of energy held in instant, almost mechanical readiness to do what is necessary. The hazards which it is useless to speculate about, the miseries, delays, tediums, casualties, have lost their exclamatory value and have fallen into the sullen routine of the day's work. Here it is that morale begins to show in its more vital dimensions. Here the substantial differences between man and man, and between side and side, begin to appear as they can never appear in training-camp.

Fitness and readiness to act, the positive element in morale, is a matter, not of good and bad alone, but of degree. Persistence, courage, energy, initiative, may vary from zero upward, without limit. Perhaps the most important dividing line — one that has already shown itself at various critical points — is that between the willingness to defend and the willingness to attack, between the defensive and the aggressive mentality. It is the difference between docility and enterprise, between a faith at second-hand dependent on neighbor or leader, and a faith at first-hand capable of assuming for itself the position of leadership.

In any large group of men there is bound to be a certain amount of psychological 'filling,' that is, minds which go on momentum and suggestion rather than on conviction of their own. There are men who find themselves in the army through a series of events over which they have had no control, and who go on because they cannot go

back. In all armies of the old régime much depended on this principle: 'Get men into it anyhow; circumstances will keep them there, and self-preservative impulses will make them fight.' There is a degree of human nature in this: men can be counted on to exert themselves mightily to get out of a mortal scrape, no matter what got them into it. But such spirit is visibly poor stuff to make war with, liable to panic, unable to replace lost leaders, wholly undemocratic in principle; and the less of it we have in either army or nation, the better. The morale that counts is the morale that would make war of itself alone, and therefore tugs at the leash.

But readiness to wait, the negative element in morale, is as important as readiness to act, and oftentimes it is a harder virtue. Patience, especially under conditions of ignorance of what may be brewing, is a torment for active and critical minds such as this people is made of. Yet impetuosity, exceeding of orders, unwillingness to retreat when the general situation demands it, are signs, not of good morale, but of the reverse. They are signs that one's heart cannot be kept up except by the flattering stimulus of always going forward — a state of mind that may cause a commanding officer serious embarrassment, even to making impossible decisive strokes of strategy.

The quality of morale is not capable of being tested by the methods of the psychological laboratory. There are many mental tests which can be used, and are used, to distinguish the promising soldier from the unpromising; but the critical elements of morale elude them. The difference between one man and another is largely a difference in staying power: *staying power* cannot be tested in the laboratory, except in minor ways. The whole outcome of a battle or of a campaign may

depend on what a few men will do when their 'backs are to the wall'; but the situation of *being at bay* cannot be reproduced in the testing-room in any serious way. Still more elusive is the power men have of taking fire under the influence of strong leaders: any man's worth may be multiplied tenfold under the magic of great leadership. But no investigation of the solitary human being under the highly uninspiring environment of the testing-room could detect the degree of his *kindling capacity*.

Yet the quality of morale is something that can be instantly felt by anyone who knows its signs, large and small. How does a people respond to the hundred exceptional demands of war-time? Their temper and determination may be seen in the speed of volunteering; in the way they accept the harder requirement — the draft; in the taking of bonds and the payment of extra taxes; in the result of appeals for voluntary self-restraint in the physical comforts of food, recreation, warmth; in the disposition to overcome internal and partisan and local disagreements; in the sale of news, the demands for information and explanation, the attitude toward hindrances in the path of war-work, the pressure for results upon the men in office; and, not least in significance, the clear-headed fairness of judgment toward these men, and the readiness to make allowances for mistake in situations where no human foresight can wholly avoid error.

But there are slighter signs which tell as large a story. They are the signs of sentiment, or the kind of response which is made to an occasion when the sources of feeling are tapped. That was a shrewd method of the German agents in Alsace who, to test the loyalty of doubtful citizens during the early months of the war, went about asking them what they thought

of the 'glorious victories.' Enthusiasm, or the want of it, might tell the tale that prudent lips kept concealed. The moments of the expression of sentiment are the most vulnerable moments for any leader. They either carry or alienate the people; and if the morale is at low ebb, it is at these points that disturbance is most likely to take place; just as the unpopular actor is in most danger of being hooted at the moment of his would-be-affecting passage. Of the temper of Russia, we are told that 'The Bolsheviks no longer dare to arrange demonstrations of their own.'

In some of the conquered parts of France, it has been reported that the German officers, in exacting salutes from the men, — and also from the women, — exact also that those salutes shall be given with deference and alacrity. Why with 'deference and alacrity?' Because these are the signs of morale. The spirit speaks more in the manner of the salute than in the fact; and these officers seem to believe that in commanding the manner they succeed in some violent way in forcing the soul. And no doubt they succeed in torturing the soul in that way, because in any act done under command the manner of doing it is the natural refuge of freedom. Morale is seen in the spirit which is put into obedience, the evident free-will with which one adds the touch of briskness and grace to what is required of him.

In this way, even the rigidity of army life becomes the frame for the visible liberty of freedom-loving men. However far the orders go, there is always the last touch that cannot be commanded, but can only be given. All the difference between effective and ineffective war-making lies in the success in enlisting this free contribution of the man to his defined duty.

But perhaps the best indication of a good morale is the liberty felt by offi-

cials of all grades to tell the truth, both as to the difficulties of the task ahead, and as to the failures that attend its course.

When we see the high command of Germany referring to a Marne retreat as the taking of 'new positions,' we can read under the ambiguous accuracy of the phrase a fear of their own public morale. Statesmen of other lands have been known to modify what they felt to be a bitter dose; and usually it has been the morale of the statesman rather than that of the public which has been at fault. Prudent statesmen and censors might learn much from the fact that, when the news of the disaster to the British fifth army on the days succeeding March 21 began to roll in, recruiting both in England and Canada took a sudden upward leap. The human mind, always apprehensive and trying to decipher the future, doubly so in time of great contingency such as war brings, is chiefly fearful of being protected from the truth.

For the tempering of the truth is the first sign of an attempt to manipulate morale from the exterior; and whatever is recognized as having this aim immediately, and by that fact, becomes suspect. Any agency professing to assist morale, any occasion got up for the sake of rallying a shaken or sleepy morale, will partially (I do not say wholly) defeat its own purpose. It establishes at once a state of guard and scrutiny on the part of its intended beneficiaries. For as a state of the will of free men, morale can be evolved only by the man himself, his own reaction to his own data. It has been the fundamental error of Germany to suppose that the soul can be controlled by scientific management.

In fact, the better the morale, the more profound its mystery from the utilitarian angle of judgment. There is something miraculous in the power

of a bald and unhesitating announcement of reverse to steel the temper of men attuned to making sacrifices and meeting emergencies. No one can touch the deepest moral resources of an army or nation who does not know the fairly regal exaltation with which it is possible for men to face an issue — *if they believe in it*. There are times when men seem to have an appetite for suffering, when the best bait that life can offer them is the chance to face death or to bear an inhuman load. This state of mind does not exist of itself: it is morale at its best, and it appears only when the occasion strikes a nerve which arouses the super-earthly vistas of human consciousness or sub-consciousness. But it commonly appears at the summons of a leader who himself wel-

comes the challenge of the task he sets before his followers. It is the magic of King Alfred in his appeal to his chiefs to do battle with the Danes, when all that he could hold out to them was the prospect of his own vision, —

This, — that the night grows darker yet,
And the sea rises higher.

Morale, for all the great purposes of war, is a state of faith; and its logic will be the superb and elusive logic of human faith. It is for this reason that morale, while not identical with the righteousness of the cause, can never reach its height unless the aim of the war can be held intact in the undissembled moral sense of a people. This is one of the provisions made in the deeper order of things for the slow dominance of the better brands of justice.

SATISFIED REFLECTIONS OF A SEMI-BOSTONIAN

BY FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

I

LAST March I started on a pleasure-trip, with a friend of mine who comes from Chicago. I do not often take a trip, because I am a farmer's wife, and the mother of three small boys, and a very zealous worker in all the Good Causes of the little village where I live; and that combination of responsibilities fosters a mode of life which is not favorable for much running about the country. But on this occasion, lured on by Alice, the lady from Chicago, I made my escape from home, and promptly set about to enjoy myself very much indeed, as I always do.

I glanced about the car for material for immediate pleasure, and saw, sitting at a short distance from us, a very beautiful and clever Bostonian, with whom I have the honor of a slight acquaintance. She bowed to me, smiling graciously, and after a moment left her seat, and came and sat down with Alice and me.

I hasten to state that my acquaintance with this Gracious Lady has nothing to do with my own merits, but is due solely to the fact that my husband — although he is also a farmer, as I said before — occupies a state office similar to that which hers once held, and that consequently we have

met and conversed on one or two official or semi-official occasions. Of course, I have heard about her all my life — everyone in New England has; but I know her just well enough to say, if anyone asks me, 'Why — I have met her. Yes, *lovely* —'

Such an acquaintance does not make a very solid bed-rock for conversation in a railroad train; and Alice was not helpful. When she gives a dinner-party, she has a way of saying, 'Now, my dear, tell us about that thrilling experience you had in —', and then devoting herself calmly to her food, while you are forced to allow the best courses to escape you, as, perspiring and self-conscious, you vainly endeavor to be brilliant, and to comply with her request. And though on this occasion she did not actually say, 'Now, my dear, show this gracious lady how well you can talk, even if you do live in the country,' I could see that she was leaning back on her green plush seat with her typical dinner-party expression of countenance.

Fortunately, the gracious lady has a son at the Front. I mean, fortunately for me. It furnished my benumbed mind, which, seeking for relaxation, had found labor, — and Heaven knows, all farmers' wives have labor enough at home, — with an immediate topic. There was not even an awkward pause.

'I trust,' I said blandly, 'that you have good news from your son.'

I thought that I was perfectly safe in trusting that, out loud; for if the slightest injury happens to anyone so eminent, of course we all hear of it at once. But the gracious lady's face clouded.

'Yes,' she said, 'yes, on the whole, I think. He is well, he is safe, he likes his work. But in one respect he has suffered —'

My heart contracted. Even Alice looked a little less languid. To hear a

mother, whose son is in France, say that he is suffering, in these days —

'Has suffered real inconvenience,' the musical voice went on; 'his mail, you know. Even the weekly *Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly* do not reach him regularly.'

I am sorry to say, that, in the pause of relief with which I greeted this statement, Alice laughed. But what can you expect of Chicago?

However, late that night, when we had reached our journey's end and I was snugly tucked into bed, — a twin bed beside Alice's, at the luxurious hotel where her Western extravagance had taken us, — I laughed myself — a laugh of understanding, and satisfaction, and relief. There was a time when to be considered a real Bostonian represented the zenith of my ambition. Since then, my ambition has expanded; and this expansion is due, I believe, partly to a very mixed heredity, and partly to an equally mixed environment.

To explain myself, it is necessary to be slightly autobiographical, and to begin the autobiography with my ancestors — for the careless way in which they jumbled things is doubtless responsible for many of my own difficulties. My mother's father hailed from Vermont; he was the grandson of a Revolutionary colonel of some note, who, as well as all his family for several generations, had been farmers in a small village in the Connecticut Valley, living, one after the other, in a spacious, simple house, with big fireplaces and white paneling inside, and lilac bushes and elm trees in the front yard. But this particular boy decided not to till the soil, and after graduating from Dartmouth, and being admitted to the bar, he went to New York City to seek his fortune. His fortune was so far favorable — though I have never heard that he was much of a lawyer —

that it led him straightway to the presence of a young lady about twenty years old, who laughed and danced and sang from morning till night, whose face and figure were altogether lovely, whose father was one of the few millionaires of his day, and whose name was Delia Maria.

In Delia Maria's family it was not the custom to plough and reap; a large and immensely profitable warehouse provided the wherewithal to maintain a corner house on Madison Avenue; and her education, obtained at Miss Anthony's Select School for Young Females, at Troy, had taught her more about playing the harp and embroidering samplers than about anything more prosaic and useful. But she was undeniably very beautiful, and besides, her flounced silk dresses came from Paris and her jewelry from Tiffany's, and such things do help out even the finest looks, no matter how hard those of us who cannot have them try to pretend that they do not. It is easy to see why my grandfather fell in love at first sight. And as New England farmers are sometimes more attractive — and more eloquent — than they are popularly supposed to be, I myself have never thought it strange that he won his suit without much difficulty. He and the lovely Delia Maria were married without delay, and my mother was their only daughter.

This combination of solid yeoman worth with New York frivolity might have worked out very well for their descendants, if my mother, when she married, had not seen fit to add another element to it, thus most rashly endangering my chances for balance. For she chose a young man from the suburbs of Boston, the son of a Congregational minister who had never had an income of a thousand dollars a year. This enterprising youth, after working his way through Harvard and graduat-

ing with high honors at the age of nineteen, spent several years studying and traveling in Europe by means of the scholarships that had been awarded to him, earning several honorable degrees, but not much of anything else, and finally returned, to marry my mother and become a teacher of ancient languages at one of our large universities.

On both sides of his family, for generations back, the record had been the same — a long line of clergymen, teachers, and judges. There had been sturdy pioneers, to be sure, but their first care seems always to have been to build schools and churches rather than comfortable homes for themselves. There had been brave officers, as far back as King Philip's War, and down through the Revolution; but in every case they had laid down their swords as quickly as possible, and returned to their teaching and preaching. Conscience and brains reigned supreme. The pleasant wealth of Madison Avenue and the broad acres of the Connecticut Valley would alike have proved unalluring to them.

II

And then I came along.

I grew up without worrying at all about what this mixture of levity with devotion, rigid conscientiousness with reckless gaiety, love of books with love of open country, might in time do to me. In fact, on the whole, I grew up very pleasantly indeed. With the exception of a few seasons in Europe and the West, I spent my winters in Boston, — I must even admit, on Beacon Street, — attending the school and the dancing-school most approved at that time in the Back Bay; but my summers I spent on the old farm in Vermont, — which, by this time, my mother had inherited from her paternal

grandfather, — attending nothing at all. And by the time I was able to read all the books of Virgil with some ease — which would have pleased my father, who had died when I was only two years old; by the time I had gone to Early Service through several Lents, with a zeal which that first clergyman-ancestor who gave up his parish rather than subscribe to some doctrine which he did not believe could hardly have surpassed; by the time I had developed a taste for dancing and pretty clothes which would have left Delia Maria quite breathless — I was married, myself, and went to live, at the age of eighteen, on a big farm within a stone's throw of the one on which the Revolutionary colonel had settled, though mine happens to be just across the border-line of the Connecticut River, and consequently in New Hampshire.

It was not long after this that the combination of my up-bringing and my heredity began to rest rather heavily upon me. I could never get deep in a book, that the ungovernable longing to get out of doors and down the lane to the river did not set in. I could never feel that I was the belle of a party, that I did not begin to wonder if I had done quite right in leaving the children. I had been advised by all my teachers to try my own fortunes with my pen, but it seemed hardly worth while to risk a rebuff at the hands of scornful editors, already amply supplied with the works of the Best Authors of the Day, when there was not the slightest doubt that my jam was excellent and my needlework highly satisfactory.

And in those first winters in the country, when the snow lay ten feet high in my own driveway; when my husband — a farmer, as I said before, but given to many other pursuits as well — was away most of the time;

and when the all-enveloping quietness seemed broken only by the incessant demands of little children, I longed — oh, most desperately — for Boston! for Beacon Street, and Hovey's store, and the Tremont Theatre; for the group of girls and boys — the 'Old Guard,' we called it — that was always to be found at a certain hospitable home in Brookline every Sunday, where a twelve-pound roast of beef and a gallon of vanilla ice-cream with hot chocolate sauce were always prepared for its refreshment; for the crowded subway near St. Paul's, and the Harvard Bridge with the wind blowing up the Charles River; for Huyler's sodas, and Page and Shaw's candy; for the sunset over the Fenway; for the bells of the Church of the Advent! in fact, for everything that seemed to stand for home to me — the wealthy, cultured, friendly Boston of the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*.

It was not until I heard the gracious lady say, that day in the train last March, that her son was suffering because he was deprived of these two periodicals, that I fully realized to what extent I had at one time done the same — or how completely I had ceased to do so. I do not mean by this that I am not still very fond of them both, and very conscious of their great merits. An evening at home, settled upon my own comfortable sofa, before my own big fireplace, seems strangely incomplete if the *Transcript* has failed to arrive, even though I can find the main facts of the day's news more rapidly in some other newspaper. The *Atlantic Monthly* is among the first of the magazines which crowd the mail-bag about the twenty-fifth of every month, to have its cover torn off and its contents eagerly devoured, in spite of the fact that it returns, with a chilly and courteous note of thanks, the literary

offerings which I present before its shrine, and which I then cheerfully send off to find a warmer welcome elsewhere.

Let Alice, whose Chicago mind favors no newspaper without glaring headlines, no magazine without brightly colored illustration, laugh at the bare idea of a man 'suffering' for the lack of them — and that means also, of course, for what they represent. I know, all too well, that he may really do so, and with good reason, because I have lived in Boston. But because I have lived somewhere else as well, I can now, if necessary, pass a very pleasant hour with my own state paper, the *Manchester Union*, which furnishes me with authentic war-news and agreeable editorials, and with *Life*, which offers a lively substitute for the 'Contributors' Club.' Indeed, sometimes of an evening I do not read at all. I set my eldest son to playing the 'Devil's March' and the 'Bubi Fox-Trot' on our little Victor, and reflect, as I sit peacefully knitting and listening to them, that, after the war is over and the men with whom I used to dance to the airs of those tunes have returned from France, and there is a sugar-barrel in the store-closet once more, we will pull up the front-hall rugs, and fill the ice-cream freezer, and have a party again.

I realize, too, as I make these rosy plans for the future, that Beacon Street has become to me just a street, and not a road to Mecca; that there are now other stores than Hovey's, other sodas than Huyler's, other sunsets than those seen over the Fenway; the 'Old Guard,' dear as it will always be to me, is scattered now from one end of the globe to the other, and the hospitable Brookline house is sold to someone whom I do not know. But there are many others near at hand, where I am always welcome now; and the farmer, whom the

'Old Guard' feared I was 'burying myself alive' to marry, has risen to heights of well-merited prominence, undreamed-of then. I even know — though this has come last of all — that the ardor which I took to the beautiful services at the Advent cannot compare with the deep and peaceful faith with which I go to worship now, in the bare little hall which perforce serves us for a chapel in this village. The Old Order, which was good, has indeed changed, yielding place to new, and the New is better — far better still.

III

Two years ago, accompanied only by Henry, — that same eldest son who plays the Victor to me, and who at that time was eleven years old, — I went to California to visit a friend, who, though she had grown up not far from me on Beacon Street, elected, when she reached years of discretion, to go and live in Los Angeles. I was not very well at the time, and my appearance was more subdued than usual, partly on this account, and partly because I was in mourning for my mother-in-law; but my spirit was delightfully untrammelled, because I had at last reached a region where nobody knew me, and where I could do substantially what I pleased. I decided, among other things, to go from Los Angeles to San Diego and back by jitney, over the wonderful road that stretches along by the sea, and then curves back over the mountains. I did not feel sure that my family would smile upon such a means of conveyance. At home I take the air and do my errands in a neat though modest product of the automobile industry of Detroit, which bears my own initials on its door, and which is known to the entire household by the affectionate name of 'Dodgey.' If persons outside of my own family accompany

me on these expeditions, they are carefully chosen from the congenial circle of friends who have now been my neighbors for many years. On the rare occasions when I go to the city to visit, I often ride about in limousines, even those of foreign manufacture, and driven by chauffeurs of haughty speech and imposing appearance. I knew that the jitney would resemble neither of these familiar types of motor. Nevertheless, my friend the ex-Bostonian saw no reason why I should not travel in one, if it pleased me to do so; so armed with Henry, my simple black clothes, and my untrammelled spirit, I left Los Angeles one gorgeous November afternoon at two o'clock, eager for whatever might befall.

A number of interesting things befell.

In the first place, the other occupants of the jitney proved worthy of my interested attention. On the front seat with the driver, a cheerful, attractive youth, about eighteen years old, were two Mexicans who could speak very little English, but who were nevertheless very eloquent about some injustice which they felt had been done them in regard to their pay, just received. The driver frequently ducked, rather hurriedly, to escape the arms which waved excitedly every now and then, as they expressed their indignation and displeasure.

The auxiliary seats were occupied by three gentlemen who had refreshed themselves more copiously than wisely before leaving the great city, and were severally sleepy, cross, and given to song. On the back seat with Henry and me was a black-clad, morose individual, — I set him down as an undertaker, — who picked his teeth, read a circular as long as there was light enough, and never opened his mouth during the entire journey. Lest anyone labor under misapprehension, however, let me hasten to state that all

these travelers were as civil to me as they were uninterested in my presence. It is so usual in California for a woman — a lady — to go about everywhere and anywhere and at any time that suits her, that it does not even occur to anyone to notice her, unless something special arises to call attention to the fact that she is there; in which case she expects — and receives — instant kindness and consideration from whom-ever she happens to be thrown with.

About half way between the two cities, the road, which up to that point has followed the sea so closely that you can often feel the spray on your face, turns abruptly over a bridge which spans a narrow rushing stream, and begins to wind up among the mountains. It was growing dark when we reached this point, but it was not too dark to see the tragic remains of what had once been a very handsome motor, lying on its side near the foaming water. The driver turned to impart an interesting piece of intelligence.

'Bad accident here the other day,' he said cheerfully. 'Two people killed outright, four others hurt considerable. They had to send an ambulance down from Los. Yes, 't was a shame — but you can't help such things happenin' pretty often on these roads, especially after dark, they're so pesky curvy and steep.'

He smiled a very winning smile, showing fine white teeth, as he turned casually back to his wheel, and shifted into second. We had begun to ascend the road, which, though beautifully wide, and smooth as a lady's looking-glass, was certainly 'pesky curvy and steep.'

'Gosh!' he exclaimed, a moment later, 'there goes one of my headlights — and I did n't bring an extra one.' And, 'Gosh!' he said again, ten minutes later still, 'there goes the other — and we're twenty miles from a house, let alone a garage.'

It was perfectly true. For over two hours we crept along, in darkness which quickly became the blackest I have ever known. There are no twilights in California. Even the Mexicans grew subdued. I could hear the snores of one of the gentlemen who had refreshed himself before leaving the great city, and who was by now quite indifferent to such a trifle as headlights. I could feel Henry's fingers in mine. But I could not see one inch before my face. The cheerful driver was silent. Up and down grade, around curves shaped like hairpins and others shaped like serpents, he guided the car. We went on — and on — and on — for what seemed an eternity. And at last, far up on the side of the mountain we saw a single twinkling light.

'That's Muggins's!' shouted the driver. 'He'll have an extra light, likely. We can make that all right — the road's a cinch from now on.'

It was a cry of triumph, but it betrayed, by the relief as well as the victory which it expressed, how great the tension had been. When we reached Muggins's he gave another, as an individual in overalls advanced to meet us.

'I've driven all the way from the bridge without lights!' he yelled, 'and I've got eight passengers — two Mexicans, four men, a kid, and a lady.'

The next day, after Henry and I had spent a rapturous morning at the Exposition, and gone over to Coronado Beach for our luncheon, the cheerful driver called at our hotel, according to arrangement, to take us back to Los Angeles. We found only one passenger in the jitney this time — a heavy, middle-aged man, with an air of prosperity and a kindly manner. There was something very like welcome in his expression as we seated ourselves beside him. We had not gone far before he spoke to us, in the friendly fashion of California.

'You come up from Los yesterday, did n't you?' he asked, with interest.

We said yes, we had. The smile of welcome broadened.

'Well,' he said, 'I own this jitney line. My driver here's been tellin' me about your trip. Course he oughter 'a' had extra lights along, and he's the kind that likes to do his own tattlin'.' "Gosh!" sez he to me' (only the owner of the jitney did n't say 'Gosh') "'when that second light give out, hell," sez he, "now I guess I'm in for a case of hysterics! But she never opened her yap" — he meant you, miss. "Darn it all"' (only the owner of the jitney line did n't say 'darn'), "'that girl's got sand — and her with her kid brother along, too. If she'd 'a' come from a city, things would 'a' ben different. But it's easy to see she must 'a' ben raised on a ranch, plain and rough, same as we was. Gosh!" I'm real glad to meet you myself, miss.'

My heart swelled with pride. It was the most sincere compliment I ever had. I did not disillusion him. I realized that, for the first time in my life, perhaps, I was standing entirely upon my own merits, such as they were — realized too, what a wonderful sensation it was, and that I would have a new standard of courage to live up to all the rest of my life. For the supreme virtue in this man's mind was not pretty clothes or brains or broad acres or even high character. He set it down to my credit that I had, as he supposed, been raised 'plain and rough' — what really counted was 'sand.' I doubted whether he had ever heard of the sheltered Connecticut Valley, and I felt perfectly sure that both Beacon Street and Madison Avenue were beyond his ken. He talked, affably and intelligently, of many things, as we sped along. I learned much of geography and farming and machinery. When we reached the stopping-place for supper, — San

Juan Capistrano, — he seemed to take it entirely as a matter of course that we were all to sit together in the little restaurant. When I pulled off my gloves, disclosing my wedding-ring (the only ring I had on), a fresh topic of conversation sprang up.

'You're married!' he exclaimed.

I pleaded guilty. But in the face of the flattering fact that both he and the driver had mistaken Henry for my 'kid brother,' I was loath to add that this was a story now twelve years old.

'Any kids?' he asked with interest.

'Three.'

Murder will out. I glanced at Henry with amusement.

'Well, now, you don't say! How old are you?'

'Thirty-one.'

'You don't look it.' Then, scanning me carefully, and taking in my black dress, 'You — you ain't had a — loss, have you?'

I hastened to assure him that my husband was in the best of health.

'That's fine,' he said, visibly much relieved. 'Got a good job, has he?'

'A farmer,' I announced, with commendable candor.

'We knew you was raised in the country. Well, he'd 'a' ben pleased if he could 'a' seen you last night. *Sand!* that's what I like — bet that's what he likes, too. *Grit!* — How large a farm?'

'A thousand acres,' I flung out, with the happy New England delusion that that was a fair-sized place. He echoed me with commiseration.

'A thousand! I was raised on one of thirty thousand — though that ain't large for this state. Not but what a young man can get a living for his family off a smaller one, if he's smart. Do have some more stew.'

He had the air of wishing to assure himself that Henry and I should get a square meal for once in our lives.

We parted that evening with mutual esteem, and in the mutually expressed hope of meeting some time again.

IV

I enjoyed every minute of that trip between Los Angeles and San Diego, no more, no less, than one I took, soon after I was married, in the Van Ritches' private car, when the Van Ritches' chef prepared wonderful dinners of seven courses for us every evening, and the Van Ritches' limousines stood waiting for us at every station at which we chose to alight, so that we need never take an unnecessary step, or be touched by any unfriendly breeze. Could I, I wonder, say that with such entire truthfulness, if my heredity and environment had been all of Boston, and not the funny mixture of elements which I have described? And would the trip of my dreams — the ideal trip, which is still before me — be quite of the nature that I love to picture it? Fond to the heart as I am of 'Dodgey,' awake to the joys of both jitneys and private cars, my ultimate ambition is to attain a gypsy wagon. (I cherished this ambition, even before I read 'Open Country' and 'The Happy Warrior,' so do not accuse me of copy-catting.) It is to be painted a bright apple-green, and drawn by one large, strong gray horse. It is to be equipped with a back piazza, a comfortable bed with great square pillows, — I insist that the pillows be square, — a few necessary cooking utensils, and a goodly supply of reading material — including, of course, the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. There must also be lace curtains at the windows — why, I do not know, as they are a luxury to which I have always refused to give house-room.

I shall take on this trip one agreeable companion, though whom, I have not

as yet the least idea. By day, we will amble leisurely and pleasantly along the highway. By night we will draw up in some sloping pasture beside it. I must confess that the details of how we shall procure food and wash our clothes are rather vague — but are not the most beautiful dreams indistinct in places?

My satisfied reflections had taken me a long way from Alice, who was by this time presumably sleeping peacefully in the twin-bed beside my own, for it was getting on toward morning. I turned to look at her, in the dim light which streamed in from the little parlor, which at the last moment she had insisted on taking 'so that we should be really comfortable,' besides the 'double bed-room and bath' previously telegraphed for. She was stirring — perhaps had been dreaming. There was a gentle movement under the sheets, and a still gentler snort — if ladies as sweet and lovely as Alice is can ever be said to snort.

'Suffering!' she murmured, drowsily, but jeeringly, 'for the *Evening Transcript* and the *Atlantic Monthly*! How comic Bostonians are!'

'We are not,' I protested indignantly.

'"*We!*"' Alice was roused.

'Yes,' I said proudly, 'you seem to

forget that I am one. Just because I happen to live in New Hampshire now —'

Alice turned over comfortably.

'Living in New Hampshire now has nothing to do with it,' she proclaimed. 'You never were more than a semi-Bostonian, anyway, and if you're tactful, the new acquaintances you make nowadays won't guess even that. Where did you get that red velvet dress you wore to-night? From Paris, I suppose! It's lovely; but really, you frivolous creature, I think that in war-time —'

Feebly I defended myself. The dress had been bought from a reputable and conservative firm on Tremont Street; it had cost \$49.50. It owed much of its distinction, though it *was* pretty, to the diamonds inherited from Delia Maria, which I wore with it. And I was not frivolous, and I was a Bostonian — that is —

Then I decided that it was useless to argue the case with a lady from Chicago, especially if she was sleepy. Her outlook, anyway, is limited on one side by the prairie, on the other by Lake Michigan — a fairly broad expanse. I gave it up as hopeless, and went to sleep.

That is why I have written it all down here instead.

THE PENSION PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

Pension: An allowance made to anyone without equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.—DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

I

THE definition quoted from the first edition of Dr. Johnson's famous Dictionary serves to emphasize some distinctions concerning pensions not always borne in mind.

One is, that a pension is an allowance granted to an individual without financial coöperation on his part. The term annuity, on the other hand, is used to describe a similar allowance provided at the cost of the beneficiary in whole or in part.

The latter half of the good doctor's definition became later a source of no small embarrassment to him, when George III, of blessed memory, conferred upon him an annual pension of £300. Notwithstanding his definition, Dr. Johnson ended by accepting the pension, though his critics never ceased to insist that his political views had been warped by his enjoyment of the royal favor.

Americans past middle life, whose memories go back to the days immediately following our Civil War, while not sharing Dr. Johnson's sweeping condemnation, nevertheless look askance at all pensions, and more particularly at governmental pensions. Our Civil-War pensions had their beginning as an expression of the gratitude of a nation to those who had suffered in its service, and to the dependents of those who had

given their lives as the full measure of devotion. Had it been limited to these, the purpose of the nation would have been fulfilled. What was intended as a gracious expression of a nation's gratitude grew into a system of organized privilege. Our pension legislation developed into the greatest legislative abuse in the history of the government, and constitutes to-day a monument to the weaknesses of our law-makers and of our presidents; for in this matter our presidents have shown no greater courage against the assaults of political and personal privilege than have our congressmen.

In this uncomfortable record there is one notable exception — Grover Cleveland. In the second session of the Forty-ninth Congress, in words of patriotism and common sense, he vetoed, and by his veto defeated, a general pension bill — for there has never been a Congress that could have passed a pension bill against the veto of a president. President Cleveland's message of February 11, 1887, makes good reading to-day for the patriotic American.

Our Civil-War pensioners numbered, on June 30, 1917, fifty-two years after the war closed, 618,326. Their annual pension-roll amounted to something over one hundred and fifty-two millions of dollars. Our total pension bill for the coming year, 1918-1919, will amount to more than two hundred millions, and will show an increase over last year's pension bill of many millions of dollars, made necessary mainly by an increase in the minimum pension of Civil-War

pensioners. It is not too much to say that the Civil-War pensions, conceived in a generous spirit of patriotism, have resulted in a demoralization of Congress and the nation unequaled by any other legislation in our national history.

The government is wisely seeking in the present war to forestall a similar and far greater pension-roll by providing insurance for soldiers at net rates. Whether this precaution will be effectual to defend the treasury against a combination of organized privilege and political weakness in the post-bellum days remains to be seen.

War pensions are in a class by themselves. The pension systems, which to-day engage so large a part of public attention, arise partly out of economic conditions due to the modern industrial organization of society, and partly out of a gradually quickening social conscience. Their development may be traced in a few words.

The personal pension is an ancient institution. For centuries it has been customary for sovereigns and for governments to confer upon individuals the gift of a pension. Sometimes such a gift was the reward of great military service, sometimes a recognition of distinguished achievement in literature, in art, or in philanthropy.

A little more than a hundred years ago another conception of the function of a pension began to be discussed. The transformation of Europe from an agricultural into an industrial population brought great numbers of men from the land into the factories, situated generally in villages or towns. Under the new industrial system these workers became dependents in old age. It became clear that, under the new organization of society, some method must be found by virtue of which individuals living upon fixed pay may receive under definite conditions a retiring allowance after income-earning power has ceased. This

was the origin of the modern pension system.

The conception that lay behind these pension systems was that which remains with us to-day. There must be provided, in some way, a modest living for the individual upon small fixed pay, which may defend him against dependence when he can no longer earn a living by his own exertions. The development of this notion has taken two forms — the first, an old-age pension paid entirely by the state or the municipality or the employer; the second, an old-age annuity provided upon fixed rules, through annual payments of both the employer and the employee. Pension systems to-day differentiate themselves as between these two conceptions.

Twelve years ago the Carnegie Foundation was instituted by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with a generous endowment. Its purpose was to provide pensions for college teachers grown old in the service, and to lift from their minds, as the time of retirement approached, the apprehensions which hang over a man whose salary has been small, whose obligations have been great, and for whom old age may mean dependence. When it was instituted, there was no other thought in the mind of Mr. Carnegie or of his trustees than to pay such pensions, upon the non-contributory plan, to teachers in the United States and in Canada, as could be reasonably provided through the income of the endowment.

This undertaking has been faithfully carried out, although the pensions that could be provided were necessarily restricted to a limited group of colleges and universities. The administration of this problem inevitably brought the officers and trustees of the Foundation face to face with those social and economic questions which are involved in the maintenance of a pension system.

As sincere men, they were obliged to examine the whole question, and to seek to determine their own obligations toward the teachers of the English-speaking countries of North America. The result of this twelve years of work has been a solution of the pension problem of the Foundation which reflects so fully the difficulties of the situation, that the story of this effort contains in effect the history of every pension system and the principles upon which its solution must be sought.

The pension problem, as it lay before the Foundation, resolved itself into three practical questions. First, is the free-pension system, as originally adopted, in the interest of the college teacher? Second, if a free-pension system is not in the interest of the college teacher, what are the fundamental principles upon which a pension system for teachers must rest, in order that it may be socially just and economically and financially secure? Third, if the Foundation shall change from the present basis to a new one, what is a fair fulfillment of the expectations of teachers under the old system of non-contributory allowances?

Europe has had an experience of a hundred years in the conduct of pension systems, though the literature of the subject has only recently become available. It is evident to any student who examines this history that a pension paid by the employer — whether that employer be a government, a corporation, or an individual — will, as soon as the pension is adjusted to the conditions of wage and living, have the practical effect of deferred pay. In a civil-service pension system, for example, embracing groups like teachers, policemen, or clerks, salaries will, after a limited number of years, adjust themselves to the assumed benefit accruing from a pension provided without expense to the individual. As a result, the pay of the whole group is depressed

by the amount of the pension, which only a minority receive — for in all pension systems only a minority come to pensionable age.

The most interesting example of the working out of this inevitable effect is that of the British Civil-Service system. This was established in 1857, on the non-contributory plan, the government paying the whole pension. For fifteen or twenty years it met with general approval; but gradually the beneficiaries themselves became convinced that their pensions were merely deferred pay and reacted unfavorably on salaries. As the result of a gradually growing agitation, a parliamentary commission, composed of some of the ablest men in England, was appointed, in 1902, to look into this question. After a thorough study, extending over five years, the commission completely sustained the contention that a pension paid by an employer is in its practical effect deferred pay, which only a minority ever receive.

There is, indeed, no such thing as a free pension when it is involved in the relation which exists between employer and employee. It will inevitably be absorbed in wages, with the result that, while all salaries are affected thereby, a few beneficiaries only will receive the deferred pay provided under the pension system. For these reasons, therefore, the non-contributory pension system will not only prove a disappointment in time, but will also work a practical injustice. It is likely to work mainly in the interest, not of the individual, but of the agency which employs him. It goes without saying that many of the so-called pension systems instituted by industrial companies, railroads, banks, and other organizations are not pension systems in the true sense, but are bonuses intended primarily to secure faithful and continuous service; whereas a true pension

system should have as its primary object the defense of the individual against dependence, whether he be under one employer or another.

A second serious objection to the non-contributory pension system lies in its ever-growing cost. The steady growth of the pension load in a municipality or a state is illustrated by practically every non-contributory pension system of the world. For example, the pensions of the London Metropolitan Police in 1844 cost less than one per cent of the pay-roll of the department. By 1890 their cost had risen to seventeen per cent, and by 1915 to twenty-nine per cent. The Austrian Civil-Service pensions, before the present war, had grown to be thirty-three per cent of the pay of the active list. The free-pension system is alluring, because at the beginning the expense is small; but in the long run the burden becomes intolerably heavy.

Aside from the economic and financial weaknesses which have just been alluded to, there is a more serious objection to the free pension which only those who have administered such a system can fully understand. This lies in the fact that, to get something for nothing, or to seem to get something for nothing, has always proved demoralizing. The so-called free pension is perhaps the most prolific breeder of human selfishness ever set up in the social order. Whether for preachers or for teachers, for civil servants or for workmen, a pension system nominally paid for by someone else is almost sure to prove in the long run a disappointment, and to make an appeal to a human weakness common to the best of men.

II

When the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation had reached this conclusion, they were only at the beginning of

their problem. It is one thing to recognize the weaknesses of the free pension; quite another to construct in its place a system that shall be at once secure, permanent, and fair to all concerned. Before one can hope to construct such a plan, it is necessary to have a clear conception of the risks against which the teacher needs to protect himself.

The typical college teacher of to-day, in the United States and Canada, begins his career as an instructor at about the age of thirty, at a salary of about fourteen hundred dollars a year; somewhere between thirty-five and forty, he will be a junior professor, with a salary of two thousand; and about the age of forty-five, he will become a full professor, with a salary of three thousand.

The typical teacher marries as soon as he has secured a firm seat as an instructor or junior professor; and although college families, particularly in the eastern part of the United States, show the diminishing birth-rate characteristic of American life, it still remains true that the typical teacher will have a wife and from two to three children to support.

To such a man, looking forward to family life upon the modest salary scale indicated above, a healthy optimism is a necessary endowment. Nevertheless, the greatest obligation which rests upon him is to protect his family and himself against the serious hazards which the lack of an independent income necessarily brings. No other misfortune is more to be dreaded than dependence. One of the most touching letters that ever reached the Carnegie Foundation came from the widow of an old college teacher in the Middle West. For forty years he had given himself unselfishly to the work of a teacher, and he did not feel himself underpaid though his highest salary never exceeded twelve hundred dollars. When his widow wrote gratefully to acknowledge the

first payment of the modest pension coming to her under the rules, she added, 'You cannot perhaps understand what this means to me; but with our small house, which was all John could save out of his salary, it means the difference between dependence and independence. When I think of that I say, "God bless Andrew Carnegie!"'

There is a charming sequel to this incident, that I cannot forbear telling. When this letter was shown to Mr. Carnegie, he found it difficult for some minutes to find his voice; but when he finally found it, he said, 'I have had some large dividends in my time, but never so big a dividend as this.'

The danger of dependence for the teacher, or for his family, arises mainly out of two hazards. The first is the risk of his own premature death. In a group of men who begin as instructors at the age of thirty, one half will die before reaching the end of their earning ability. Against this risk the teacher is in honor bound to make such provision as his resources, backed by reasonable economy and foresight, will permit.

The second hazard touches himself primarily, but touches also, closely, his wife's happiness and security. This is the risk of dependence which may come on termination of his income-earning capacity from increasing age.

These, briefly stated, are the capital hazards which every teacher with a family must face. The first can be met only by some form of insurance; the second by some form of old-age annuity planned to protect the wife in case she survives her husband. The practical question is, who shall provide against these risks, and what is the machinery under which the provision may be met most securely and most reasonably?

In attempting to answer this question the Carnegie Foundation sought the advice of experts in Europe and America. It brought together the in-

surance and pension literature of the world. The material thus gathered was finally laid before a commission composed of college teachers, of university presidents, of trustees and officers of the Foundation, and of actuarial experts, which formulated the fundamental principles of a pension system in such clear terms, that they are likely to be accepted in the future as the conditions of a true system of annuities.

The principles set forth by the commission fall into two groups — one resting upon social and economic considerations, the second upon financial and actuarial grounds. The most essential of these are in the first group, —

1. The function of a pension or annuity system is to secure to the individual who participates in it protection against the risk of dependence due to old age or to disability.

2. The obligation to secure this protection for himself and for his family rests first upon the individual. It is one of the primary obligations of the existing social order. Society has done its best for the individual when it provides the machinery by which he may obtain this protection at a cost within his reasonable ability to pay.

3. Men, either on salary or on wages, are, in the economic sense, employees. The employer, whether a government, a corporation, or an individual, has a direct financial interest in the establishment of some system which shall enable old or disabled employees to retire under satisfactory conditions. In addition, society demands today that the employer assume some part in the moral and social betterment of his employees. The obligation of the employer to coöperate in sustaining a pension system is primarily a financial one, and, in the second place, a moral one.

4. A pension system designed for any group of industrial or vocational workers should rest upon the coöperation of employee and employer.

And in the second group, —

1. In actuarial terms, a pension is a deferred annuity upon the life of one or more

individuals, payable upon the fulfillment of certain conditions.

2. In order that an individual participating in such a system may be assured of his annuity when due, one condition is indispensable: there must be set aside, year by year, the reserve necessary, with its accumulated interest, to provide the annuity at the age agreed upon. On no other conditions can the participant obtain a contract, since this is the only plan upon which the cost can be determined in advance. The man of thirty who participates in a pension plan under which he expects an annuity thirty-five or forty years in the future, will take great risk of disappointment in accepting any arrangement less secure than a contractual one.

Having made clear these underlying principles of a pension system, the commission then took up the question of insurance, and showed that the protection against dependence during the productive period of life, both for economic and for social considerations, must articulate with protection against dependence in old age. The insurance which provides, during the productive period of a man's life, against the hazard of premature death should dovetail with the old-age annuity, which defends himself and his wife against dependence after his income-earning power deteriorates. Any agency, therefore, which seeks to deal with the problem of protection for the teacher, should offer him both insurance and old-age annuity.

Following this conclusion, there has been established an agency called the *Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America*, with a capital of one million dollars, incorporated under the insurance laws of the State of New York, which will offer to the teachers of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland policies for insurance and for old-age annuities at net cost — all overhead expense being paid from the income on the capital provided, or, if this should in time prove insufficient,

by the Carnegie Foundation from its own funds. The one million dollars of capital was provided through the generous aid of the Carnegie Corporation.

The life-insurance policies offered will be those best suited to the circumstances of the teacher's life. Any teacher may through the actuary of this Association obtain expert advice as to what form or forms of policy best suit his situation. The cost of these contracts for insurance and for annuity is at net rates, and any profit arising from favorable mortality or from interest above the legal rate inures to the benefit of the policy-holders.

A man at thirty, for example, can carry a term policy, ending at sixty-five, for \$5000 insurance, at a cost of about five dollars a month. It is hoped that the outcome of this provision will be that college teachers will not diminish the amount they now put into insurance; but that, by investing the same amount, they may obtain a correspondingly greater protection. The typical college teacher to-day carries life insurance approximately equal to one year's pay.

In the same way, the teacher may accumulate by modest monthly payments an old-age annuity, to begin at sixty-five or any other age at which he may desire to avail himself of it. In the accumulation of the old-age annuity his employer, the college, assumes its proportion of the cost. The college instructor at age thirty, with a payment of five dollars a month, and a similar payment on the part of his college, accumulates at age sixty-five an old-age annuity of a thousand dollars. Should he retire at an earlier age, his annuity would be less, at a later age, more. Upon his death, his wife would continue to receive half of the amount of the annuity paid her husband. Under the conditions of his policy, should he die before retirement, all this accumu-

lation, — both his own payment and that of the college, — with the accrued interest, goes to his wife and family in addition to the insurance. Thus, while the five per cent contribution of the college will, after a number of years, come to be discounted in the salary, it will still remain true that this money returns with interest to each individual teacher; and though it be deferred salary, it is much to his advantage that the college should pay this amount to his credit into a reserve for his protection.

Such a plan does absolute justice to each individual. It rests upon sound economic and financial ground, and affords to the teachers of the United States and Canada, for the first time, a means whereby they may protect themselves and their families against the hazards of life which necessarily hang over a family supported by the modest fixed salary of a teacher. The solution thus attained after years of study not only is in the interest of the teachers, but lends itself to a freedom of movement impossible under any restriction of pensions to a limited group of institutions. The question of protection against dependence ought not to be complicated with other aims, but should stand squarely on its own feet. Best of all, such a plan makes an appeal to personal independence and personal sense of responsibility, instead of weakening these qualities.

The full effect of this coöperation between the college and the teacher will not be fully appreciated until time has shown the benefits which it brings to each. In the long run it will profoundly influence both the teachers and the colleges. The plan of insurance and annuities which is thus in time to replace the old pension system contemplates, in the long run, a coöperation of the colleges and the teachers, so planned

as to secure for the teacher the largest measure of security, with the fullest freedom. Nothing short of this will permanently dignify and strengthen the teacher's calling, which was the object at which the author of the Foundation aimed. The method by which this was to be accomplished, he left to be worked out by his trustees as time and experience might decide.

The great gain to the college teachers of the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, coming out of this great gift, lies in the fact that a solution of the pension problem has been worked out on terms which are just and feasible, financially sound and enduring, and within the reach of the income of the small college and of the modest pay of its teachers, and on conditions which make for self-respect and independence.

Meanwhile, through the aid of the Carnegie Corporation, supplementing the income of the Foundation, a most generous provision has been made, to continue, for a generation and more, the payment of pensions on the non-contributory plan to the six thousand teachers in the seventy-four colleges and universities in the United States and Canada associated with the Foundation. There will be expended in these payments during the next fifty years over fifty millions of dollars. To these teachers also all the facilities of the Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association are made available.

The trustees of the Carnegie Foundation undertook the administration of a trust in a field but little understood. In working out the plan which has been briefly outlined, they sought to answer the three difficult questions before them, thoughtfully and sincerely. These same questions confront each of the numerous pension systems organized in our country in the past dozen years.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

BY MARCEL NADAUD

II. THE CLIMBERS

TRANSLATED BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I. THE TARGET

'No use talking, our Papa Charles is a regular astrologer,' grinned Chignole. He's like Nostradamus: he always gets there. He has only to prophecy fine weather, to bring on a flood!'

The canvas of the tent resounded with the rain.

'It's not yet to-morrow, and you'd much better go to sleep; for if you don't get up instantly in the morning, I shall pitch a glass of water in your face.'

'You won't need to, Papa Charles. That's already being attended to.'

The rain was running through the canvas and dripping on Chignole's bed.

'Flagada! I'm taking a footbath!' cried the Lightning-Change Artist, sitting up.

'Glory! But this place is an aquarium.'

It was raining on Frangipane's bed also, falling on his face; and he, fast asleep, was batting at it automatically, as if it were a fly. All of a sudden, he awoke with a snort, and the four began to consult together.

'Not very thrilling to spend the night moving beds.'

'Let Flagada give us his repertoire.'

'Without music? There would be no point.'

'Do any of you gentlemen know Venice?' suggested Frangipane. 'For I should be delighted to reminisce with you. Ah, the Lido! the Lido!'

'Stow the Lido, Vicomte, you're

talking to beggars. But it occurs to me, since we're four, now's the time for a first-rate game of bridge.'

They dressed quickly. An upturned box served for a table; the beds were soft chairs; a candle, stuck awry in a bottle, shed a feeble light and wept tears of wax.

'A heart,' Flagada declared prudently.

'No bid,' said Papa Charles, shutting up his hand with a snap.

'No trump,' announced Flagada, peremptorily.

'I come back. Here goes, my lad!' cried Chignole, ever ready for any risk.

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They arrived safely at Nancy the next morning. The journey was devoid of incident, except for Papa Charles and Chignole, who were bound to fly over the Roman Camp, to find out if the Boches have all the ammunition they need.

At the headquarters of the squadron they were assigned to an escadrille and set out promptly to present themselves at it. Crossing the plateau, they met several old friends.

'So you're going to keep on in the Voisin? Night-flying's a soft snap. — Have you heard — L —, the little live wire? Went to pieces yesterday. It was partly his fault; he had only two days on a Spad and he wanted to show off, to astonish the officers. He went

up *zoom* — the engine gave out — down he came on one wing. Ah, my children! They mopped him up with blotting-paper!’ Then, jumping without transition to another subject, ‘The cake-shop in the Rue des Dominicains, where we ate such good cream-tarts, is closed, or rather, opened — cut in two by a 380.’

‘Just my luck!’ murmured Frangipane.

After breakfast, when they were taking a constitutional in the pine wood, they exchanged impressions of the *escadrille*.

‘Of course, it’s very flattering to tumble into a squad of aces, but it’s rather embarrassing.’

‘With all these Legions of Honor, we look like thirty cents.’

‘We really must pull off something clever.’

Chignole slashed with his cane at all the little weeds within his reach, pulled his nose reflectively, then paused. ‘I have an idea, but it’s not to the point.’

‘Out with it. Let’s see if it’s any good.’

‘You may have noticed at table that the conversation has turned on a very dangerous anti-aircraft battery of the Boches, which brought down several —’

‘Exordium — Yes?’

‘That’s all. If we could demolish it our reputation would be made — what?’

‘So that’s your great idea? — Congratulations! It did n’t hurt you much! Our squad has n’t been waiting round for Chignole and Company to show them how to destroy a battery. They’ve got no results from bombing it; why should we do any better?’

‘It’s queer how ideas come to me when I’m ragged,’ Chignole announced philosophically. ‘Behold my visions! — I see a machine flying over the afore-said battery at twilight. What happens?’

‘The battery fires.’

‘But as night is coming on — What do we see?’

‘The flash of the shells,’ answered Papa Charles, suddenly interested.

‘Second vision! Another machine prowling over the lines. It notes the exact position of the battery by the flashes from the guns, and signals the range to our artillery by wireless.’

‘Come on, fellahs!’ cried Papa Charles. And they went back to the hangars at the double quick.

When the captain’s consent had been obtained, Chignole superintended the installation of the wireless. It was agreed that Flagada’s machine should serve as target; and to handle it with the least effort, they put in as little weight as possible: the exact allowance of petrol and oil — no more.

The afternoon arrived. A last telephone call to the artillery of the sector, to make sure of a good connection, and Papa Charles started up first, to try his luck. The late spring had not yet altered the face of the country. The forests were still black; the grayish meadows and the bare fields still showed their furrows in sharp relief. Nevertheless, the sun was painting Nancy with the tenderest tints of his palette; the bell-towers were rose, the roofs dove-colored, the golden gates of Jean Lamour were burnished new.

‘Now I’ve got my bearings,’ cried Chignole. ‘There’s the rue St. Jean, — the rue du Pont-Mouja, — la Pépinière. She climbs! — Two thousand metres. Great sport, Papa Charles!’

A machine appeared above Malzéville and dived toward the lines.

‘It’s Flagada. — Forward, march!’

They pass the trenches. They unwind the antennæ of the wireless. The details of the landscape dissolve, little by little, but certain landmarks remain visible. The target plane circles, dips very low, like a bird hesitating above its nest.

'Ready!' Chignole taps the key, and sends up the signals agreed on.

Suddenly a flash, followed by several others, streaks across the dusk. Chignole locates them on his map.

'Square 97.' He presses the key twice.

A few seconds, and two explosions show him that our artillery has obeyed. 'Over!'

The target plane is now being harassed at close quarters by the shrapnel.

'What have the poor nuts been drinking!'

'If the gunners reduce the range — they're done for.'

Suddenly the flashes mingle with the yellow smoke of our shells.

'Fire like hell!' shrieks Chignole, hitting the key a smashing blow. 'Forward, boys! and let her rip! Don't be stingy with the shells.'

The battery site disappears in a cloud of smoke which reddens in spots. The target plane gets no more shots, and the white puff-balls of the last shrapnel dissolve little by little.

'I think the Boches will be quiet for a little while. Fall in, mates, for a tango celebration.'

Papa Charles cuts down the gas and indulges his biplane in various weird and clever stunts. Flagada does likewise; and in the calm, serene, violet evening the two victorious taxis return to their stable, cutting capers to relieve their drivers' feelings.

Their captain, an ace whom nothing, not even honors, could surprise, gave them his felicitations. Then, addressing himself specially to Frangipane he said, 'Let's see, my friend, you're only a débutant; you must have had a bad quarter of an hour. How did you feel?'

And Frangipane, with his quizzical and slightly reserved air, replied, 'To tell the truth, captain, I've never had any emotions except at Venice. I say! — "On such a night," on the steps of

the Church of the Scalzi — a woman —'

'Good night!' snapped the captain, and beat a retreat, muttering, 'I've had some freaks in this squad — but this guy —!'

II. GAME'S UP

'The war gets worse and worse,' Chignole announced in melancholy tones, scraping the mud off his boots with the point of his knife. 'Last year, it was comparatively easy to bring down sausages. You remember, Papa Charles?'

The latter, buried in a newspaper, assented with a grunt. Flagada, astride his bed, was carefully paring his almond-shaped nails, while Frangipane, shifting from one leg to the other, munched a biscuit.

'I say, gang! why don't you take an interest in what I'm saying?' sputtered Chignole. 'For heaven's sake, what's your grouch? You need n't act so sulky.' And pointing out of the window at the great fat yellowish sausage suspended over the lines, 'Don't tell me you can look at that swollen gullet without boiling over.'

After this outburst, he retired into wrathful silence.

Papa Charles threw aside his paper, caught Frangipane by the arm as he was making for the door, signed to Flagada and Chignole to sit down by him and then began seriously, in a low voice: —

'Let's talk it out. As for setting fire to them in the daytime, that sort of thing's ended; those good old times are over — no use harking back to them. Still, on a fine night, when the details of the landscape were absolutely clear, it might not be impossible to succeed.'

'Yes; but when we'd retrieved the sausage, we'd have to go down to at least a hundred metres.'

'Fifty.'

'Behind the Boches' lines.'

'Sure.'

'And what if there's a breakdown?'

'We stay there. — Conclusion?'

'We'll do it this evening. It's a go!'

When the captain was consulted, he protested vehemently; but he knew how obstinate they were. And they did not let him alone until they had obtained his consent; on one or two points, however, he was firm.

'Granted, on two conditions: one machine only; you can decide among you which goes. And — you're not to go up unless I'm there. — Understand?'

'Oh, captain! You're an ace!'

And Chignole saluted, flushing with delight.

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The air was soft; the night was clear; the moon in all her splendor blotted out the stars caught in the ring of her white light. The wind blew lightly on the guy-ropes that held the hangars taut. In the one barrack that was lighted, shadows passed now and then across the window-screen.

'Let me take your place, Chignole.'

'Awfully sorry, Vicomte, but not this time.'

'Papa Charles thought of the expedition; it's natural he should go — but you —?'

'You, who are engaged,' added Flagada.

'Save your breath, my friends. In the first place, everybody's more or less engaged; secondly, Papa Charles without me would not be Papa Charles; finally, now that I'm reinstated in aviation, I want to show them that I'm as fit as I ever was. 'Nough said.'

They left the hut, and as they passed the headquarters tent, Papa Charles lifted the tent-flap.

'We're leaving, captain!'

'No fog?'

'No, sir.'

'Wait, I want to see for myself.' He appeared in his dressing-gown, scrutinized the horizon carefully, and turned his electric lamp on the barograph. 'Go ahead, boys; but if, when you're up, you find it the least bit hazy, if the engine does n't work just right, don't hesitate: return at once.'

They shook hands silently.

'Get a move on, Mimile!' cried Chignole, entering the hangar.

Mimile, the mechanician, jumped from the cockpit, where he had been napping with one eye open. As he was lighting the acetylene torches, the sentry post turned on the searchlight.

'Is it all ready?'

'Would I be snoring if it was n't?'

'Right you are, Mr. Mimile.'

While the travelers were settling themselves, Flagada and Frangipane looked over the exposed parts of the controls. They clambered up on the footboards.

'Here,' said Frangipane to Chignole, giving him a pocketbook. 'A thousand francs in Boche banknotes. It may be useful.'

'Here,' said Flagada to Papa Charles, handing him a Browning. 'The latest plaything of the year — eight balls in three seconds. It may be useful.'

'Were there ever such pals!' murmured Chignole, overwhelmed.

And Papa Charles started off abruptly to hide his feelings.

They left the earth. The houses of Nancy cast their pointed shadows on the pallid streets. The curves of the Meurthe toward Tomblaine were shining like polished steel. At the factories of Dombasle, tongues of fire shot up into the sky.

'Don't mistake the Moselle for the Meurthe.'

'I'm skirting the Marne-Rhine canal. Look at the revolution-counter. The hand's jumping.'

'Yes; the mill's making a funny noise.'

'It's not normal. Shall we go back?'

Go back? The thought chilled them. Their pride was hard hit. What would their comrades think, and the captain? They would have to confess that luck had deserted them. Already they felt humiliated, degraded.

'We should worry! Let's go on.'

'Same here!'

Above the lines. A few shells, but as the moon is full, the searchlights are not so intense and the aim is wide.

'I'll make a loop to fool them.'

They go rambling above the pool of Lindre. They fly over Dieuze, Morhange, then take the direction of Chateau-Sâlines.

Papa Charles slackens his speed. 'Do you hear? Skipping?'

'A little water in the carburetor. She'll win out. Don't you worry!'

They descend. Chignole scans the landscape. In a glade is a kind of dome, white under the moon.

'There's the objective.'

With gas cut off, the biplane slides down noiselessly. Papa Charles makes the contact from time to time, to be sure of the connection.

'Eighty metres. Not yet. Don't be in a hurry. Don't miss it. Get your rockets ready.'

But to volplane better he has shortened his dive too much, and the propeller stops, in spite of all his efforts to make the engine go again. In their desperation they stand almost upright in the cockpit.

'Hell!'

'Game's up.'

Papa Charles noses up; the machine clears the trees and lands right-side up in a meadow. They are on the edge of a village whose first houses they can just make out. Nothing stirs. They venture to breathe.

'Talk about adventures!'

'Hurry up down there! Let's get out.'

As soon as he touched the engine, Chignole's dexterity came back to him. He took the nuts out of the cover of the distributor, feverishly.

'I knew it! The distributor arm is fouled; the ebonite box is n't tight, the coils are covered with oil and the mill turns too slow to make a spark.'

'How much time will it take?'

'To dry it out? We must have a fire, first thing.'

'Time, I ask you — how much time?'

'Look! — Will you look!'

The sky was paling; the moon was fading; the stars were going out; the leaves trembled under the wind of dawn.

'Day!' murmured Chignole softly, bending his head. 'Game's up! — Prisoners!'

'Never!' and Papa Charles patted the trigger of the pistol in his pocket.

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The machine had long been swallowed up in the night, but Frangipane and Flagada did not dream of leaving the plateau. They walked up and down restlessly, their hands in their pockets, stopping only to light fresh cigarettes. Mimile consulted his watch every few minutes, and put it to his ear to make sure that it was going.

'Are you sure they took their map?'

'Yes; Flagada; and Chignole even pasted at the top the ten-thousandth detail as to the position of the sausage.'

'You did n't forget to fill her up with water?'

'What? That radiator dribbled up to the time they left.'

'They'll have crossed the lines by now.'

'They'll have made the goal —'

'Not yet. Papa Charles is much too clever to give his scheme away to them at once.'

'Did you examine the magneto carefully?'

'As I would for myself; as if I myself were going to fly the bus.'

The night freshened. A cock on the Malzéville farm invited his brothers to sing matins. The captain came toward them, still in his dressing-gown, his field-glasses slung over his shoulder.

'You've not yet seen signs of German shelling, over the lines?'

'No, sir; nothing.'

'They won't be long, now.'

One by one the squad arrived, in slippers, their tunics thrown over their shoulders hastily.

'When did they go up?'

'At half-past two, sir.'

'Twenty minutes past four. They ought to be in sight. Telephone the artillery; doubtless the observers can give us news.'

A secretary ran to headquarters. The sky, emptied of its stars, was gray, but where it touched the earth, it was turning to rose. It was as if a huge fire kindled the horizon. Golden beams arose on all sides, sprung as if from magic fireworks.

'The sun!'

Eyes questioned the void; hearts were wrung with an unreasoning anguish.

The artillery telephoned, 'Nothing to report.'

'If they're not here in ten minutes —' The captain ended his sentence with a significant shrug.

Yonder in the light of the dawn, the enemy sausage swayed heavily.

They looked at one another and said nothing. Death was passing by.

III. GO DOWN! THEY'RE ASKING FOR YOU

Seated on the grass, at the foot of the biplane, Chignole was mechanically plucking the little Easter daisies. He awaited, with resignation, the stroke of Fate and the orders of his compan-

ion. Papa Charles, his face distorted with helpless rage, sputtered meaningless phrases between drawn lips.

'Set fire to the cuckoo — save ourselves — there's the forest — hide — till to-night — cross the lines.'

Chignole rose calmly, thrust the posies into his pocket, scratched a match, and unscrewed the stopper of the petrol tank.

'Stop!' cried Papa Charles in a shaking voice, hesitant in the face of the irreparable. 'Let's try once more to start her. Hurry!'

In the pale morning, while Chignole, groping, did his best to buck up the engine, Papa Charles, in the cockpit, with one hand on the control, the other at the trigger of the machine-gun, waited for the enemy. Before them, a road bordered with trees; on the right and behind, a wood; on the left, fifty metres away, the village. Daylight kindled the window-panes; horses neighed; a bell rang.

'Well!'

'I've cleaned the distributor as well as I can. Open the petrol.'

Just then, a sharp little trumpet shook out the tripping notes of the German réveillé. Papa Charles smothered an oath and gnawed his fingers till they bled. Chignole, glued to the propeller, cranked it violently. The engine responded with a hoarse sigh.

'She speaks! Up, my beauty!'

Chignole, dripping with sweat, covered with oil and axle-grease, his gaze fixed, his hair blowing in the wind, hideous and superb, recranks the screw with the energy of despair. Explosions in the cylinder! Irregular — then rhythmic! — In the doorway of a house a soldier, a Boche, appears. He stands amazed at sight of the tricolor on the aeroplane, but pulls himself together and aims his gun.

'Tac — tac — tac — tac!'

Papa Charles has fired. Like wheat

before the scythe, the soldier drops, head first, arms extended crosswise. The biplane spins. Chignole comes aboard with a flying leap and seizes the machine-gun, while his comrade grips the steering gear. The curtain of trees approaches with terrible rapidity.

'What do you bet we make our getaway?'

The trees! The trees! Will it be a smashup? Papa Charles shuts his eyes instinctively and pulls the joy-stick toward him. The machine hesitates, seems to hang motionless, to gather itself together like a horse at a fence. Papa Charles opens his eyes. The wheels are brushing the green treetops. Cleared! He noses down lightly to prevent a slip. Down on the road there is a whirlwind of dust where the automobiles are dashing after them.

'Whoop-la! Hi! you boobies!' chor- tles Chignole.

In climbing, they have come back again over the village, where an enemy battalion, evidently quartered there, takes them for a target.

'Save your bullets, gawks!'

At a window of the house on whose threshold they had so lately landed, women are waving frantic handker- chiefs.

'*Vive la France!* We shall meet again soon!'

Papa Charles, in fine fettle, whirls, turns, capers, always following the homeward road. At eight hundred metres, Chignole lets out a yell which drowns the roar of the engine.

'Golly, old chap! we're going to make a good job of it after all! Fine work!'

Below them the sausage — their Ger- man sausage — soars peacefully.

'Do you get her?'

'I think so.'

Papa Charles dives at full speed. The balloon swells beneath their eyes as they make their dizzy descent. Papa

Charles flattens out abruptly. Chignole launches the incendiary rockets. They turn over on the wing to get the effect — and a thick black smoke, fringed with purple, envelops the balloon, which makes several plunges; then — bursts.

'Go down! They're asking for you!' declaims Chignole in the tone of a funeral oration.

'They have n't wasted our time. They'll be suffocated, poor devils!'

'If you want my advice, don't say anything about this to the others; they'd never believe you.'

Then they abandoned themselves to the sweet satisfaction of having escaped a great danger. All the reflections which they were unable to indulge in at the crucial moment beset them now that they were safe.

'Prisoners!' thought Chignole. 'What a dirty trick! And me just about to be married. What a bouquet for a bride- groom! And my poor Sophie laid on the shelf.' But his natural optimism soon got the upper hand. 'Still, it would have been better than being knifed. And besides, there's always a way to manage. Birds like us would n't stay long in their clutches. We should soon have been singing the *Chant du Départ*.'

'Prisoners!' thought Papa Charles. 'What should I have done if the bus had left us in the lurch? Sold my skin dearly — fired my last cartridge? — Yes; but even so, Chignole would have been shot. — Surrender? — Jail until the end of the war.'

A series of unpleasant images passed before his mind, and he smiled happily at the sunny land of France, beckoning them, calling them.

'Here's where we break our necks. — There's a barrage of Fokkers over the lines.'

'Six! That's a little too much. Any more petrol?'

'Enough for an hour.'

'We'll make it!'

They refused combat, made a left oblique, and crossed the Seille above Marsal. The Fokkers turned at the same angle; but they were embarrassed in their chase by having the sun directly in their faces.

'They're not gaining on us.'

'No, but another squad is coming to meet us.'

'Six behind, three in front! It's getting unhealthy.'

'What's the name of the place we're flying over?'

'Azoudanges.'

'Well, we're headed for its cemetery, all right; but we're not the only ones that'll sleep there. — Pigs!'

Papa Charles plunged, stood up on end and turned and charged into the troop of six. His manœuvre was so unexpected that the Boches could not turn, for fear of going down together. They were obliged to scatter, and Papa Charles profited by the ensuing confusion to make for the frontier, while Chignole covered their retreat with repeated salvoes. The Boches, however, did not consider themselves beaten, and forming anew in a semi-circle, they charged the biplane.

'They won't get us; there are the trenches.'

'Yes, but look!'

Right above them a machine approached at frantic speed, and with the wind in its favor.

'That one will get us, sure!'

But Chignole had seized his field-glasses.

'No; Papa Charles, that one won't get us — for that one — is Frangipane and Flagada.'

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Above their own ground, they let themselves go in fantastic gyrations,

as if in a drunken machine, and landed with engine stopped, in perfect form.

When the captain came up to compliment them, Chignole drew from his pocket the flowers which he had put there.

'Pardon us for being late, but we stopped to pick these. It occurs to me you might like to send this bouquet to your wife, captain. It's from Lorraine. She won't find these flowers at the florists' in little old Paris, and I'm sure they'll give her pleasure.'

IV. CHIGNOLE GETS MARRIED

'Don't lean out of the window, little daughter. Look out for trains coming from the opposite direction, and for cinders from the engine. You'd be a lovely sight if you came to your wedding with an eye as big as that —'

M. Bassinet showed Sophie his two fists clasped together to make his effect; then, satisfied by his unanswerable argument, he retired deeper into his corner, chewing his pipe which had been out some time. Opposite him, his wife slept noisily, her double chin propped on her breast which was upheld by her corsets. Beside her, M. Fondu was squeezed up, asleep; but always dignified, he held clasped on his knees the stovepipe hat which he could not bear to trust to the net overhead. He dared not lean back against the cushions of the compartment, lest he crack his shirt-front; and his body bounced and rattled with the motion of the train.

In the opposite corner, 'Maman Chignole' slept, her head in a black muslin scarf which set off her silvery hair. Now and then, the weary lines about her mouth would vanish, and she would smile lingeringly at her dream — her son. Although M. Bassinet was bored by the silence and felt the need of exchanging opinions with someone, he did not venture to

wake them; but turned once more to Sophie:—

‘How you do persist in looking out of the window! Really child, it’s high time you got married; there’s no living with you any more.’

But the girl, with eyes half closed by the wind that blew her blonde curls, followed the course of the train anxiously, trying hard to decipher the names of the stations which they passed without stopping.

‘Nancy, papa! — Here’s Nancy!’

M. Bassinet rammed his pipe with a powerful thumb, and woke the sleepers.

‘Well! We’ve come through without a collision! — Mâme Bassinet, I’m not finding fault, but ever since we left the Gare de l’Est, what have n’t you given us in the way of music! The orchestra of the Garde Republicaine is n’t in it with you! — But let’s beserious. We’re here. We must be ready for anything. The bundles are numbered — everybody carry his own!’

They were bumping over the switches. The brakes squeaked; the wheels slowed up. M. Bassinet polished the buttons of his raiment with his sleeve, settled his cravat, and gave his glazed hat a rakish tilt.

‘Let’s be getting out. The head of the family first.’ Then, with a severe countenance, ‘We must mind our manners; here, we are at the front.’

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The mechanics, who had got up early on purpose, were decorating the interior of the hangar called ‘Bessonneau,’ after its builder, where the religious ceremony was to take place. Chignole’s officers, wishing to show him a special mark of their affection and esteem, had decided to give him an out-and-out ‘aviation’ wedding, and therefore to celebrate it in his unit.

A biplane spread its wings above the

altar where the priest was to officiate. Behind him, in the alcove, ‘Fatty’ and ‘Hurricane Harry’ repeated one last time, under their breath, a ‘Panis angelicus.’ ‘Fatty’ was a little roly-poly man, with a head like a billiard ball, eyes like marbles, a pot-belly, and legs the shape of stovepipes. A chorister in a church at Versailles, he had a pleasant, though nasal voice. ‘Hurricane Harry’ had been conceived all in one dimension: he was long, with a big nose as sharp as a razor. He did not walk — he cleft, he pricked, he pierced. A musical clown in civil life, he was a virtuoso upon a violin made of a cigar-box, a broom-handle, and strings of a sort. These two, pilot and observer respectively in Chignole’s squad, had planned an agreeable surprise for him, by combining their talents.

Midday: automobiles, animated groups, hubbub. The procession made its way with solemnity from the mayor’s house to the hangar. At the head walked the Bassinet of this great occasion, apoplectic in an extremely tall celluloid collar, his eye moist, his moustache bristling with emotion. Sophie’s little gloved hand lay lightly on his great knotty arm; her blonde hair was braided in a crown; although embarrassed, yet she smiled under her veil.

‘The pretty little darling!’ exclaimed Mimile as she passed by. ‘She’s like a flower! I can understand that kind of marriage.’

Behind, Chignole strutted to conceal his anguish. The violent beating of his heart shook his decorations on their new ribbons. He escorted Madame Bassinet, scintillating in her trained dress of garnet velvet, trimmed with bugles. A huge bird brooded on her hat.

Dazzled, staggered, upset by this adventure, for which forty years of office life had left him unprepared, M. Fondu

felt as if a trap-door would open and swallow him up at his next step. Nevertheless, in his best manner, he gave his arm to 'Maman Chignole,' very distinguished in her neat and simple toilette. Behind came Papa Charles, Frangipane, Flagada, and the noisy crowd of all their comrades, in variegated uniforms.

The ceremony began. 'Fatty's' sacred song, assisted by the accompaniment of 'Hurricane Harry,' rose sublime above the bent heads. The big guns, far away, played a *basso profundo*.

'Those guys sure can warble!' murmured Chignole, gazing, deeply moved, at the little figure, so white and delicate, which knelt beside him.

M. Bassinet contemplated the captain, the officers, counted up the crosses, the medals, the palms, and plumed himself on the honor which was being paid his family. Ah, if the lodgers in the house could see all this! They would undoubtedly pay up more promptly, and not invoke the moratorium. They would have some respect for their concierges.

Madame Bassinet wept silently. Her tears fell on the fine missal which she had not carried since her marriage, and which still smelt of the camphor from the wardrobe in which she kept her old treasures. 'Maman Chignole' prayed. M. Fondu rolled his bewildered eyes.

Immediately after the benediction there was a sudden hurly-burly, and an excited secretary made his way to the captain.

'Communication from G.H.Q. In reprisal for the bombarding of open towns, a raid on Metz.'

The chief raised his hand, and the hangar was emptied immediately. Everybody hustled, running to his own machine. 'Hurricane Harry' tossed his violin to M. Fondu, who was gaping at all this madness. 'Fatty' hummed the words of the *Marseillaise* to the tune of

the *Veni Creator*. Chignole, caught in the general fever, would have darted off despite Sophie, whose fingers clung to his hand, but the captain called him back peremptorily.

'Ah, no, my boy, not you — you're on leave. To-day you belong to your wife. France would not have you so unfaithful.'

While the planes, with engines purring gayly, rose one by one, drunken with sun and light, and dived toward the frontier between the Moselle and the Seille, Chignole and the civilians went down to Nancy. He was happy — yes, he was happy — but why did the ring that shone on his finger suddenly feel heavy? Ah, it is hard to love, to bind one's self, and to fight!

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That night, the dining-room of the hotel, where the wedding feast took place, was stormed by the same noisy band of the morning. They sat down, and Frangipane was already casting longing eyes at a cake plate.

'Two people are absent,' M. Bassinet announced, pointing to the empty places.

There was an abrupt silence, then the voice of Papa Charles rose, deep and sad: 'It is "Fatty" and "Hurricane Harry." They will not be here. They were left behind.'

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The deep forest is stirred this evening by a thousand noises. The wind flutters the flames of torches held by soldiers in gray-green uniform. They light up fitfully a tragic tangle of wood and metal that men are methodically trying to clear up. In its fall, the aeroplane has mowed down branches of trees, and the earth is strewn with leaves and twigs. Someone gives brief commands.

More lights are brought and the corpses are revealed. Death has respected their faces. With eyes closed, they seem to sleep. The bodies are imprisoned within the machine, which holds them as if it would never let them go. The lugubrious workmen try to free them from their bonds, but they are so crushed in their fur coats that there is no chance of getting them out whole. The linen of the wings hangs in rags, tattered and torn. A cockade in three colors, almost whole, waves from the top of a pine tree, like a challenge to fate. A saw creaks on a small aluminum bar beneath which an arm is caught. The clenched hand, on which the blood has dried in blackish flakes, still threatens. Now, on the stretchers, there are only two dead weights that make the bearers stagger.

Ditches at the edge of a sunken road. The smell of upturned earth, of trampled moss, of torn roots losing their sap. A picket doing the last honors to the dead. 'Fatty' and 'Hurricane Harry' rest in German soil.

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The dinner proceeded. Flagada went through his repertoire, and then imitated Mayol and Sarah Bernhardt in turn. The captain made a little speech in honor of the bride and groom: a simple little speech, but it touched all hearts.

M. Bassinet would have responded with the formal address which he had prepared beforehand and learned by heart; but the champagne, although it made him very happy, had wiped the words from his memory. Nevertheless, he rose, his goblet trembling in his hand.

'Captain, I shall say nothing; but my silence will speak. Do you understand my silence?'

And he sat down amid loud applause,

under the impression that he had been quoting from Lamartine.

'I'm so glad he stopped there,' murmured Madame Bassinet in Papa Charles's ear. 'If he had once twisted himself up in his words, the war would have ended before he got through.'

'Maman Chignole' gazed down at the photograph-brooch which fastened her waist, and smiled at the twin medallions of her husband and her son. They did not look like father and child, but like two brothers. How proud the dear departed would have been to be present at this glorification of his little son! But would his happiness be unsullied, complete? Would he not resent with her the grim sadness, masked beneath this festival? For many of these merry-makers the hours are numbered. His son perhaps is one of them.

'Poor darling! I wish I might keep you; defend you! If it were only blood that were needed, would that they might take the blood of us who have lived, who are worn out! Would that the parents might be sacrificed, the children spared! Not him — me — me — no longer good for anything — not him!'

This is what the imperceptible quiver of her lips really said.

M. Fondu, emerging from his confusion, was even about to get on his feet, when he conceived the original idea of questioning Flagada about aviation. And Flagada, fluent to a degree, drowned him beneath the flood of slang current in the fifth arm of the service. M. Fondu, submerged, had only the strength to stammer, 'G-g-gas!'

Frangipane gathered together by ingenious manoeuvres the plates of cakes, passed them in review, made his choice, and provisioned himself for a future emergency.

Suddenly the sinister bellowing of a siren hushed the voices, arrested the laughter.

'One blast. — That's only one plane.'

They went to the windows, and saw a biplane of the guard rise from the plateau, and, passing over them, light its beacons to salute them. The search-lights revolved; in the direction of the lines there were flashes from shells.

'It ought to be visible. The call came from Frouard. — Now! — the plateau battery is firing!'

But, immediately, the firing began to come at longer intervals. The hammering died away — stopped.

'Merely a warning. — A stray plane, or a witty Boche, come to remind us that it's time to leave our young couple.' And the captain gave the signal for breaking up.

The night was mild and white. The cathedral threw the lengthening shadow of its little bell-towers on the stones of the square. Night lamps revealed peaceful interiors between the half-open Persian blinds. The wind brought with it the smell of lilacs and acacias from the gardens. The intoxication of spring touched the young men, brushing them lightly. The moon, the lights, and the sweet smells bewitched them, mingling so indistinguishably that the darkness seemed mauve because it smelt of lilacs, and the night was pale because it was fragrant with acacia. Just when they had crossed the bridge of Essey, a carriage drew up, with Mimile crouching rabbit-fashion on the footboard.

'Cap'n there?' he cried.

'Yes. Anything the matter?'

'The Boche who flew over, dropped a bag that fell on the 75 near the tele-meter. There was a letter in it which announced that 'Fatty' and 'Hurricane Harry' had been brought down by one of their men and killed in the fall.'

Death, forgotten for the moment, gripped them anew. They felt her very close to them, prowling near them, in the dark corners, in the echo of their

footsteps. Their shoulders drooped and they stared at the ground as if they had stumbled upon their own graves. Presently, as they climbed up the hillside by slippery bypaths, the trio, the rear-guard, exchanged ideas.

'Funny to be only three of us!'

'Chignole's a quitter.'

'You'll see, he won't be the same. Idiotic idea to get married during the war. Chignole's a fool.'

But Papa Charles shook his head. 'No, no; the fool is the wisest of us. If Chignole stays out here, — when it's over, — at least he won't die utterly. He's the only one of us four to give hostages to fortune, and he'll fight all the better because he's defending his own interests, his own property, in concrete form.'

'Just the same, old chap, a bird ought not to have a string round its claw. By jinks, we have our feelings too — you bet! — but no ties for mine; it only makes the struggle more painful and difficult. If we're going to be sparrows — better have sparrows' hearts.'

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Chignole and Sophie were lingering behind the hotel, in the arbor in the garden.

'Above all, my pet, don't worry. The war won't last as long as the taxes. When the play is played out, I shall fall on my feet and get a good job. You see what fine friends I have. Don't be scared. The Boches won't get me. In the first place, Papa Charles is an ace — and besides, he's a lucky dog. — Me, too.'

Sophie believed in him. He was no longer the common, bumptious kid, her rather vulgar comrade of Montmartre, her noisy escort on suburban Sundays, grumbling because he had to carry the crochet-bag of lunch. War had transformed him. He had gained in dignity

and manliness, and had acquired a determined carriage, vigorous and erect. He was strong; he was handsome; he had fulfilled her dream of him; and she seemed to herself a very poor little thing beside his splendor.

'My husband — you are my husband now!'

'Little wife! Little, little wife!'

Her fingers played with his hair.

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A tremendous explosion shook the air.
'The 380's over Nancy!'

A shell had knocked out the front of the hotel, so that from top to bottom the rooms were entirely disclosed. Firemen with hatchets, soldiers with torches, ran about in the ruins, mingling with the guests of the hotel, who had been caught in their night clothes. 'Maman Chignole' had found her children unharmed, like herself. On the first floor M. Bassinet, in his drawers, but with his glazed hat shoved firmly down on his ears, held up a sheet before Madame Bassinet, to hide her scanty apparel from the crowd.

'The Kaiser must have heard we were spending the night here.'

As for M. Fondu, he had tumbled downstairs into the cellar, and awaited the turn of events, at the bottom of a trunk.

V. FIRE!

The railroad station at Nancy. Before the ticket-window, M. Bassinet, passing his retinue in review.

'Come, come, children! No sadness! Self-control's the word! Take pattern by yours truly. What if last night we experienced unpleasant sensations! Nevertheless, what glory for us — civilians! Ah, ah! Think of the tales I shall tell my cronies in town! And the absolute proofs I can produce of the truth of what I tell them!'

He drew from the depths of his vest-pocket a piece of a shell.

'You must have it mounted as a cravat pin, father-in-law.'

'I also can show proofs,' murmured the plaintive M. Fondu, mournfully displaying his stovepipe hat reduced to an accordion.

'Step lively, please,' said a guard.

The Paris express at half-past seven in the morning.

'Let's choose a compartment well toward the middle of the car, between the trucks. Get in first, Sophie, so we can hand you the bundles. Oh, little daughter, little daughter — but you are absent-minded this morning! However, everybody understands!' added M. Bassinet, a merry twinkle in his eye.

At the bottom of his heart the good man had little desire to laugh, but he knew he must be diverting, or the parting would be gloomy.

'Monsieur Papa Charles, you won't forget to give my regards to your captain and your comrades, especially Messieurs Flagada and Frangipane. However, I shall come back. When I am with you I feel young again. Great guns! I could almost believe that I also — yes, even I — belonged to the aviation corps and that I was going to smack their dirty mugs!'

During this harangue, Chignole had surreptitiously joined Sophie in the compartment. They smiled at each other, and held back their tears for each other's sake.

'You'll write me often?'

'Yes, Sophie.'

'Every day?'

'Every day.'

'You'll be careful?'

Chignole hesitated.

'He'll be prudent, dear little madame, I promise you,' declared Papa Charles, putting his head in at the window.

Madame Bassinet and 'Maman Chignole' pretended to follow M. Bassinet's patriotic discourse religiously, but in reality they did not hear him at all. They felt frightfully alone, shut up within themselves.

Sophie no longer belongs to you, Madame Bassinet, but to this young man who loves her and who, involuntarily, already makes her suffer, since he must stay here, and she must leave him.

And you, 'Maman Chignole,' already widowed, henceforth you will have no child. You have given your son twenty years of your life, the most beautiful years; you even gave up the idea of marrying again, for his sake; and now his heart turns first to Sophie. He belongs to his wife and to the war. What of your share in him, paid for by your toil, your unhappiness, your self-sacrifice? Shut up in themselves, they felt frightfully alone, and they drew close together — two poor forlorn old women.

'All aboard!' Doors slammed; there were cries, whistles, the noise of escaping steam, wavings of handkerchiefs, good-byes. Then a great silence beneath the station's smoky canopy. Yonder, where the rails seem to join, an indistinct mass diminishes, fades, and disappears around the first turn.

In the motor-car which is taking them back to the plateau, Papa Charles respects Chignole's silence. The fields of rye, beneath the wind, look like the sea in autumn, silver-green. In the blossoming hedges, butterflies, giddy with sunshine, rest heavily on the flower-petals. Large stones, where lizards are sunning themselves, seem encrusted with emeralds. Water runs through the trembling grass. The two men felt as if they tasted and savored the life of every living thing, breathing in the summer with all their strength, as if it were a heavy perfume.

'Your turn on patrol,' said the secre-

tary when they got back to the esca-drille.

'So much the better.'

Occupation, work, that's the antidote for homesickness. Hardly had they come up to their biplane when Chignole began to call, 'Mimile! Mimile! — I bet that blockhead is still lying out on the grass, gazing up into the trees. Will you look at the mill! Covered with oil! — Mimile!'

'You know very well that he went up with me yesterday.'

'What of that? Would it break his back to give it a brushing up? One more lazybones born on a Sunday. I'll give him a piece of my mind. I don't go up in a bus in that condition.'

'Yes, you do. Listen: the train for Paris stops at the Frouard station some little time, to punch the tickets. Well — during our patrol — an easy loop — and whoop! We'll dive over them and give them a surprise.'

'Papa Charles, you're an ace of aces!'

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M. Bassinet had substituted carpet-slippers for his boots.

'Come, make yourselves comfortable! Mâme Bassinet, don't you want to take off your corsets? — No? I won't insist, but you don't know how to travel. Fondu, suppose you take advantage of the stop to give me the basket.'

'You're going to begin to eat already?'

'Mâme Bassinet, when we eat we don't think; it's always that way.'

Sophie had not taken her eyes from the plateau at the foot of which the train had halted.

'There they are! There they are!'

'What? Who?' cried M. Bassinet, with his mouth full and a wine bottle between his knees.

An airplane rose, went down again,

turned in graceful evolutions. With one bound, M. Bassinet was at the door. 'It's they! It's they, sure enough! I can make out the figure on their cockpit.' Every head went out of the window. 'Yes, ladies and gentlemen,' he explained to the neighboring compartments, 'it's my son-in-law and his boss. In other words, two aces, up there, giving you this grand free exhibition.'

There was a cry of horror.

'Don't look, little daughter; don't look!' shouted M. Bassinet, covering Sophie's face with his hands.

The biplane was crashing down in flames.

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The sun, already high above the horizon, heated the strata of air unequally, and besides, the biplane was very unsteady, as there was almost no wind.

'Would n't this jar you!'

'See her toboggan!'

With no air to hold up its wings, the machine fell straight down like a stone, and grazed the bell-tower of Dommartemont.

'Papa Charles, you must acknowledge, that that's no way to enter a church.'

Papa Charles by light, combined movements of joy-stick and rudder-bar, subdued the restive bird as a horse-man alternately pulls on the bit and gives the horse his head.

'Luckily the engine's holding out. But for that we should go head over heels, and then what!'

'Five hundred metres — it's working. We'll push toward the lines to see if there are any Boches reported — then half a turn — and we'll make for Frouard.'

'As you like. But do you think we'll catch their train?'

'You don't allow for the fact that we

are frisking along at one hundred and thirty an hour, Mister Chignole.'

A road over which vehicles creep. A village of ruined houses. A mangled forest. Fields torn by shells which have turned up from the depths of the earth a bright clay, whose color glares sharply against the uniform brown of the soil. Before them, at their level, four white puff-balls bloom and burst. Chignole examines the sector carefully with his field-glass.

'Nothing in sight. Still, let's examine that little bundle of filth over yonder.'

They dive towards a black cloud with copper-colored edges, which spread over the blue. They turn around it, fly over it, then, letting themselves fall into the very middle of it, they go through it from one side to the other.

'Empty as an open purse!'

Next, with the wind at their backs, they return above Nancy. The fortress of Frouard traces upon the surrounding forest the regular star of its fortifications, like a seal in soft wax. The shining parallel rails follow the windings of the river. The train has stopped at the little station.

'Do we go down?'

'Sure! We want them to know it's really us.'

The earth approaches. The train grows larger.

'Go to it, old chap! Do your prettiest!'

The biplane noses up, makes a loop, then glides easily on one wing. They see handkerchiefs and hats waving along the length of the train.

'I say, Chignole, they're in the fourth car, are n't they?' No answer. 'You might speak when you're spoken to.'

Papa Charles looks round, but sees Chignole's feet where his face should be; for he is lying flat on his stomach in the cockpit, his head hidden among the cylinders.

'What's happened?'

Chignole comes to his knees, his nose sniffing the air uneasily.

'It may be only a notion, but it smells like something burning.'

The words are not out of his mouth when a white jet of flame spurts from the engine and licks at the upper plane.

Fire! — Their throats contract, their eyes start, their hands clench. — Fire! — A vision of horror, wakened by memories! — Fire! To fall like a torch! — To explode like a comet! — Fire! — Comrades roasted; the flames contending for them in the midst of charred rubbish, with the oil and the burning petrol pouring over them, from the staved-in tanks! Fire! — Fire!

Papa Charles plays his last trick. He closes the petrol and blocks the gas-throttle to the last notch, trying in this way, by a violent inhalation, at one breath to exhaust the petrol from the cylinders and to hinder the fire.

'Nothing doing! It's a rubber pipe for carrying the oil that has slipped, and the exhaust has fired it.'

The flame, waving and spreading nimbly, licks the flippers and the elevator, whose linen is beginning to peel off. Papa Charles prefers a smash to a bonfire. He pushes the rudder-bar as far to one side as it will go and pushes the control-stick to the opposite side. There is a glissade, the biplane drops over the wood like a meteor. There is a crash, an explosion, a series of bumps, then silence.

Papa Charles opens his eyes, which he had closed in terror. He is astride the upper branch of a pine. Beside him,

Chignole, suspended by the slack of his trousers, waggles his arms and legs as if swimming. Below them, their machine is burning up.

'Well! — She flew!'

'Ah, Papa Charles, now I know there's a good God!'

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On the station platform, after a moment of stupor, the travelers gaze compassionately at the Bassinets. 'Maman Chignole' and Madame Bassinet have put aside their own grief, to care for Sophie, whose fixed eyes betray her anguish of mind. M. Fondu turns his hat in his hand and murmurs disconnected words. M. Bassinet had cursed high heaven, but now he is weeping heavily, noisily, as men weep who are unused to tears.

'All aboard! All aboard! No one can stay here! Military territory!' cry the military police.

They get back into their compartments mechanically, like herded cattle. But while the train puffs, an automobile comes up with a rush. Flagada is driving, and beside him Frangipane, standing up, crazy with joy, flourishes his hat.

'They're all right! They're saved!'

Everybody embraces everybody else, and M. Bassinet, with tears still undried, begins to scold his party.

'What's the matter with you? I told you they'd come out right-side up.'

'Yes, yes; how foolish of us to cry!' sobs M. Fondu.

(To be continued)

TO A LADY, OF HER LOVER

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

FAITHFUL the sun, yet cometh not always
To the same crest or curve of morning's rim;
The loyal moon not equally repays,
This night and that, the light she takes from him;
New fields of space the star forever ranges,
Though constant-footed in our dome of sky,
And beauty lives intact through ceaseless changes,
Part in itself, part in the observer's eye.

Then grieve not when thy lover's heart is loath
To shape to-day's by yesterday's desires,
But craves new loveliness and virtue both.
So crave new oil the vestals' holy fires:
And his, like theirs, are flames of constancy,
For all he asks is more and more of thee.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

BY ELIZABETH CASE

I

'COULD you train a choir for us? It would be a great thing for the reformatory.'

A choir! For the State Reformatory for Women! But my musical education ended abruptly twelve years ago, after twelve music-lessons, famous in the family annals. Howbeit, in these two overwhelming days since my ar-

rival — days for which college cloisters have in no wise prepared me — life has been tuning to the pitch of adventure. A choir? Yes, I *can* play the piano with two fingers! Diffidence, my Old Man of the Sea, trundles out of sight around the corner. Just being here at all is a Scheherazadian adventure. Why *not* train a choir?

My audacity is soon challenged. On Sunday morning the young superin-

tendent gives me a memorandum. 'Just go over these hymns for the afternoon service. And these are the girls who usually sit in the choir-seats to lead the singing. Alice O'Connor plays the organ. Run along, girls, and show Miss Case where you sit.'

Under my panic I am desperately glad that retreat is impossible. My horizons leap away from me, while the gay music of adventure quickens to *allegro*. Exhilaration challenges me to discard past accustomed rhythms.

The choir seats itself. I take a tentative account of stock. In a musical manner of speaking, the three altos on the left of the aisle undoubtedly hold the credit side of the account. I am already acquainted with Gretchen, a pretty blonde with an effervescing temperament. Though her previous career was checkered by unwarranted 'borrowing,' here (by the paradox which rules this reformatory) she is my stewardess, dispenser of supplies, and queen of the attic, already my right hand. Her German home has given her some musical training. Reluctantly I include among my assets old Jane Spicer, sharp-nosed and respectable, who finds solace for unmerited reverses in reminiscences of a church choir which endured her nasal alto in her palmy days. 'Oh, them lovely anth'ms as our sight-seein' choir useter sing!'

A hiss from the soprano side of the aisle greets this pleasantry. Jane glares over her solid gold rims. Panic-stricken, I forestall hostilities.

'Girls, Miss Clervel wants us to sing number 5.'

Helplessly I wonder what it means to 'just go over the hymns.'

Without opening her hymn-book, Rachel hums alto through her nose. Inexperienced though I am, I soon recognize the fact that during a childhood spent in institutions, this immoral young Jewess, with her sound brain

and her silliness, has learned, like Jane, to sing 'note-perfect.'

The unskilled fingers of Alice O'Connor persuade the organ into the stirring strains of 'Nicæa.' I am aware of a minor undertone. Half unwillingly, I realize that these women are prisoners, their lives broken. A reformatory is not, then, simply the jolly place it seems to be. The sunny house, the cheerful spirit, the routine of work, which is still an enigma to me but is evidently spontaneous and pleasant — all these are surface aspects. Into the lively music glides a sombre undertone. For I have learned that this young organist, serious of face and gentle of manner, took poison in a railway station to end a life all jangled out of tune. Since that disastrous interruption, the broken melody has striven vainly for its old simple sweetness. Beneath the swelling chords there runs a fugitive minor strain.

'Early in the mo-o-orning our song shall rise
to Thee!'

declare the insistent sopranos.

Led by the rich power of Sheila's voice, — Sheila the beautiful, Sheila the volcano, — our song does rise! The roof shudders. Fat Dora Simpson watches me with one eye, I am never sure which. Could I have shuddered too? Sheila, I think, is an asset. As for the rest — those bad little sisters, Daisy and Marian; wan-faced English Maude, the humorous drunkard; big, handsome Francesca, with her 'movie voice'; and three girls who cannot read: the stubborn Dutch child, Catherine, and Minna French, whose innocent charm beguiles the stranger, and 'Submarine Carrie,' the red-haired burglar lass — with enthusiasm, if not finesse, they invoke the Heavenly Maid!

'A-a-amen!' heartily.

'So be it,' echo the hills to my quailing soul.

Thirteen strong they clamor at the

gates of 'Cecilia's mingled world of sound.' Some of the choristers may be musical assets, but in a human sense they are undoubtedly liabilities. Gretchen and 'Submarine Carrie' are protégées of the Artful Dodger; respectable Jane broke the seventh commandment, and Alice, we suppose, the sixth; while those youngsters, Minna and Catherine, bore false witness against their neighbors. The other seven were prone to wander on the Great White Way. The choir-stalls hold Pole and Hollander, Irish Sheila and the girl from Tuscany, English Maude, my German alto, and some indigenous voices. Here mingle Catholic, Protestant, and Jew. Thirteen strong they clamor at the gates. Who, in like case, would not resolve to find for them the golden key?

While I am still in the throes of this exhilarating allegro, I am asked to lead evening 'Prayers.' Miss Clervel is adamant. 'Oh, you'll get *over* minding it!' At the fatal hour, however, I am appalled by the clamoring piano, which is encouraging the rapturous pleadings of Gretchen, Dora, and Maude, —

'Turn back the universe and give me yesterday!'

After the alarming accusation that

'You made me what I am to-day,'

the three irrepressibles begin a lurid description of some presumably distant era, —

*'When you were a tulip, a big yellow tulip, —
And I was a red, red rose!'*

I summon courage to curtail further particulars by observing, 'It is time for Prayers, girls.' (Miss Clervel does it this way.)

Two kerosene lamps hum in a living-room crowded with merciless eyes. The 'In Excelsis' is distributed. I am aware of the slumbrous beauty of Sheila's brooding face, aware of Dora's twinkle and Daisy's inscrutable sneer.

Gretchen relapses into comparative placidity. Quiet falls.

'Can we sing "Just-as-I-am," Miss Case?'

'Yes, 148, *please!*'

'Aw, Miss Case, can't we sing "Day-is-dying-in-the-west"?'

'Aw, say, Gretchen, we always sing 40! Lay off 'n 40! I got a Billy Sunday hymn-book —'

I announce 148 and 40. Alice strikes up. Sheila soars, Rachel twangs, Gretchen deafens me. Minna, who cannot read, sits with eyes intelligently glued on hymn-book. Everyone knows 148 by heart. Good-natured vocal energy racks the old farmhouse. Do I alone detect that haunting undertone?

'Fi-ightings with-in and fears withou-out —'

'She's *nervous!*' That whisper stiffened me. My 'In Excelsis' shakes no more. Dora innocently fixes her own page with her right eye, while I survey the room with a creditable counterfeit of Miss Clervel's fearless gaze. After droning the Lord's Prayer in expressionless unison, we tell the entire countryside that day is dying in the west. At last day does die. At last the galloping music slows.

But it is not easy to 'get over minding it.' Adventure after adventure assails me, while I struggle for the formidable rhythm of this new life, this fierce and brilliant fantasia. Presently, what seemed the savage discord of reformatory discipline yields to a subtler harmony. Yet ever on my inner ear that minor cadence swells. Pain dwells here, — pain for us all, — stalking the heedless heart with mysterious promises and invitations, urging some incredible acceptance, and offering fantastic bribes of spiritual treasure.

But confident youth cannot in her heart believe that the prizes of rich living must be bought with pain. Youth heeds no portent of spiritual hardship.

It is enough to know that my place is in this splendid march under noble leadership, which is to bring us to 'the heaven-built walls.' It is enough to know that our goal is the ideal commonwealth where loyalty is each citizen's sole master; that our Jerusalem, the Beloved Community, is to restore these broken lives. For democracy is a reality in this prison. We are involved in a remarkable experiment, and these prisoners live by self-government. Each day sees us further on the adventurous road. The new choir must contribute some momentum, some quickening music of its own. That undertone of personal portent falls on ears filled with a different music, and, resentful of disturbing strains, I plunge light-hearted into work.

Between the absorbing adventures of school and the endless details of matron-work, which challenge and fascinate my unpractical soul, I snatch time for choir-practices. I hope much from the community's vigorous love of singing. The first necessity is to build upon this love a strong loyalty to the choir. To do this the personnel must be improved. Just as a Sunday-school picnic effects timely conversions, so certain affairs known as 'choir-parties' prove an inducement to join the choir. By Christmas-carol time the choir is electing its own candidates, for whose benefit I invent a magic rite known as a 'try-out.' With solemn formalities we have taken in (all too literally!) Mabel Andrews, cheerful, plump and pious; Sonya, the gentle Yiddish dancer, lover of beauty; shift-eyed Mollie O'Brien, pal of the notorious Marmaduke Jones; poor Gina Janssen, with her sodden look and the chip on her thin young shoulder, and fragile Evelyn Van Tyne, whose eyes dream ever of the opium pipe.

In its pride that Mollie, Gina, and Evelyn can actually read music, the

choir at my suggestion decrees that the ability to read English shall be a minimum requisite for all members. School soon qualifies Ellie Higgins, the slim gypsy, and swarthy Tina Rossata. We have lost sorrowful Alice and Sheila and Maude and my dear Gretchen to 'the outside,' and since a slight difference of opinion with me, Catherine Brinker has repudiated all interest in 'your choir.' 'For shpite I resign at your choir!' Daisy, too, has resigned for reasons best known to herself and me. But, in spite of transient membership, there is a solid nucleus of accomplishment.

We achieve a processional. My choir pleads to 'march in and out,' like the college choir of which I tell them. In the privacy of the chapel we experiment. Minna's feet are always getting in her way, so I march her up and down the aisle, while the choir helpfully exhorts, 'Open your mouth when you sing, Minna, why don't you?' Minna collapses in tears. 'O-o-oh! — I can't march and I can't sing.' I regret the truth of this statement and accept Minna's resignation. She takes a back seat, in order to watch other people's mistakes.

The lively lines are marshaled at the rear. Gina's objections to marching with Jane are summarily settled. Mabel beams benevolently, while Ellie searches through the entire book for the hymn. I smite the page. All eyes converge on the harassed leader.

'Two hundred thirty-eight, everybody! Wake up, Evelyn! — The trumpets! Ready — *sing!*'

'God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds —'

'Girls! Don't say "beau-ty"! Breathe *after* the word, not in the middle of it.' (This sounds like safe doctrine.) 'Now, try again!'

Their response is prompt and conservative.

— *beau-ty* all the starry band' —

I am startled to hear my own voice in emphatic demonstration. But the majority is reluctant to desert its traditions. Jane brings in a minority report, her solid gold rims trembling with aggravating correctness. Finally I give up.

'That's all for to-night, girls. We'll sing something else next Sunday.'

Out under the stars they burst into 'Roaming in the gloaming.' Carrie displays a tenor. The spontaneous harmony is sweet and effortless. Bitterly I wonder why they can't sing like that when I want them to. I tell myself that the failure is mine; this choir was a reckless undertaking when I knew nothing about music; I am too tired —

I feel Sonya's hand on my arm. 'The stars! How beautiful to-night!'

'How beautiful!' I echo, meaning Sonya herself. Gratefully my heart opens to the revelation of the pettiness of my discouragement, and suddenly, unguarded, is clutched by the pathos of Sonya's kinship with all loveliness. An artist in a reformatory! Life's keyboard leaps to span the sky! Again the minor music swells, celestial largo of these shining worlds. For Sonya suffers, as Alice suffered, as they must all suffer. How may I staunch their pain? As I ponder, life draws new stops on the hidden organ; keys no longer silent yield to the inner symphony new range of overtones and undertones. I know that I cannot give my choir the training I have never had; but my own love of song — that shall be theirs, and born of that love, loyalty to the choir, loyalty that is the very golden key, the soul of self-government, the means of grace and the hope of glory. Thus I shall staunch their pain!

The boding undertone rolls on, but youth heeds not.

II

By Easter-time my choir is making history. It may not be learning much about music, but a splendid crystallization of *esprit de corps* is a by-product of the adventure. We believe in the value of incidental returns. We believe that character is really a more significant qualification for membership than the ability to sing. Instinctively the girls respond to our standard. Of the four 'student officers' whom they elect to represent them and to oversee their work, the choir claims Constance and heavy-footed Saba Zabriskas and Nora, who is Gretchen's successor at my right hand — awkward, likable Nora, who is fighting the good fight for self-rehabilitation. Constance has a harder fight. Constance was a book-keeper to whom insidious temptation came. 'I'm underpaid, anyway. It's really *due* me.' You must not class Constance with these reformatory women. Had her offense been immorality instead of embezzlement, had she sinned against life or honor instead of someone's pocket-book, — that most vulnerable point of our social anatomy, — she would doubtless have been given probation instead of being 'put away.' When she heard her sentence, she tried to take poison. The girls resent her finer grain. In spite of her desirable alto, the choir splits on her election. But I insist that my choir shall not be a battleground for personal spite; that if a girl who can sing is making a fine record, the choir shall give her to me for its own sake. Constance is elected! This is indeed a victory for democracy.

'The Day of Resurrection!'

The choir marches in with dignified sway. We are wearing the long-coveted white capes and little black caps. These vestments you should regard as the outward and visible sign of an inward

and spiritual grace. Clothes do make, if not the man, certainly the woman.

Of course, everyone turns at the starchy rustle. Not that it was unexpected, for Constance's sewing-room has been working overtime, and Nora's laundry force has washed and ironed for blithe hours. But who could foresee the realized glory of our regalia? It is a proud moment! Up the long aisle we pace in the Easter sunshine, while the sweet pæan soars, —

'From death to life eternal!'

Thus increases the prestige of my choir. Its value to self-government rests, of course, in the last analysis, upon its value to the chapel service. By becoming essential to that service, impressive in its simple dignity, this choir is going to save souls. Therefore we vary numbers 40 and 148 with new hymns. We become real leaders of congregational singing. Our musical progress (I say 'ours' advisedly) produces a pleasant self-importance in the choir. When it asks to organize under a constitution, I seek advice. 'Go as far as you like, or as they like,' says the oracle. 'But don't let them make rules just for the fun of it. Make them take this seriously. You've got splendid possibilities in that choir.'

The choir does take it seriously. It now holds business meetings, duly recorded by Gina. On the authority of a constitution drawn up by its own committee, it suspends unappreciative members and enemies of the common weal. It sends giggling Rachel under a temporary cloud. It ostracizes Judith, who scorned the honor of membership. It yearns magnanimously to 'give a chance' to 'returned girls' who have broken parole, though it sternly withholds this favor until after 'punishment time.' It invites to its parties little Lisa, whose responsibilities in the nursery prevent her from accepting

membership. It leads a general hymn-practice every week, and begs me to offer a course in reading music, an elective course popular with hopeful outsiders. And best of all, I often hear a melody from Gounod through the hum of sewing-machines or the scraping of hoes.

Visiting ministers now look forward to our singing. The man who is to preach next Sunday, asks, without explanation, 'May the choir sing 257?'

My new organist is a supple, slim-wristed Norwegian, straight-featured and urbane. I like her engaging manner and the topaz tint of her skin. She used to play the trombone in her father's band until the two daughters 'went wild.' Now that she has mastered the treble clef, she plays for Prayers, and under my cautious tutelage those slender, glowing hands essay the organ.

'Augusta, let's try the knee-swells for the high passage of "Materna."' After experiment I mark the stops in her 'In Excelsis': *voix celeste* for two lines, *vox humana* for the fifth, and so on. This is our favorite processional. To me it is a bond between shining phantoms of academic ideals and the nerve and sinew of dear present reality. Long months of difficult work, of failures and sure progress in life's new orchestration, give undertone and overtone to this transporting harmony.

'Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong
And streets of shining gold?'

I am too happy to sing. Do we not build the New Jerusalem? Are not these bulwarks with salvation strong? Surely this wondrous music peals from those very pearly gates. No minor cadence troubles now — the minister's wife is speaking.

'We wanted to hear your choir sing "Materna," because my father wrote the music. I have never heard it so beautifully sung — with such feeling. You must love teaching them, to have got such splendid results. Do please tell them how much we enjoyed the singing!'

I promise with a nod, for I cannot speak.

But the choir has already constituted itself a Society for the Mutual Admiration of Ourselves. 'Did n't we sing it lovely, Miss Case? We done it just like you said — loud up high. Did you see Judith making faces at the choir? Yes, she did, but *we* should worry! Miss Case, Saba never opened her mouth. (No, you did not *neither*, I saw you!) But we all just looked at *you* every minute. Aw, Miss Case, can't we sing special next Sunday?'

I promise them the blind preacher's hymn, 'O Love that wilt not let me go.'

For our final practice we brave wind and mud, and start for the chapel without waiting for Augusta, who is invariably late. Far behind our spattered lanterns Augusta falls into a ditch. Ignorant of this catastrophe, I try over the hymns while we wait for our organist. The choir is restive. Where *is* Augusta? Finally I plod around to the dark basement and with fumbling key reach the telephone. It is ringing violently.

I demand irately: '*Where's my organist?* She is keeping us all waiting!'

'*Your organist!* Well, I must say! Your organist is safe in bed. Your organist fell off the road. She was all muddy from head to foot. She was badly frightened and came back to the house. I've tried and tried to get you. Were n't you *fearfully* worried?'

'Worried!' I explode. 'I was *mad*. She should have started when we did. Did she get her hymn-book muddy?'

'*Hymn-book!* Did n't it occur to you, young woman, that your organist might have run away?'

'*Run away!* My organist! Well, I can't imagine such a thing! She knew perfectly well it's our last practice for special music for Sunday. *Run away*, indeed!'

'Well, all I can say is that you certainly are an asset to self-government, because you never expect things to happen and so they usually don't. — *No!* Of course she can't come over now. — Well, you'll have to get someone else to play!'

I seat myself at the organ and draw the stops. The choir looks amazed. But I feel as if I had played the organ since childhood. For I am confident in the knowledge that in very truth I am learning to play a far more difficult instrument than that which now pours forth these loved harmonies.

How clear the gentle voices rise, while the *vox humana* trembles and thrills.

'O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee.
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.'

Now rolls the ground bass into life's light music, and through that other, that invisible organ, swells the boding undertone. Booms in full diapason! Gretchen is singing alto — Gretchen, my dear Gretchen, has returned from a broken parole, a broken life. Now the brutal bludgeonings of pain have squarely caught me, smitten me to the knees. Life has the better of my reluctant heart. For lightly I asked, how may I staunch their pain? And now — her pain is incredibly mine. Tumultuous days of suffering and defeat drown out the glad allegro. Bruised mind and heart despair to understand, to hear a vaster harmony singing of shared guilt and mystical vicarious victory.

'O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee!

The low melodious strains gather
depth. I fumble at the organ stops,
bass and diapason and the *voix celeste*.
— How we muddle the music of our
lives — what discords and what toll of
grief! How faint and far the *voix*
celeste, —

'O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee.'

The courage of our young leader, her
faith, her personal genius have laid the
sure foundations of these bulwarks with
salvation strong. Now, in the fourth
year of the institution's history, half of
the girls 'sleep unlocked,' electing their
own candidates for this privilege; run-
aways are unknown; Public Opinion
makes disobedience all but impossible.
Our recalcitrants have fallen in line, for
Judith herself has executed an amaz-
ing right-about-face. Judith spent the
early days of our acquaintance in her
room; she had 'sassed' the judge, and
'That's why I'm here, all right.' Con-
sequently her mood was not amiable.
Until her 'grouch' abated, we found
food for thought in her genius for lead-
ership. Recently Nora was paroled,
and the electorate, always reluctant to
court trouble after a period of serenity,
hesitated before the choice of a new
student officer. Gretchen was inspired.

'Oh, Miss Clervel, we girls wonder if
Judie would be allowed to run! Of
course, I don't suppose you'd let her
after all the trouble she made at first,
but — *we* think she'd be square.'

What clash of cymbal and what clang
of brass! What tumult in the orchestra,
while Puck is meddling with the organ-
stops! But a sure hand sweeps the key-
board, and sweet and clear the brave
allegro peals.

'Certainly Judith may run for stu-
dent officer! *You know perfectly well*
that any girl may run. But remember, you
girls are taking the responsibility!'

So Gretchen, who has lately got a
new hold on herself, swings the election.
And one night, after locking the doors
for me, Judith comes in, crying. 'Oh, I
just can't help it, to think of their elect-
ing *me*! After my record here — and
there's nothing bad I have n't done
on the outside, *nothing*! Do you think
there's any good in me? Well, then, do
you think the choir would ask me
again?'

Surely there was rejoicing in heaven!
Judith goes down the corridor jingling
my keys, and humming, —

'There's a little bit of bad in every good little
girl!'

But I suspect the words actually in her
mind are those of the parody now cur-
rent in our reformatory, —

'There's a little bit of good in every bad little
girl!'

And now, in the hands of Judith and
her following lies an undreamed-of
power. Public Opinion governs with
marvelous justice. At zenith stands
our climbing sun. And now the serene
orchestra plays with pomp and circum-
stance a brilliant panoramic march.

Like a band of dancers in a Roman
triumph, my choristers repeat and
swell the festival tune. Judith is one of
us, and stately Margaret, and Nellie
Sudermann, shaggy-headed like a Shet-
land pony. Josephine Trudeau, whose
Gallic imagination brought her a sen-
tence for perjury, by the familiar para-
dox is keeping a reliable record of the
doings of the choir. For our first secre-
tary, Gina, has gone out — to break
her parole. She is not to be found. As
Gretchen says, 'A girl's got to *want* to
keep straight.' Gretchen knows. No
term in a reformatory, no system of
self-government, can save the Ginas.
But the Gretchens and the Judiths
have a fighting chance. For them and
by them self-government has reached
high-water mark.

On the flood-tide of our fortunes I launch a new venture. I select Margaret to sing a solo in chapel. For weeks she works upon MacDougal's setting of 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' Only a little more practice is needed, when, to everyone's disappointment, the performance for Sunday is called off by my unexpected absence. I leave hasty directions for Josephine to choose familiar hymns for the service.

Returning from my holiday, I slip into the chapel during the processional. How well they sustain that line, —

'Leads forth in beauty all the starry band!'

A kind of psychic wave tells me that the choir has discovered my return. They lead, execrably, the inevitable 148. The tension increases. What's up? I wonder. Then, —

'A solo — "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."'

'Well! Self-government is all right, but there are limits,' and terror seizes me as Margaret's fine figure rises. Up on the organ undertone swings the rich, low voice, with quiet confidence. I catch my breath. 'She can do it.'

Margaret stands easily, facing the far hills, horizon-blue. She has forgotten us.

'Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past.'

All the tragic need of that young thwarted life, the sorrow of sordid adventure, the lost courage and the drowning hope, vibrate in the passionate undertone. But hark! the organ peals into victorious *voix celeste*.

'Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!'

With unseeing eyes Margaret takes her seat. There is a sigh —

After the triumphant recessional I am vociferously surrounded.

'Was n't it just beautiful? Are n't

you glad she tried it? We made her, Miss Case. She said she could n't, but we made her practise. And Miss Clervel did n't know, nor nobody!'

'I'm proud of you! Now that you don't need me any longer, suppose I resign from the choir.'

Their indignation is gratifying. I laugh, but to myself I amend, 'Yes, self-government is all right, and there are no limits!'

But now the bugle-call of larger adventure clarions through the symphony, blending minor cadence with the lively march. My last recessional is sung. I lay aside beloved vestments and close the chapel door. On the steps I wait until my choir turns at the bend of the road to wave once more. Now they have vanished.

Gretchen lingers. She too is soon to brave the great adventure of the 'outside.' But Gretchen's heart is burdened with the heavy cross of shame. Alone, so handicapped, she must fail. Self-government has done its best for her; strong shoulders have shifted upon themselves such portion of her burden as they might. But as we say good-bye, I feel again the deep assurance that a greater task remains. Else, why is my own heart heavy? Why is her burden incredibly mine?

Before the last dip into the valley I look back again. Gretchen is no longer visible. The Reformatory lies hidden in the girdling hills, save for the cross shining over the chapel.

At last! Life throws wide the organ-swells. Love understands, and Love believes the unbelievable! Upon my spirit breaks the full glory of the imperious undertone; in whelming crescendo bursts the full power of the truth. The Cross shines on. — Wave upon wave, from depth to height, immortal music floods! And through tremendous diapason peals the *Voix Celeste*!

'IT IS THE SPIRIT THAT QUICKENETH'

BY JULIA FRANCIS WOOD

THE two old men, gripping hands at the gate, measured each other with the same challenging appraisement which their looks had held when they had first clashed there sixty-odd years ago.

'Bet I can lick you,' John Caldwell quoted from the past.

And David Hawley, squaring off somewhat shakily, replied with his old-time fire, —

'Try it and see.'

The two daughters, who had already managed to exchange and incoherently answer a dozen questions, interrupted the threatened hostilities.

'If they have n't begun already!' Cynthia announced merrily. 'I'm prepared to see this visit a succession of bloody battles. Whenever old Aunt Lize — do you remember her, Mr. Hawley? — used to tell us tales of your and father's boyhood, she never failed to end up with, "Always together every minute they was, them two boys, and always fightin' every minute they was together!"'

'I had a singularly sweet nature myself,' explained John Caldwell with his genial twinkle. 'But if he was n't my guest, the things I could tell you about Dave's disposition —'

'You shan't abuse father,' Ellie Warner interrupted in her father's defense. A small, fair woman, with a plaintive voice and an appealing manner, she made a charming picture as she stood on tiptoe trying with affectionate solicitude to shield her tall parent with her parasol. 'He's always behaved beautifully in Chicago. He never fights with

any of the old gentlemen in the neighborhood.'

'Do you prefer refreshments before or after the combat?' Cynthia inquired hospitably. 'There's some iced tea waiting for us up on the porch.'

Ellie applauded rapturously. 'All that hot, dusty ride I was dreaming of iced tea and your famous marshmallow cake in that delectable corner of the porch. Father dear, I know Cynthia will excuse you if you go up to rest right away. You ought n't to eat anything when you're as tired as this. He's just worn out after the journey,' she explained, 'and I never let him miss his nap anyway. Mr. Caldwell looks as if he needed rest badly, too.'

'Rest!' John Caldwell exploded. 'I'd have you know, Ellie, I'm a little past six months old. Cynthia does n't have to put me to bed every afternoon. Why, I could n't lie down in the daytime if you chained me to a bed!'

'Is n't it hard to make them realize they're not so young as they used to be?' Ellie sighed.

'I always knew that woman was feeble-minded,' declared John Caldwell resentfully when the disappointed but unprotesting David was led upstairs. 'She's just like her mother. But good Lord, what's the matter with Dave? *He* can't inherit *her* brain. Why you'd think he was a hundred and ten and just out of the asylum, the way she treats him!'

He was still fuming when Cynthia piloted him to his favorite Morris chair in the corner of the garden.

'I know you don't want to have to listen to Ellie's and my gossip,' she said. 'Don't you want to wait here for Mr. Hawley? Shall I bring the papers or that new book we started yesterday?'

Always every afternoon they ensconced themselves there for at least an hour's reading. 'It's the one time of the day when I can get father to myself,' Cynthia would excuse herself to visitors. Each day she would begin to read in her pleasant, quiet voice. It could never have been a wildly exciting tale, for exactly five minutes later John Caldwell's white head would droop suspiciously. Ten minutes later Cynthia would reach softly for her sewing. Sometimes it was an hour, sometimes longer, before she would see his preliminary start and quiver of the eyelids. Then she would take up the book again, and Caldwell, opening his eyes and stretching violently, would ask, —

'Would you go over that last paragraph again, girl? I don't believe I got the gist of it. I must have dozed off for a moment.'

But to-day there was no refreshing sleep waiting for him in the Morris chair. His old friend's long-looked-for visit had keyed him up to unaccustomed excitement, and besides, he was angry. Cynthia, peeping in unseen upon him half an hour later, saw the white head still defiantly erect — noted too how the paper shook in the trembling old hands. Her own heart was hot with anger at Ellie's tactlessness.

'He's determined he won't sleep now after what she said,' she told herself.

Ellie had found her very unresponsive to her lament over the difficulties of managing elderly parents. 'Why, father's as much care as a baby,' she complained. 'And I used to have the most dreadful time making him take proper care of himself — though he's

ever so much better about that now. It's so hard for them to realize that they're really old men and can't do the things they used to.'

'That's just what I don't want father to realize,' Cynthia had protested. She had a sudden pitiful vision of the defiant old figure fighting sleep. 'I could n't bear to have him feel useless, or on the shelf, or too old to do the things he loves. His spirit is so splendidly alive — and, after all, that's the thing that counts.'

But Ellie had only stared at her uncomprehendingly.

'You can't dodge figures, my dear,' she stated flatly. 'My father's seventy-nine and yours is eighty. Put it as you want, they're old men. And I don't know how you feel about it, but I certainly regard it as the most sacred duty I have to take care of father and to guard him from his own imprudences and follies. The doctor says he owes *everything* to my devotion.'

It was still obviously the old Ellie, Cynthia decided, managing with conscious rectitude a two-by-four world. No doubts, no problems, no visions! She was prattling happily now of her new car, of the den she had had refurnished for father, of her husband's passionate devotion — a rôle, it must be confessed, in which it was somewhat difficult for the imagination to cast the always stolid and inarticulate William Warner. Kind and dutiful and affectionate — Ellie had been that ever since Cynthia could remember. Why then had she gone through childhood combatting a chronic desire to slap her? She felt surge within her now the old half-amused exasperated impulse. How did Ellie manage subtly to put one always in the wrong, even about fathers? And after all, what earthly difference did it make?

It made, it seemed, a good deal of difference.

It was at dinner that Cynthia first realized this. She had looked forward with such happy expectation to this first reunion of the old friends — had meant to make quite a little fête of it. The table on the veranda, bright with old Caldwell silver and china, seemed a tiny island of civilization against the splendid primeval line of trees climbing massively to the tawny Maryland sky. Even Ellie admitted as they sat down, 'It's certainly an improvement on Chicago — at this season, at any rate.'

'At any season,' amended David Hawley. His faded eyes were dimmed with tears. 'It's home, and there's no place like it.'

'It must be awful in Chicago,' John Caldwell assured him with sympathy, if scarcely with tact. 'I don't know how I'd stand being cooped up in a town. I sometimes think I'm selfish to keep this girl of mine in the country, but she pretends she likes it as much as I do.'

'Pretends!' cried Cynthia. 'It's just as Mr. Hawley says — it's *home*. And I've a home dinner for you, too, Mr. Hawley,' she added blithely; 'fried chicken and waffles and plum jam and strawberry shortcake. Father made out a list for me of everything you two used to like best —'

Ellie interrupted with a little shriek of protest.

'But, Cynthia dear,' she implored, 'it was lovely of you to think of it, but father can't eat any of those things. You've no idea how careful I have to be of his diet. You don't mean to say you let your father eat rich food like that!'

'Let him!' flashed Cynthia. She stopped suddenly before the look in David's eyes, the dull red of his seamed cheek. 'It's father who dictates the diet in this family,' she ended lightly. 'He's always lecturing me about eating so much candy. Speaking of food, my favorite story in childhood, Mr. Haw-

ley, was the one about your and father's eating contest —'

But with all her brave efforts, the festal spirit had fled: Ellie's daughterly zeal had flung the present too rudely into their faces, had pushed so pitilessly far away that merry boyhood. And yet, what boys they still were, Cynthia told herself, with laughter even in her heartache. David, attacking with extravagant relish the highly hygienic food Cynthia had hastily ordered for him, was for all the world like the youngster in her Sunday-school class who, when she put him in the corner, loudly proclaimed that that was just where he wanted to be. Her own parent, with an ominous glint in his eye strongly reminiscent of the same youth, was ostentatiously eating waffle after waffle. On top of that, Cynthia without a quiver helped him to a second piece of shortcake. She felt that she could have died sooner than remonstrate. And in all her turmoil of anxiety, there *was* a certain melancholy satisfaction to be derived from Ellie's horrified gaze.

After dinner, when John Caldwell did the honors of the stables, things went better. In his enthusiasm, he threw off the strange new burden that Ellie was determinedly affixing to his shoulders. David lost his subdued look, to dispute hotly about points of horseflesh; and in the midst of it, Ellie, —

'Father dear, you know how bad this night air is for you. It's time for you to go to bed anyway. You've had such a hard day.'

'It used to be the dream of Dave's and my life to be together just once without hearing that admonition,' John Caldwell remarked dryly. 'Apparently it's never to be realized. Seems to have become a life-habit with you, Dave. I outgrew it some sixty years ago.'

No, the evening had not been a suc-

cess; Cynthia took a heavy heart to bed with her. She had looked forward so joyously to her father's pleasure in his old chum's visit — had planned its every detail with such loving care. To have it so cruelly spoiled — yes, worse than spoiled! For David's visit held more than disappointment: there was actual menace in this fateful web of old age in which Ellie had affectionately enmeshed her own father, and which she was spinning now around John Caldwell, who till to-day had carried so gallantly his eighty years. Cynthia, remembering the two defeated old faces at the table, in the stables, caught her breath in a sob.

It was two in the morning when she heard her father moving softly in his room across the hall. She found him huddled in his armchair, gray-faced, gasping, and looking oh, so desperately old.

'I believe it's a touch of dyspepsia,' he admitted guiltily to Cynthia.

Close comrades as they were, they had never slipped into the free-and-easy relationship of the newest generation. For all his tender indulgence, he was the father, the master of his home; for all her dominion of the household, she was the child, respectfully deferential in her sovereignty. Now, for the first time, looking up at her with pitiful, shamed eyes, he laid aside the rôle of a lifetime; Ellie's poison had already begun to work; it was old age before the tribunal of youth, pleading dumbly the mercy he was too proud to ask. It seemed to Cynthia that her heart must break with the pity of it.

She said nothing as she fetched him hot water and made him comfortable in every way she could. When his fluttering breath grew normal and the agony had left him, she remarked casually, —

'I'm going to tell Jinny in mercy to us she must n't give us waffles at night. They're so delicious one can't help eat-

ing too many. I know I generally pay for them myself in just this way.'

He had never been a demonstrative man. Cynthia knew she was the light of his eyes, but he rarely told her so in word or touch. Now, however, he held her hand close against his furrowed cheek and, kissed it in a passion of gratitude.

'You're a good daughter, Cynthia,' he said.

Ellie, however, did not share that view. She spoke to Cynthia very seriously on the subject.

'It's natural your father should n't realize his age,' she told her. 'The extraordinary thing is that *you* don't seem to, either, Cynthia. The things you let him do —'

Cynthia flashed out, as before, at the two words.

'Let him! My father has been a man of force, of decision, of unusually good judgment all his life. Why should I deny him the right to exercise those qualities? It is his life — I have no right to govern it.'

'But he is old now,' — Ellie harked back to the old unanswerable argument. 'And they *don't* exercise those qualities at that age.'

'They should — they would if we'd let them alone,' cried Cynthia stormily. 'No wonder, rubbing it in every minute that they're too old for this and too old for that —'

She stopped before a sudden belated remembrance of her position as hostess.

Ellie continued placidly. There was impregnable righteousness in every line of her body.

'It's just a question of not seeing a duty,' she remarked kindly. 'I know how devoted you are to your father. But, my dear, I just can't see you ignore his health as you do and be silent.'

Cynthia was silent — too proud and too loyal to reveal her days of loving feints and tender hidden precautions.

When she spoke at last, it was with a passionate earnestness she had never given Ellie; her real audience was her own perturbed and shaken soul.

'It's the body against the spirit,' she said. 'If all we can do for them is just to keep their poor old rusting machinery oiled and working, — at whatever cost to pride and manhood and usefulness, — if that's the price they have to pay for just keeping alive, — is it worth the cost? What do a few years more or less matter so long as one's *living* to the very end?'

Ellie voiced her usual state of mind when she was with Cynthia. 'I have n't the least idea what you mean,' she remarked resignedly, 'and I must say, Cynthia, you sound very heartless. I'm sure there's no sacrifice *I* would n't make to keep father with me as long as possible.' She ended the argument with her customary ultimatum. 'I'm sure I'm right about this, Cynthia,' she said, very gently and sweetly.

And in the sick watches of the night Cynthia was not sure that she was not. Through the black hours the torturing doubt bit at her heart. She knew her influence with her father — she could urge and persuade him to her wish. And against that, this fear of sullyng his manhood with the constant reminder of weakness and irresponsibility; of shaking his wholesome faith in himself; of chaining him — be it ever so tenderly — with those inexorable fetters of age! How could she bring herself to that! *Was* Ellie's, after all, the better way?

Till dawn she tossed and pondered, and after a few hours of uneasy sleep, woke to the same question. She sat down at the breakfast-table with it yet unanswered. And then, while she still wavered uncertain, torn with anguished questionings, between Ellie's altar of devotion and her own, the supreme moment of decision had come. Tim

Dodson was driving his new colt through the gate.

John Caldwell abandoned his breakfast like an excited boy.

'It's that new colt of Tim's I was telling you about,' he cried to David. 'I'm thinking of buying him. I want to try him out myself first, though. I'll go take him down the road for you. Come to the gate and watch.'

With all the inventiveness of love and fear, Cynthia was not quick enough. Before the words were out of his mouth, Ellie had shrilled her fatal protest.

'You surely are n't thinking of driving him yourself,' she implored. 'Cynthia, you won't allow it. Your father's too old — he is n't strong enough. That other man can barely hold the horse. It's suicidal.'

Then the decision lay squarely before her. Only one second now for a last desperate weighing of values! She turned to her father. He was pushing back his chair, throwing down his napkin, with a brave enough show of confidence, waving aside debonairly Ellie's entreaties. But Cynthia, with an inexpressible pang, missed the look of fearless assurance with which he had unfailingly met life. For all his impatience, his wondering contempt for David, it had not been for nothing that he had had those days with him. For the first time, he was doubting himself. 'Will you too fail me?' the sorrowful old eyes, bitter with new knowledge, questioned Cynthia. Her heart went out in a storm of loyalty to that manhood they had both held so dear.

'You don't understand, Ellie,' she found herself saying, clearly, steadily. 'Father knows more about horses than any ten men together in the county. He's lived with them all his life. I'd trust myself sooner to father and a horse than even to Tim Dodson. Won't you take me with you, father, *please*?'

But here her father proved adamant.

Later, perhaps — he must see first if the colt was safe. In all her agony she was conscious of a quickening thrill of pride. He was still the man, protecting his women.

He was laughing now at Ellie's protests.

'This is Maryland, not Chicago,' he told her. 'In this country, when a man's too old to drive, he's too old to live.'

Then he went, his hand for a moment upon Cynthia's shoulder as he passed her. Some strength quite outside herself stilled her despairing cry to take Tim with him; made her talk coherently as she watched the gallant old figure march to the gate — take the reins — climb in — drive down the road —

From the first moment, it seemed to her afterward, she had had no doubt as to the outcome. There was no surprise and no shock when she saw the still figure carried up the path — only unutterable despair.

All day the doctors fought the uneven battle between the broken body and the virile spirit. A dozen times John Caldwell halted with desperate resolution in the valley of the shadow, struggling in vain for breath and strength to speak.

'Marvelous vitality,' the doctors said; but Cynthia knew he was refusing to die because of the unknown message he wished to give.

Downstairs, on her flying errands, she could hear Ellie explaining to the neighbors. 'On my knees, almost, I implored Cynthia not to let him go. But Cynthia had the most extraordinary attitude toward her father — devoted to him of course, but she never seemed to care what he did.'

That, too, she would have to bear all her life — all the desolate years stretching before her. But that was nothing if only she could make *him* understand.

All afternoon she kept silence. Only when the sweet Maryland dusk closed in and the doctors shook their heads and sorrowfully turned away, did she fall to her knees beside the bed.

'Father,' she besought him in her agony, 'you know why I did it! You know it was because I loved you that I let you go. You don't think it was because I did n't realize — did n't care — Father — you do understand? Tell me you understand.'

Then at last he spoke — dragging, by sheer force of will, difficult, tortured words from the portal of that eternal silence he was entering.

'Remember this always — of all the things you have done for me — all your sweet life — there was never anything — half so dear — as letting me die — a man —'

Then Cynthia was weeping her heart out against his. But there was no bitterness in her tears.

ENLARGE THE PLACE OF THY TENT

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

WHEN the outward order disturbs or displeases, man has always sought another of his own fashioning.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew.

If the disturbance has been on a large scale, great cities and states have been reared by the imagination. When Athens soiled her democracy by injustice toward Socrates, and had lost her external glory under the victorious attacks of Sparta, there arose Plato's ideal republic, a state conceived in righteousness and dedicated to justice. When the Visigoths were destroying the walls of Rome, burning and sacking the world's centre, Saint Augustine pointed to the impregnable battlements of the City of God. When the England of Henry VIII became unendurable to good men, Sir Thomas More furnished a mental refuge in Utopia.

Genius is immortal, and to one or another of these states men in later epochs have often turned. But their successive births prove also that each racked and suffering age will find its own way to expression. The desire for citizenship in a country other than the visible is naturally strongest when the outward order most profoundly fails. Builders of ideal republics are not much noticed in periods of content. In 1912, in a book on the Greek genius, occurred these sentences:—

'Our own age would probably decide against [Plato]. Things are well with it. It is making money fast; edu-

cation and recreation are cheap; science has removed many causes of misery; savagery and revolution are rare; so at present we are riding high on a wave of humanism, and are optimistic about the nature of man and the rapidity of the march on Paradise.'

It seems incredible that this could have been said of our civilization by an intelligent student only six years ago. Plunged into the hell of war, we now seem forever to have lost the road to Paradise. The most carefully educated nation in the world has proved the most uncivilized. Science has produced horrible instruments of torture and destruction. Savagery stalks the land and sea and befouls the very air. Instead of riding high on a wave of humanism, we are swept into the maelstrom of barbarism. Perhaps this cataclysmic disturbance of our own order may give form and life to some new spiritual city, a mighty work of suffering genius inspired by ruin and despair. Some watcher of the skies above the bleeding fields of Belgium or Serbia or Poland may bid us lift our weeping eyes to a new star bright with liberty and love.

But genius, when it speaks, will but give art's wholeness to our own broken, half-formed longings. Already each suffering soul is seeking its own place of retreat. It may be well to dwell for a little on the quest and the goal.

II

The imagination is a natural vagrant. Even when we are not suffering, we are

in the habit of turning away from the actual to the ideal, of devising for ourselves a tent for the fancy, a covert from life's unshapeliness. Such refuges are often a quaint combination of the inward and outward. Displeased with conditions in this place or that, we have flown in memory to other places where, once upon a time, for us, a fairer order prevailed. Although actually on the world's map, these become almost dreamlands, so completely do we free them from the dust of actuality and set them stainless and bright before the inward eye.

Moods of vagrancy differ. At times we seek a retreat from the mere insignificance of our occupations. There is a round of activity which seems never to set us further along our road. Obligations which hold us in a vise seem artificial. The transitory crowds in upon the essential. Intercourse with other people lacks depth and completeness. We share the sickening sense of futility described by Seneca: 'Life is not painful, but superfluous.'

The occasion suggests no heroic philosophy. We only turn, in memory or anticipation, to some dearer place, where work has seemed worth while, play has been sweet, and people have been real. We take the Horatian road from Rome to the Sabine farm. Some 'smiling corner of the earth' holds for us enthusiasms caught from the unplumbed, the illimitable, the unquenchable. There, a fine sincerity gives the lie to cynicism, and simplicity of heart removes the sense of life's futility.

Quite another refuge opens in quite another and larger mood. Intellectually we chafe against certain limitations which are imposed upon us by our national civilization. We understand why our artists and authors often expatriate themselves. Even for us these external conditions seem to hold no

color, no charm, no romance drawn from a mysterious past, no beauty of age-old manners and customs. We are uninteresting, unsuggestive. The imagination sleeps. Producing much that is ennobled by worth and power, we produce little that is roseate with charm or vibrant with feeling. Blood runs cold in us. Loveliness is a stranger to us.

Then, surely, we spread our magic carpet and fly across the unviolated sea to Italy. There, around any corner, is something lovely, or passionate, or mysterious. Perhaps, across an Umbrian valley, two hill-towns draw us back and forth, one lowering with Cinquecento memories of the high and mighty Baglioni, who spilled the blood of their enemies even on the steps of the Duomo; the other still sweet and fragrant with the spirit of Saint Francis. In the valley we listen for the tramp of Roman feet, or try to catch the strange Etruscan tongue among the oblivious vineyards and olive orchards, even while we are enchanted by the voices of the living peasants, who greet us with the mingled manners of child and prince.

In one little town there are white oxen to watch in the cattle-market, their horns aflame with scarlet ribbons, or brilliant majolica to buy in the ancient square, by the fountain. In the other there is Giotto's hand, picturing the heart of Francis. Here the pure dawn seems ever breaking with a flush of rose in a holy sky. There the sun goes down, red as the wounds of the slain. Angel-faced and bloodstained generations, purity and passion wrought by the centuries, all can be ours, when we are irked by the monotonies of our own new day.

But discontent is not always impressionistic. Sometimes, in nobler mood, we are baffled by the disharmony of all modern life. Wealth with-

out temperance, democracy without standards of excellence, pleasures without taste, liberty without reverence, mercy without reason, power without restraint — our best possessions are at variance with others equally desirable. In isolated orbits men strive for separate ends. The artist despises the politician, and the politician overlooks the poet. The capitalist pities the scholar, and the scholar wonders at the merchant. Statecraft and art do not recognize each other. Philanthropy and the humanities pass as strangers.

From this confusion there is a refuge. It is a bright city by the Ægean Sea, where once men created an harmonious state, and where still the very ruins of the public buildings of that state feed the soul with an impression of harmony. Here, on a height above the plain, one may sit and lean against a Doric column, golden with age, fresh with deathless beauty. The landscape before the eyes is very noble. The moving sea, the buoyant air, give life and vigor to the statuesque austerity of the encircling mountains. On plain and hill and shore perfect color glows upon perfect form.

Within this area there came into being a people who created 'the fairest halting-place in the secular march of man.' Their primal passion for freedom resolved itself tripartitely into free institutions, art, and intellectual inquiry. And these again coalesced into a brief unity, unknown among men before or since. Reason, beauty, and liberty were welded together in their laws, their religion, their society, their statues and buildings, their manners, even their clothes and the utensils for their food and drink. On their ageless Acropolis, laden with broken fragments of the past, harmony still dwells, no pensive ghost but a living and ennobling presence. Here is a retreat from the unmoulded, the unperfected.

III

We have been speaking of these refuges of the mind as if they still existed for us. But the fact is that the war has destroyed their imaginative value. Our Sabine farm must produce food or fuel. In Perugia or Assisi we should now be seeking only news from the Piave. In Athens none of us could dream by a column of the Parthenon while Venizelos was speaking in the Senate chamber below. To all these places we might thankfully go in the flesh, to work, to help, to share the fate of the living; but no longer do we seek them in dreams as enchanted hiding-places from imaginary troubles.

Imaginary? Yes, for the danger of the hour wakes us from the unreality of minor disturbances. What time is there for artificial or futile occupations in towns and cities which we must make ready for their share in a mighty struggle? What concern can we feel for magic charm, when our country is grappling with the barbarian? Even delicate and harmonious adjustments seem unimportant, while justice and liberty and humaneness are in mortal peril.

Thus we are taken away from such annoyances in the outward order as may be accidental in our own experience, or philosophy, and placed in the universal attitude of the times. All of us are experiencing danger when we want security, sorrow when we want joy, death when we want life.

In a desert, we are told, the primary needs of life are nakedly revealed. Hunger and thirst and danger cannot be concealed; 'there is nothing to posture in front of them.' So in the wilderness of our present life there are no screens before our deepest needs. We see them and know them to be unsatisfied. We have the clarified vision which comes to an individual in per-

sonal sorrow, when many ambitions and desires are found to have no reality in comparison with the longing for the touch of a vanished hand. But now it is not only our own little order which is disturbed and broken, but the outward order, from horizon to horizon. We grieve, not only for some lost happiness of our own, but for the sorrows of millions of our fellows whom we have never seen, for the shattered peace, the dishonored law, the mutilated justice of the world.

Deep despair always demands a refuge which will not prove illusory when we seek admittance. In the larger disappointments of experience men have sometimes turned to the unchanging beauty of nature, as opposed to the ugly acts of humanity, or to the beauty of art, which is an interpreter of life. How well do these things serve us now?

It is, probably, safe to assert that only deliberate recluses — and there must be few of these — find in even the loveliest landscape more than a temporary anodyne for to-day's sorrow. In flight from personal pain and passion, one may, indeed, have found a lasting peace upon the breast of Nature. But her welcome is less satisfying when we ask for release from the pain and passion of the world. It is a brute fact that the war sobs between us and the myriad laughter of the breeze-swept bay, when the waves sport gently upon a rocky shore of the Atlantic. It roars between us and the deep-toned music of the open ocean, as the Pacific falls in white surf upon wide dunes of sand. It slips a veil between us and the sunny pasture, where purple grasses and pink laurel glow beneath the shining pines and sombre firs. It hangs as a pall between us and the vast summits of eternal snow, monuments of tranquillity born of primordial convulsions.

At the best, nature only uplifts or refreshes us, in the interludes. At the worst, she mocks our fears and our courage with her passionless serenity. The beauty-loving Greeks never expected to find in the beautiful physical world a final refuge for the mind of man. That they were right, our romantic imagination must now concede. Man's life reaches beyond nature, with needs and tragedies untouched by her consolations.

In the case of art there is another element to be considered. It ministers to man's spirit by interpretation, but it has not yet had time to interpret this present unexampled need.

When a sick child is well, or a dead child buried, the poet may fling his joy or grief into immortal words. But he cannot do it at the moment when, by the child's bedside, he is wrestling with the destroyer. After Athens had saved herself from Persia, Æschylus laid the 'calming hand of great poetry' upon even the exultation of a righteous victor. But while the struggle was on, he fought in the ranks at Marathon and Salamis. Perhaps some day this cinematographic present of ours will become for others the past of which Bertrand Russell once wrote with insight and power: —

'The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of last autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still show against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away; the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night.'

So out of our tragedies may yet emerge that Tragedy which is 'of all arts the proudest, the most triumphant.' In that day our tears and blood will

lighten men's anguish, even as we are soothed by the beauty of the tears and blood which drenched the plain of Troy.

Soothed, we say, because this beauty of a Past interpreted by poetry supplies refreshment, rather than a perfect refuge from the present. While we read we are safe, but with the closing of the book danger again engulfs us. Nor can we read at will, even in rare hours of leisure. We are like Jerome, who exclaimed, while the capital of the world was falling, 'In vain I try to draw myself away from the sight by turning to my books. I am unable to heed them.'

The same limitation rests upon the power of pictures and carven marble. In music, probably, a larger number find, persistently, a remedial grace. But, even so, the divinest melody furnishes a remedy rather than a cure, an inspiration rather than a salvation. The general statement is true that, at the height of our anguish, art is no better able than nature permanently to reëstablish within the peace that has been destroyed without.

IV

The foregoing refuges, whether major or minor, have one significant point in common. Their present efficacy is denied by men and women who have tried them. From the coverts of happy dreams, of nature, and of art, we straggle back into the desert, reporting that they are too small to hold the suffering soul. Now this one thing cleaves them utterly apart from another refuge — from the one which we call religion. In all ages, the power of religion to shelter the spirit of man has been denied only by those who have not put it to the test. The triumphant affirmation of those who dwell within it resounds in the dia-

pason of the centuries: God is my refuge. He hath delivered my soul in peace from the battle that was against me.

The word God means as many kinds of salvation as there are needs of salvation. Definitions of religion run an extraordinary gamut, even when they are offered in the same hour and expressed in the same speech. Very lately, in print which is scarcely dry on the pages, this definition has issued from a philosopher's study: 'Religion is the experience constituted by those thoughts, feelings, and actions which spring from man's sense of dependence upon the power or powers controlling the universe, and which have as their centre of interest the cosmic fortune of values.' From the trenches, on the other hand, have been flung these molten words: 'Religion is betting your life on the existence of God.'

We may take our choice of these and other definitions, and yet agree that the fruit of to-day's travail may prove to be a fresh and beautiful religious consciousness. Many things do, indeed, seem laden with this prophecy. But a day of revelation is always a day of Pentecost — every man hears the Spirit speak in his own tongue. Cloven tongues, like as of fire, will herald the day of a spiritual renaissance.

But the Spirit's baptism will be one and universal. And something, at least, of its character may be predicated from the threefold characteristics of the religion which to-day opens wide to the suffering soul.

Religion is a permanent refuge. This is because it is reached by the only road which ends in permanence. We discover it, not by a withdrawal of attention from the actual, but by working our way through the seen to the unseen, through the show to the reality. 'I take my Bible and *sit down where I*

am,' was said by a woman who had known many sorrows to another who was planning the 'distraction' of travel in unaccustomed grief.

Never was a more practical chart drawn for the discovery of a trustworthy haven. The *vade mecum* may be what one chooses, but the point of departure must be the very centre of sorrow. In our present enlarged experience of suffering, this has been profoundly true. If we had run away from the world, we should now be tasting the husks of cynicism, despair, and cowardice. But, staying in full sight of all that appalls us, determined, not to forget but to understand, not to escape but to enter, we find ourselves, in our own despite, inspired to sacrifice, sustained by hope, fed and satisfied with faith. Disregarding the personal price, we have found the cosmic fortune of values. Staking our lives, we have found God. Our covert never grows so straitened that we must abandon it. The temporal becomes eternal. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

Religion is a democratic refuge. The democracy of faith transcends all democracies of the imagination. Nature and art can in no wise be compared to it, for from their consolations large groups of human beings are automatically excluded by some condition of servitude. Philosophers have had much to say of inner citadels, from which the outward order could tranquilly be surveyed. Thought, says one of them, has set us free from 'the tyranny of outside forces,' free even 'from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl.' But the thought of the philosopher is no more a refuge for the illiterate than song is for the deaf, or nature for miners sunk in the bowels of the earth. In Rome Lucretius frankly enjoyed the Epi-

curean's superiority. Sweet it is for the cragsman from some high retreat to watch the legions clashing in the battlefield below, but

Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
And thence look down — down on the purblind
herd
Seeking and never finding in the night.

But now that we are suffering together around the world, ruler and commoner, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, who is so mean as to hide himself in a retreat to which others may not find the way? Nor could any such retreat be more than a half-way house on the road to that universal Truth from which none is ever turned away. 'You can't buy God,' my charwoman said to me as she scrubbed my floor. No, not with money, nor with education, nor with talent, nor with opportunity. A refuge wide enough to receive the *poilu* with the general, the child with the philosopher, the dull with the gifted, is the only refuge wide enough to satisfy my soul, to give me beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Surely our consciousness of spiritual unity will, like a great wind, sweep away the arrogance which has hung about even our ideal turrets. A modern intellectualist, while admitting that each one of us has some 'other life' than that of the visible order, issues this curious ultimatum: 'The advocates of this Other Life must not promise too much. They must not speak to us of regions of light and truth made perfect, nor of fields unshaken by snow and tempest, where joy grows like a tree. . . . Our refuge promises no eternal bliss. It gives only a rallying-point, a spell of peace in which to breathe and to think, a sense, not exactly of happiness, but of that patience and courage which form at least

a good working substitute for happiness.'

But what is this but attempted autocracy in the realm where the spirit bloweth as it listeth? Because the Roman Stoics found only courage and patience in their refuge, was Paul not to publish abroad the hope and joy which he found in his? Because followers of Epicurus, ancient or modern, find in the Sum of Things no concern for themselves, are the followers of Christ to deny the Spirit's whisper: I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me? And — a worse autocracy still — shall those who hear this whisper seek to confine it within words and phrases fashioned by themselves?

We are struggling for the spread of democracy in the outer world. Shall we not thereby bring into being a heavenly democracy? In God's house are many mansions, but one home.

Finally, religion is a fruitful refuge. It is pregnant with blessings for the outward order. In God there is no escape from the world, but the will to remake it in his image. Our Refuge becomes our Strength.

A spiritual renaissance is as destructive to the mediævalist who looks for salvation only in Paradise as to the weakling who seeks it in temporary distraction. The great idealists have not built cities in the skies, mere cloud-cuckoo towns for a race that cannot walk upon the earth. Saint Augustine interpreted God's City to be the Christian Church. Sir Thomas More and Plato built cities to be inhabited by Englishmen and by Greeks.

If some ideal republic is born of genius to-day, it will but give artistic form to the practical desires actuating ourselves, our governments, our armies. We do not and we ought not to admit that freedom, justice, and humanness belong only outside of this world's order. Those who return from Belgium tell us that the people of that

country have planned the very route in the streets of the capital through which Albert shall march back with and to his own. Our purest idealism does not send us skulking to some hiding-place where we cannot see the wrongs of Belgium, but drives us forth to win our right to an ally's place in that triumphal procession.

If all wrong cannot be righted by ourselves, then we must pave the way for this accomplishment by our children's children. If reason assert that the end can never be achieved in entirety, faith still bids each man stake his life on the triumph of God. Because no mind can fail to see the difficulty of catching the ideal, as it wings its infinite flight, within the net of the actual, Plato admits that his perfect state is confined to the region of speculation. But, he adds, what difference does that make? 'The question of its present or future existence is quite unimportant, for the man of understanding will adopt the practices of such a city to the exclusion of every other.' Citizenship in the spiritual controls a man's acts in the visible commonwealth.

Metaphors vary, but the spirit remains the same in all the greater idealists. Even the early Christian visionary, whose horror of the abominations of Rome resulted in the 'revelation' to his imagination of a new and holy city almost completely dissociated from reality, declared that from its holiness must come salvation for the world of men. Through his city ran a pure river of life, crystal-clear, and on either side of the river grew the tree of life — and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. It is true that the early Christians in general, an obscure and helpless minority in a great Empire, forced by their very position to think in terms of inward rather than of outward power,

tended to become altogether too detached from the world in which they lived. They believed, indeed, that the visible order was soon to be destroyed and therefore need not be improved. Impotent in the flesh, they turned their thoughts heavenward. But in this they were almost as remote from the spirit of Christ as from the minds of their pagan neighbors.

In the homeliest figures — since those who listened understood little of citizenship, but much of daily toil — the founder of Christianity indicated the true relation between the inner and the outer life: candles are lighted for the use of those in the house; branches draw sustenance from the vine in order to turn it into grapes. Even in the last hours, before He was slain, when the outward had completely failed Him, and He had but one last opportunity to reveal his inward visions, He said to his disciples, 'I have chosen and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.'

So fruitful was their particular idealism that, in spite of all mistakes and limitations, these unworldly disciples and their followers did, in time, completely change the aspect of their world. It is a commonplace of history that a new spiritual consciousness transformed the philosophy, the art

and literature, and the ethical standards of Western civilization.

Herein we have a dramatic illustration of the supreme potency of religion in comparison with other refuges of the human spirit. It is religion which creates and changes those minor retreats to which the fancy and the imagination take their roving way. From a new heaven is let fall a new earth.

If the fruitfulness of idealism seems often to suffer blight and decay, we must remember that the wretchedness of the soil can counteract the vigor of the seed. Enriched by such suffering as the world has never known, quickened by a faith which survives the most crucial test of history, we shall yet bear fruit and our fruit shall remain.

In that day all our longings will be fulfilled. Life will be significant, magical, and harmonious. Nature's beauty will be the matrix for beautiful human activities. Art will perfectly interpret for us the unseen and the ineffable. Justice and liberty will prevail. Love will be the law of free peoples.

It is but a matter of enlarging the place of our tent, until we rear one that shall not be removed, the stakes whereof shall never be plucked, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

THERE were faces to remember in the Valley of the Shadow,
There were faces unregarded, there were faces to forget;
There were fires of grief and fear that are a few forgotten ashes,
There were sparks of recognition that are not forgotten yet.
For at first, with an amazed and overwhelming indignation
At a measureless malfeasance that obscurely willed it thus,
They were lost and unacquainted — till they found themselves in others,
Who had groped as they were groping where dim ways were perilous.

There were lives that were as dark as are the fears and intuitions
Of a child who knows himself and is alone with what he knows;
There were pensioners of dreams and there were debtors of illusions,
All to fail before the triumph of a weed that only grows.
There were thirsting heirs of golden sieves that held not wine or water,
And had no names in traffic or more value there than toys:
There were blighted sons of wonder in the Valley of the Shadow,
Where they suffered and still wondered why their wonder made no noise.

There were slaves who dragged the shackles of a precedent unbroken,
Demonstrating the fulfillment of unalterable schemes,
Which had been, before the cradle, Time's inexorable tenants
Of what were now the dusty ruins of their father's dreams.
There were these, and there were many who had stumbled up to manhood,
Where they saw too late the road they should have taken long ago:
There were thwarted clerks and fiddlers in the Valley of the Shadow,
The commemorative wreckage of what others did not know.

And there were daughters older than the mothers who had borne them,
Being older in their wisdom, which is older than the earth;
And they were going forward only farther into darkness,
Unrelieved as were the blasting obligations of their birth;

And among them, giving always what was not for their possession,
There were maidens, very quiet, with no quiet in their eyes:
There were daughters of the silence in the Valley of the Shadow,
Driven along in loving hundreds to the family sacrifice.

There were creepers among catacombs where dull regrets were torches,
Giving light enough to show them what there was upon the shelves —
Where there was more for them to see than pleasure would remember
Of something that had been alive and once had been themselves.
There were some who stirred the ruins with a solid imprecation,
While as many fled repentance for the promise of despair:
There were drinkers of wrong waters in the Valley of the Shadow,
And all the sparkling ways were dust that once had led them there.

There were some who knew the steps of Age incredibly beside them,
And his fingers upon shoulders that had never felt the wheel;
And their last of empty trophies was a gilded cup of nothing:
Which a contemplating vagabond would not have come to steal.
Long and often had they figured for a larger valuation,
But the size of their addition was the balance of a doubt:
There were gentlemen of leisure in the Valley of the Shadow,
Not allured by retrospection, disenchanted, and played out.

And among the dark endurances of unavowed reprisals
There were silent eyes of envy that saw little but saw well;
And over beauty's aftermath of hazardous ambitions
There were tears for what had vanished as they vanished where they fell.
Not assured of what was theirs, and always hungry for the nameless,
There were some whose only passion was for Time who made them cold:
There were numerous fair women in the Valley of the Shadow,
Dreaming rather less of heaven than of hell when they were old.

Now and then, as if to scorn the common touch of common sorrow,
There were some who gave a few the distant pity of a smile;
While another cloaked a soul as with an ash of human embers,
Having covered thus a treasure that would last him for a while.

There were many by the presence of the many disaffected,
 Whose exemption was included in the weight that others bore:
 There were seekers after darkness in the Valley of the Shadow,
 And they alone were there to find what they were looking for.

There they were, and there they are; and as they came are coming others,
 And among them are the fearless and the meek and the unborn;
 And a question that has held us heretofore without an answer
 May abide without an answer until all have ceased to mourn.
 But the children of the dark are more to name than are the wretched,
 Or the broken, or the weary, or the baffled, or the shamed:
 There are builders of new mansions in the Valley of the Shadow,
 And among them are the dying and the blinded and the maimed.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN WOMEN

IV. MARY LYON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Chronology

MARY LYON

Born in Buckland, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797;

Mount Holyoke Seminary opened November, 1837;

Died March 5, 1849.

MARY LYON, the foundress of Mount Holyoke College, had a magnificently persistent spirit. She did what she set out to do and got what she wanted to get. No doubt the grit and determination in her were fostered, if not bred, by the sturdy, rugged training of her childhood. Born at the very close of the eighteenth century, on a farm in Western Massachusetts, she was brought up by a widowed mother with

many children and small means. The discipline was stern, but it rooted character deep down among the solid needs and essential efforts of existence. Every moment of life was of use and was put to use. When Mary was hardly out of infancy, her mother found her one day apparently trifling with the hour-glass, but she explained that she thought she had discovered a way of making more time. As years went on, she did make more time, by getting double work and thought into what there was. It was not time only; but every resource of life must be made to yield all there was in it and a little more.

'Economy,' she said to her pupils

later, 'is not always doing without things. It is making them do the best they can.' Nothing helps so much towards this final extraction of utility as knowing the exact nature of things, not only what they serve for, but how they are made, even knowing how to make them one's self. Mary made her own clothes from cloth made by her own hands. Many other women did this; but Mary, when she lived near a brick-yard, wanted to make brick, and did it. Always she had the instinct and the habit and the genius for doing something.

Very early, however, she appreciated that to do something, in her sense, a wider and ampler education was needed than a New England farm would give her. The most essential education, that of character, she could indeed give herself. Self-training, self-discipline she began early and kept up to the end. When a friend ventured to suggest the getting rid of certain little awkwardnesses, she replied, with perfect good humor, 'I have corrected more such things than anybody ought to have.' She corrected little defects as well as great.

But no one knew better than she that education could not come wholly from within. There were broad regions of spiritual joy and spiritual usefulness which must be explored by the help and the guidance of others. The means of obtaining such help and guidance for women in those days were limited, and Mary's situation and circumstances made them doubly limited for her. But what persistent and determined effort could do, she did. Her natural capacity for acquisition was undoubtedly great. She said of herself, in a connection that precluded boasting, 'My mind runs like lightning.' It not only moved swiftly, but it held what it seized as it went. She was given a Latin grammar on Friday night. On

Monday she recited the whole of it. I do not know how much this means, not having seen the grammar; but obviously it means enough, even with her humiliating confession that she had studied all day Sunday.

In her case, however, it was less the brilliancy than the everlasting persistence that counted. She had no money to get an education. Very well, she would get the money first and the education afterward. She went to school when she could; when she could not, she taught others — for seventy-five cents a week and her board. The opportunities that she did get for her own work she improved mightily. Those with whom she boarded when she was studying say that she slept only four hours out of the twenty-four. They add, with the amazement which persons differently constituted feel for such endeavor, 'She is all intellect; she does not know that she has a body to care for.'

But do not imagine that she was a mere human machine, created to think of work only. She had her ups and downs, as those who sleep only four hours must — her days when work seemed impossible and, what is worse, not worth doing; her utter discouragements, when the only relief was tears. She inquired one night how soon tea would be ready; was told, immediately; and on being asked the reason of her evident disappointment, replied, 'I was only wishing to have a good crying-spell, and you do not give me time enough.'

How far other emotions touched her active youth, we do not know. She was always sweet and merry with her companions, but she had not leisure for much social dissipation. One or two vague glimpses come of loving or, much more, of being loved, but they lead to nothing. Other interests more absorbing filled that eager and busy

heart. As she looked back from later triumphs at the struggles of these early days, she said, 'In my youth I had much vigor — was always aspiring after something. I called it loving to study. Had few to direct me aright. One teacher I shall always remember. He told me education was to fit one to do good.'

Whatever education might be, she sought it with a fervent zeal which was an end in itself as well as a most efficient means.

II

To get an education for herself, with heroic effort, was not enough for Miss Lyon. In getting it, she came to feel its value and others' need of it. Obtaining it for them was an object for as much zeal and devotion as she had bestowed upon her own. No one then felt it necessary that women should be educated as men were. Men, whether educated themselves or not, felt it to be distinctly unnecessary; and the suggestion of systematic intellectual training for the weaker, domestic sex did not fill the ordinary husband and father with enthusiasm. A fashionable finishing school was a girl's highest ambition, and to be accomplished, pending being married, was the chief aim of her existence. To Miss Lyon it seemed that women had brains as well as men, were as well able to use them, and often more eager. And she determined very early to devote her life to giving them the opportunity.

Her object was certainly not money-making. Her personal standards were always simple, and her earnings, when she did earn, would seem, even to the modern teacher, pitiful. In fact, her view of profit and the teacher's profession, like that of Socrates, was ideal to the point of extravagance. 'If money-making is your object,' she cries, 'be milliners or dressmakers; but

teaching is a sacred, not a mercenary employment.'

So with the ambition to be great and prominent and remembered. Who shall say that anyone is wholly free from the subtle and searching temptation here? But at least she is free from it so far as she knows herself. Some, she writes, will say that Miss Grant and Miss Lyon wish 'to see a great institution established, and to see themselves at the head of the whole, and then they will be satisfied.' And she recognizes that this is human nature, and she does not trouble herself to deny the allegation directly, but her tone implies that it touches her not.

Nor did she seek to be of use to those who had wealth or social prominence or influence. They could take care of themselves. What she wished to provide for was the great mass of women throughout the country who had little means or none, but the same devouring thirst for better things that had tormented her. She would exclude no one who was really worthy, no one, as she said herself, but 'harmless cumberers of the ground' and those 'whose highest ambition is to be qualified to amuse a friend in a vacant hour.' Such, rich or poor, might find their vocation elsewhere. The saving of their souls was not her business.

So, trusting in the goodness of God and in her own unbounded energy, she set about taking a great step in the forward progress of the world. She was practically unknown, she had no money, she had no influence, she had no access to the many agencies which facilitate the advancement of great undertakings. She had only courage and hope. 'When we decide to perform a certain duty, we should expect success in it, if it is not utterly impossible,' she said quietly; and she practised as she preached. She was ready to make any sacrifice. 'Our personal

comforts are delightful, not essential.'

She approached everyone who could possibly help her, with tireless, but not tedious, persistency. She went into people's homes and pointed out what she was trying to do for them, showed fathers and mothers what their daughters needed and how little effort would help to get it.

She spoke publicly on formal occasions; she spoke privately to anyone who she thought might assist her, even to strangers. Some of her friends complained of this. In that day it seemed odd for a woman to make herself so conspicuous, and the doubters feared that she might injure her cause instead of aiding it. She differed from them positively. 'What do I do that is wrong?' she urged. 'I hope I behave like a lady; I mean to do so.' Who that knows anything of her will question that she did? But she was working for a great cause and she did not mean to let trifles stand in her way. 'My heart is sick,' she cried; 'my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down.'

Of course there were discouragements, crying spells, no doubt, as in the earlier days; times when everything went wrong, and the world seemed utterly indifferent. The very vastness of the hope made it shadowy, and she had her lurking possibilities of skepticism. 'I always fear when I find my heart thus clinging to the hope of future good.' There was physical collapse, too, under such enormous effort, even in a body mainly healthy. For two or three days, sometimes, she would give herself up to a state of partial stupor, forgetting even hope and duty in an absolute relaxation of all nervous energy.

Then she would emerge with fatigue and depression behind her, ready to face any difficulty and overcome any

obstacle. 'It is one of the nicest of mental operations,' she said, 'to distinguish between what is very difficult and what is utterly impossible.' But what was impossible to others was apparently only difficult to her. Walls hardly built and hardly paid for might fall down, and her only comment was one of delight that no one was hurt. Stupid and obstinate people might oppose her methods, but somehow or other she accomplished the result. 'She made the impression on every one with whom she had anything to do, from the common day-laborer to the president of a college, that if she set herself to do anything, it was of no use to oppose her.'

This does not mean that she was rough or overbearing in her methods, that she forced money out of pockets, or souls into the kingdom of God. She had indeed her share of the prophet's severity. If she had let herself go, she might have reprehended and reprimanded with a righteous scorn. In one wealthy household, where she had expected much, she got nothing, and to friends who had foretold her failure she confided, with bitterness, 'They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes, but oh, they're little bits of folks!'

Such bitterness she mainly kept to herself, however. She knew that her progress must be slow, often hindered, and often tortuous. She disciplined herself not to hope too much and to forget disappointments. She practised infinite patience. 'I learned twenty years ago never to get out of patience.' She would not dispute or argue. She would state her position, her plans, her prospects. She would answer every question which really tended to clarify. Then the conscience of her hearers was left to work by itself. Attacks, abuse, sarcasm, slander touched her not. She did not deserve them, why should

she heed them? They distressed her friends and one of the closest, Professor Hitchcock, wrote an answer which he submitted to Miss Lyon's consideration. 'That was the last I ever saw of it,' he said.

Instead of this sharper combativeness, she worked by persuasion, by insinuation, by tact and sympathy. She would not yield a syllable of her main theory; but if anything was to be gained by meeting criticism in a detail, by accepting a minor suggestion, she was always ready. 'In deviating from others,' she advised, 'be as inoffensive as possible; excite no needless opposition.' She excited none, where it could be avoided, and people found themselves agreeing with her before they knew it, and almost against their wills. She conquered less by formal argument than by personal charm, and had the golden faculty of making others feel that her will was their own. One who knew her well said that she held men 'by invisible attractions which it was hard to resist and from which very few wished to be released.' Another simpler mind put it still better: 'I would have done anything she asked me to. Everybody would.'

The habit of getting what she wanted from others came naturally. That of making use of what she got, perhaps somewhat less so. She had to train herself a little in business methods. This a clear and sound brain can always do, and she did it. But order and system and punctuality seem at first to have been difficult for her. She was not born neat and tidy in trifles. Some women's things, she said, seemed to have feet and to know their right places and return to them of their own accord. Hers did not. She was not born punctual or with a consciousness of time. If she got interested in a task, she wanted to finish it, regardless of the arrival of the hour for

doing something else. She wanted to go to bed when she pleased, to get up when she pleased, to eat when she pleased, not at a set and given minute.

But she understood these weaknesses, and had conquered them in all essentials before she entered upon her great work. If she was not born a woman of business, she made herself one, and she had overcome inner obstacles before she began her fight with those without. Therefore she was able, not only to raise the sums she needed, but to use them wisely; and, after innumerable difficulties, in the autumn of 1837, Mount Holyoke Seminary was opened.

It was a day of triumph for Miss Lyon — of pure personal triumph, of course it was. She would not have been human, if it had not been. She had labored through years of toil and vexation. Now at last the way was clear to accomplish what she had dreamed. Of an earlier time of prosperity she says, 'There is an unusual evenness and uniformity in my feelings, freedom from excitement, of any rising above the common level.' But on that November day in 1837 her spirits certainly did rise above the common level. She saw all that she had longed for and hoped for realized in that plain, square building with its vast possibilities, and her words have the inspiration of a prophetess: 'The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my very soul.'

III

So she had performed her huge task, her practically single-handed task, of preparing the material facilities for extending education. Now came the subtle and complicated labor of conveying it. And first as to the negative problem, so to speak, that of discipline. This considerable body of girls had

been brought together, unaccustomed to the restraints of community life. How to train them to do their best work without injuring themselves or each other?

To begin with, Miss Lyon did not believe too much in formal rules. Of course, a certain number of such rules was necessary, as always. But she endeavored to impress upon her girls the spirit of those rules and not the letter. She brought home to them vividly the struggle between the body and the mind, and the absolute necessity of making the mind master at the start. 'The mind,' she told them, 'should not sit down and wash the body's feet, but the body should obey the mind.'

So in relations with others. It was not so much a question of following rules as of getting into the right tone. 'Avoid trying the patience or irritating the feelings of others,' she reminded them. She made her precise directions flow from such general precepts as these.

Then she trusted the girls to carry them out. Of course, they could not always be trusted, and she knew that they could not. They were human and young and girls, and had their weaknesses. Dress and boys were in their thoughts, as they always have been and always will be. But something about Miss Lyon's presence took the place of rules—something about the thought of her presence. 'One could not do wrong where she was,' writes one pupil. There were occasionally those who could do wrong and did, either from carelessness, or even from contumacy. With them Miss Lyon had such severity as was needed. Read the quaint old biographer's account of the forcible removal of one young woman from one room to another: "'You *must* go into the large room," said the teacher.' The young woman went.

But usually the reliance was less upon coercion than upon persuasion. 'She will try to make us vote so-and-so, and I won't do it—I won't,' said one recalcitrant to another, as they prepared to listen to her gentle exhortation. Then they voted as she wished. Above all her discipline was dynamic, consisted in instilling a bewitching impulse to do things, not to avoid things. Our happiness lies largely in remembering, she said; do what will be pleasant to remember. And whatever you do, put life into it. Do not half do, or do negligently. 'Learn to sit with energy.' Did ever anyone put more character into a phrase than that?

And as they were taught energy, so they were taught the use of it by order and method. Hours should be planned and kept and followed. 'I have suffered all my life from the want of regular habits,' she told her girls; 'I wish you to accustom yourselves to be thoroughly systematic in the division of your time and duties.' Train and discipline the mind, she urged upon them, govern your thoughts. 'Bring the mind to a perfect abstraction and let thought after thought pass through it.'

She herself was ardent, full of emotion, full of impulse. 'I endeavor daily to avoid excessive emotions on any subject,' she says. She was not always successful, and admitted it; but she wanted those who learned from her to be better than she. Even in benevolence, in charity, which meant so much to her, she advised restraint and intelligence. 'If you had really rather spend your money on yourselves, spend it.' Do not overdo from the impulse of the moment. 'I don't want artificial fire.' In short, she was as anxious to make progress solid and sure as to establish it upon an undying enthusiasm. 'Character,' she told those incorrigible workers of samplers, 'like embroidery, is made stitch by stitch.'

From all this you gather perhaps an impression of pedantry, of formal priggishness. It is true that, as we look back from the familiarity of to-day, Miss Lyon's methods and manners sometimes seem stiff, like her caps. Her girls to her were always 'young ladies,' as their contemporaries of the other sex were 'young gentlemen.' Her phraseology was elaborate, and she wished others to use the same. In her portraits one perceives a certain primness, and the undeniable beauty has also an undeniable suggestion of austerity. If haste made her sometimes forget to fasten a button or adjust a tie, one imagines her upon any state occasion as complete in her dignity as Queen Elizabeth herself.

But brief study suffices to penetrate beneath this superficial stiffness and form. 'It is very important that a teacher should not be schoolified,' said Miss Lyon to her pupils.

Many teachers say this, not so many practise it. She did. Under the formal garb and manner, she was essentially human. In the first place, she had the keenest insight into human strength and weakness. She knew the heart, or at least knew that none of us know it, and was ever alive to opportunities to increase her knowledge. In one case she comments with the keenest analysis upon the weaknesses of a relative, and then apologizes for doing so; 'only I love to remark the extreme unlikeness in members of the same family.' In general, the good qualities impress her most, though she notes this with due reserve. 'On the whole, as I grow in years, I have a better opinion of people.'

But her humanity went far deeper than mere observation and insight. Under the formal outside there was the most sensitive affection and tenderness. She loved her pupils as if they were her daughters, felt as if she must

supply the mother's place to every one of them.

'You are spoiling that child,' said her teachers, of one whom she petted, though she never really showed any favoritism. Her answer was, 'Well, she is young and far from her mother, and I am sorry for her, and I don't believe it will hurt her.'

This was only one instance out of many. When girls were solitary and homesick and weary and discouraged, she could and did sympathize, for she had known all those things herself and went back readily to the days when she had said that she had 'but just physical strength enough left to bear her home, just intellect enough to think the very small thoughts of a little infant, and just emotion enough to tremble under the shock.'

In short, she had the supreme element of sympathy, the power of always putting one's self in the place of another. Nothing can be of greater help to a teacher or to any leader of men or women than this, and saying after saying of Miss Lyon's shows how richly she was endowed with it. The brief remarks and comments gathered at the end of Miss Fidelia Fiske's quaint little volume of *Recollections* are the best illustration of what I mean. 'More than nine tenths of the suffering we endure is because those around us do not show that regard for us which we think they ought to do.' This bit of wisdom, curiously exaggerated for a thinker so careful as Miss Lyon, is as interesting for what it suggests about herself as about her study and comprehension of others.

With the sympathetic and imaginative power of putting one's self in the place of others is apt to go a large and fine sense of humor. Had Miss Lyon this? It is amusing to see how answers vary. Some of the numerous pupils who have written reminiscences of her

insist that she had no humor at all, that she rarely, if ever, smiled, and took life always from the serious side. Others are equally positive that she was ready for a jest, and on occasion could twinkle with merriment. The explanation of these conflicting views probably is that she was very different with different people. Some persons have the faculty of cherishing the warm flame of humor, of teasing even fretted spirits into bright and gracious gayety. Others put out that pleasant flame as a snuffer puts out a candle. I have known pupils of Miss Lyon with whom I am sure that she was always as serious as the bird of Pallas.

Then, too, she was brought up in a school that restrained laughter. As a teacher, she knew the danger of satire and herself admitted that she had to be on her guard against her appreciation of the ludicrous, lest she should do irreparable damage to sensitive hearts. Moreover, the Puritan strain was strong in her and she shied at any suggestion of uncontrolled gayety for herself or those she guided. 'It is not true,' insists an admiring pupil, 'that Miss Lyon enjoyed *fun*! . . . "Fun," she said, "is a word no young lady should use."'

Yet I dare swear that she enjoyed fun, just the same; that she could see a joke, and take and make a joke. One would certainly not say of her, in the dainty phrase of the old poet, —

Her heart was full of jigs and her feet did
wander
Even as autumn's dust.

But at any rate, in youth, before care settled too heavily, she was capable of full-lunged, resounding cachinnation. 'Mr. Pomeroy's father has heard Miss Lyon, when a girl, laugh half a mile away from one hill to another. Once she laughed so loud she scared the colts in the field and made them run away.'

Now, isn't that jolly? In later years she did not, indeed, scare the colts or the coltish young ladies, but there can be no doubt that large possibilities of spiritual laughter lightened the difficulties and vexations that were inseparable from her triumph. To be sure, she sometimes fell into strange freaks of professional solemnity, such as seem quite inconsistent with any sense of humor at all, as when she cautioned her young ladies, 'The violation of the seventh commandment may and ought to be examined as a general subject, but beware of learning particulars'; or again, 'Choose the society of such gentlemen as will converse without even once seeming to think that you are a lady.' But I believe the winking of an eye would have made her see the humorous slant of these suggestions. She saw it in regard to many others, and especially in regard to that most delicate of humorous tests, the absurdity of one's self. Is there not a depth of humor in her overheard remark, as she stood before the mirror trying to tie her bonnet-strings: 'Well, I *may* fail of heaven, but I shall be very much disappointed if I do — very much disappointed.'

All this analysis of Miss Lyon's educational influence, her discipline, her method, her sympathy, her laughter, does not catch the entire depth and power of it. We must add the magnetism, the gift of inspiration. She could draw money out of men's pockets, she could draw folly out of girls' souls and put thought and earnest effort in its place. Never give up, she taught them, never submit, never be beaten. 'Teach till you make a success of it.' Live with high ideas, she taught them; make noble dreams noble realities. 'Our thoughts have the same effect on us as the company we keep.' When you have a great object in view, let no obstacle, no difficulty distract you from it. 'Go

where no one else is willing to go — do what no one else is willing to do.’

And she herself never forgot the greatest test of teaching; did her best to keep it before all who assisted her and worked under her. ‘Make the dull ones think once a day, make their eyes sparkle once a day.’ The teacher who can do this has indeed magnetism, has inspiration. She did it, perhaps, many times a day.

IV

It is interesting that the enthusiasm of scholarship proper is not a marked element in Miss Lyon. She had an immense desire to educate herself; later, an immense desire to educate others. It does not appear that in youth or in age she was overpowered by the passion for acquiring knowledge as an end merely. Now and then she has words that seem to belie this. ‘There are peculiar sweets derived from gaining knowledge, delights known only to those who have tasted them,’ she says. She pursued all varieties of study with equal ardor. Mathematics, logic, science, literature, she was at home in all, delighted to talk about them, delighted to teach them. But you feel instantly the difference between her and, for example, Mrs. Samuel Ripley, in this regard. Mrs. Ripley followed all studies because they were all in themselves equally delightful. Miss Lyon followed them all, because they were all, comparatively speaking, indifferent. To Mrs. Ripley knowledge was an end in itself, an all-sufficing, inexhaustible end. To Miss Lyon knowledge was only a beginning. Mathematics and all the rest were bright, sharp, splendid instruments. The first thing was to get them, but an infinitely more important thing was what you could do with them. What a significant, if unintentional, revelation there is in the phrase I have already quoted: ‘In my youth I had

much vigor — was always aspiring after something. *I called it loving to study.*’ (The italics are mine.) What scorn there is in another brief phrase of her later years: ‘The intellectual miser is an object of contempt.’

No, she was not essentially a scholar; she could never have been content to spend long hours and long years over books and the problems of books. She was essentially and by every instinct a teacher. And her object in teaching was not to make others scholars. In all the great volume of *Reminiscences* contributed by her pupils, pure scholarship fills but a very little place. What she aimed at was to teach girls, not to know, but to live. It is true, her biographer says that in her early years of teaching her great aim was to make scholars. But even so, I think she was rather anxious to succeed in anything she had undertaken than to impart the fine fury of intellectual acquirement.

And as time went on, the mere lore of books took a more and more subordinate place. Life was to be studied, character was to be studied, all the curious, subtle, surrounding and moulding influences that govern our existence. ‘Make as much effort to gain knowledge from objects around us, from passing events, and from conversation, as from books.’ She labored hard and long at the greatest of human tasks, that of making people think for themselves. ‘Knowledge and reflection,’ she said, ‘should balance’; — though she added, with a sigh, that ‘all we can do in this matter is to stand about the outer court and say, “Won’t you reflect?”’

And her object was not only reflection, but reflection turned into conduct. She wanted to take a group of bright and eager spirits from the great middle circle of democracy and send them out again to make over the world. This America, as she then saw with almost

prophetic vision, needed so many things, some consciously and some unconsciously. She wanted her girls to do something toward supplying the need. 'We have made it an object,' she said, 'to gain enlarged and correct views . . . as to what needs to be done, what can be done, what ought to be done; and, finally, as to what is our duty.'

To know one's duty, in the largest sense, and to do it, was her idea of education. As one of her pupils expresses it, 'her first aim was to make us Christians; her second to cultivate us intellectually.' But her own phrase, far finer, rings like a trumpet: 'That they should live for God and do something.'

v

Here we have the essence of Miss Lyon's teaching, of her work in the world, of her own heart: that they should live for God and do something. Is it not, so far as it goes, a splendid, direct, and simple clue to the great problem of education? It is perhaps for the lack of such a clue that nowadays we grope and flounder so dismally. For who will deny that in all the difficulties that beset educative theory at the present day the greatest is that we do not know what we want? The old convenient standard of a liberal education is slipping from us, has slipped from us completely. What are we to put in the place of it? Two at least of our great institutions of learning have mottoes that suggest Miss Lyon's, 'Not to be ministered unto but to minister,' and 'For Christ and the Church.' But we can neither agree about what they mean nor unite to apply them. As with the unhappily married couple in Mr. Ade's Fable, 'The motto in the dining-room said, "Love one another," but they were too busy to read.' Instead, we turn to

the practical issue of bread and butter, and make it our educational ideal to train men and women to go out into the world and contend with their fellows for the material necessities of life.

Miss Lyon's aim was simpler — not always easy to apply perhaps, but tangible and, above all, inspiring from its very nature: That they should live for God and do something. But to understand the full bearing of the words, we must consider more carefully what God was to Miss Lyon herself.

To begin with, her religion was not a matter of convention, not a mere tradition accepted from others and passed on to others again, without an intimate grasp of its nature and meaning. She came slowly to the fulness and ripeness of faith, regretted often in her early years that the divine ecstasy descended less amply upon her than upon some more favored. She abhorred pretence, the theory of feeling, wanted only sentiments that were truly hers. How admirable is her confession in the presence of great natural beauty: 'I feared that I should be unable to feel the soul-moving power, and I had an ardent desire that I might not acknowledge, even to myself, any second-hand emotions, any influence which did not affect my own heart.' Second-hand emotions! Do we not all of us need to beware of them?

As religion took fuller possession of her, she did not suffer herself to be unduly exalted. To others it seemed to come with ease and swiftness of glory. It came with struggle and effort and long agony to her. 'In view of invisible and divine realities, my mind is darkened, my perceptions feeble, my heart cold and stupid. It seems as if such a low, groveling worm of the dust could never be fitted for heaven.' There were days of distress and discouragement, days of barrenness, if not of doubt. 'Sometimes I almost *feel* that

I am not my own, but I find my heart repeatedly desiring those things from which I had almost supposed it was forever separated.'

A clear, calm intellectual analysis was so natural to her, that she was tempted to apply it where faith and love would have been more wholesome; although, in the end, with the author of the *Imitation*, she finds that 'After winter comes summer, after the night the day, and after a storm a great calm.' 'It is wonderful to me how the mind, after a state of doubt and difficulty, from which it seemed impossible to be extricated, can, without any new light or new evidence, settle down into a state of calm and quiet decision.'

But all these negative elements were as nothing to the joy and rapture which religion gave her. She was certainly not a mystic in the sense of pure contemplation. Action was life to her, her soul was dynamic, and her conception of God must have been that of a full, outflowing, energetic, creative love. But this energy of action came to her seasoned and flavored with rapturous delight. 'I love sometimes,' she says, 'to lose sight of individuals, in thinking of the bundles of eternal life and happiness that are bound up together in heaven.' And again, 'But amidst the darkness, and with a burden on my heart which I cannot describe, there is something in my soul which seems like trust in God, which is like a peaceful river, overflowing all its banks.'

She wanted to bathe all who followed her in this peaceful river, to make them partakers of this sustaining and enduring joy; and to do this, she wanted to build up their souls on an assured and stable foundation of thought and devotion and self-control and self-sacrifice. It must be admitted that some of her methods for accomplishing her end seem to us now strange and a little repellent, though perhaps

they were none the worse for that. Even to-day some persons feel that dancing is not a very profitable employment; but few would go so far as Miss Lyon: 'When Satan would spread his net to fascinate, allure, and destroy, he never omits the dance.' The payment of small debts is undoubtedly desirable; but it is making a serious matter of it to urge that 'It might be impossible, when praying for some one, to keep out of mind a ten cents her due.' Again, the following injunction seems a little portentous, though eminently appropriate to much modern youthful reading: 'Never read a book without first praying over it.'

These extremes make us smile. Others more solemn make us tremble. Miss Lyon believed in hell with all her soul. 'If she ever had a flitting doubt of the certainty of future retributions, that doubt was never known or suspected by her most intimate friends.' She proposed to have her pupils believe in hell, also. She stood before them in chapel, a quiet, prim New England lady, and made hell real. 'It was the warning voice of one who saw the yawning gulf. She would point to the dark, shelving, fatal precipice, without a gesture, without a motion, save of her moving lips, her hand laid devoutly on that well-worn octavo Bible. She would uncover the fiery billows rolling below, in the natural, but low, deep tones with which men talk of their wills, their coffins, and their graves.' And this to a company of young girls, at the most sensitive, emotional age, just snatched from their sheltering homes and already unhinged by novel strains of every kind. It seems to us like saving their souls at fearful peril to their bodies.

Even Miss Lyon's most concrete definition of education, so often quoted, will hardly be quoted by anyone to-day without a smile of good-natured

amusement. 'A lady should be so educated that she can go as a missionary at a fortnight's notice.'

Yet, in spite of all these excesses, I believe that the essence of the matter was with Miss Lyon. The minor drawbacks, the superficial eccentricities, — even hell, — fall away, and leave her dominant and vital with the supreme object of all her thought and life, which was God. Those who followed her, she taught, must get out of themselves, forget themselves. 'How much happier you would be to live in a thousand lives beside yourself rather than to live in yourself alone!' They must be ready to give all, to sacrifice all, to endure all, for Christ and his Kingdom. 'Property, education, time, influence, friends, children, brothers and sisters, all should be devoted to this

object.' And in giving, in sacrificing, there should be no waywardness, no wilfulness, no whim, even no judgment of the individual. 'Neither teachers nor scholars should have any way of their own, or will of their own, but all should be swallowed up in the will of God.'

Finally, the heart of the whole was not merely doing, not merely the devoted, unremitting effort to do right, but rapture and glory. 'Our minds are so constituted that nothing but God can fill them.'

'There is but one thing needful,' said Amiel, 'to possess God.' Miss Lyon thought it needful, not only to possess God herself, but to make all others possess Him, and she could not feel her own possession perfect when she was not laboring at this magnificent, if impossible, task.

THE HUMAN SOUL AND THE SCIENTIFIC PREPOSSESSION

BY WARNER FITE

I

To the philosopher, who views life under the aspect of eternity, and whose sense of humor is undisturbed by the solemn platitudes of the popular magazine or the authoritative pronouncements of an up-to-date daily press, nothing, I think, should seem more characteristic of our day, or more interesting as a feature of a supposedly critical age, than the scientific prepossession. By the scientific prepossession I mean that conception of present thought according to which, after

centuries of darkness and superstition, — animistic, anthropomorphic, theological, metaphysical, — we have now, in the view of the world known as 'modern science,' emerged into the clear, if sober, daylight of hard and naked fact. Briefly, it is the prepossession that all ages have been ages of prepossession except our own; that all former ages have viewed the world through the medium of human prejudices, from which we, happily, are free.

One may find the prepossession in evidence at any gathering of natural scientists, and especially in their after-

dinner speeches; in which they find a never-failing amusement in recalling how our ancestors believed that the magnet 'attracted' the iron, and that nature 'abhorred' a vacuum; as if nature, like ourselves, were actuated by likes and dislikes. That, possibly, every age has seemed modern to itself, and its knowledge modern knowledge; that to itself every age may have seemed to live in the light of simple fact after a darkness of ancestral superstition — by such reflections their enjoyment is untroubled. Nor are they disturbed by remembering that the science of our own day is committed to a comprehensive theory of evolution. To suggest that our descendants may smile at 'modern science' as we now smile at mediæval scholasticism, seems shocking and scandalous. In the evolutionary theory of modern science it appears that all things in life are subject to the change and decay of evolution, except modern science itself: whatever else may change, the scientific point of view must be regarded as final.

And, doubtless, because the point of view of science is the point of view of simple fact — such is the scientist's understanding of the scientific prepossession. Before undertaking to exhibit the prepossession in its recently perfected form I shall venture to explain, therefore, what is meant by simple fact. If we place before us any human action, any state or condition of human life, we shall see that two very different questions may be asked about it. One is, how does it feel? The other is, how does it look? How does it feel to play tennis or drive an automobile; and how does it look — to one who has never had the experience? How does it feel to be grown up, to wear evening clothes, to be president or professor, to be a parent, to be married, or to be in love; and how does it look? Doubtless, the last case will serve to suggest that how

it looks is often very different from how it feels. No one will question this who remembers how it felt to be young, to be ambitious, and to be in love, and who notes how it looks now.

Let me call these two views of life the inside and the outside view: philosophers prefer to call them 'subjective' and 'objective.' Common sense, however, in its view of human life at least, insists upon using both. Do you wish to know the truth about life, what it really signifies to be a child or a parent — or to be a millionaire or a day-laborer? Then it is not sufficient to ask the mere observer of childhood or parenthood, while ignoring the children or parents themselves. Nor, on the other hand, is it sufficient to question the child or the parent; for neither child nor parent can from his exclusively inside view tell you all that childhood or parenthood implies. Common sense insists that both views of life be consulted, even if they tell a different story.

Before we 'got' modern science — a very recent conversion, by the way, in the whole history of thought, since a really organized modern science is scarcely two generations old — it was assumed that the distinction of inside and outside applied, not to human life alone, nor merely to human and animal life, but to every existing thing. We need not go back to the primitive man, who assumes that the river which drowned his friend bore him a grudge. Aristotle, who was not precisely primitive, can seemingly conceive of nothing, be it a man or a dog, a chair or a river, as quite real, — as being all there, so to speak, — unless, in addition to its material structure, seen from the outside, it is also the embodiment of an idea, or a purpose; unless, that is to say, it has an inside as well as an outside. To Aristotle the hard, material fact, which in our day is so easily accepted as self-existent, was as abstract and as unreal

as a door with only one side or a triangle with no sides. And how lately the Aristotelian way of thinking has become antiquated, we may gather from the deference paid to 'the wisdom of nature' until a generation ago, and not wholly lacking to-day in scientific medical practice. Even the eighteenth century, skeptical and sophisticated, found difficulty in conceiving of an order of nature from which, as a whole, thought, or design, could be absent. Nor am I certain that, if we come to the twentieth century and question the motives of the up-to-date physical scientist speculating in atoms, electrons, ions, or what not, we may not find that his quest for the 'inner constitution of nature' is, after all, in plain terms, simply an effort to comprehend how the natural processes *feel*, within themselves, as distinct from how they *look*, to us.

But here the natural scientist cries, 'God forbid!' Behold, then, the scientific prepossession. Common sense tells us that human life, at least, has both an outside and an inside. Aristotle teaches that this applies to all things whatsoever that are concrete and real. The scientific prepossession consists in an exclusive emphasis upon the outside, affirming that no other side exists. This is what the scientist means, then, when he tells us that the scientific point of view is the point of view of simple fact. The primitive man assumed, quite naïvely, indeed, that, like himself and his human neighbors, everything in the universe has two sides; that of the stars, for example, you may ask, not only what a star looks like, but what it means *to be* a star. The scientific prepossession began by denying the inner view, first, to the stars, then, to all of what we call inanimate nature; presently, to the lower forms of animate nature; and now it proposes, as a final step in the extension of science, to deny the inner life to you and me.

II

It is this final stage in the development of the scientific prepossession, together with the steps immediately preceding, that I propose now to exhibit as it appears, written large, in the science of psychology; that is to say, in the application of experimental methods, by means of apparatus often highly complex, to the study of the human mind. 'The science of mind' — or suppose we say, 'the science of the soul': in the mere juxtaposition of terms I seem to detect a humorous incongruity. Yet surely we are not entitled to object to experimental methods if they will tell us something. One might suppose, however, that the best way to study the mind is to converse with mind; that experimental methods would tell us nothing about the mind except so far as we are able to give the results a *mental* interpretation; and therefore that, in order to study the mind, one must first of all have a rich experience of mind — in other words, a broad and sympathetic appreciation of literature, a cultivated and instructed taste, and, above all, a thoughtful experience of life.

Not so, however, the science of psychology. No one ever thinks of demanding these things from the 'expert psychologist.' Scientific psychology is the outcome of the depressing discovery that, while in other fields of inquiry men were engaged in making brilliant discoveries and in piling fact upon fact, our knowledge of the mind remained in the region of doubt and of interpretation. The question was hardly raised whether the mind — or, as I prefer, the person — is not, of all things in our universe, the most delicate and inscrutable, and therefore the last to be made — if ever — transparently clear. What was noted rather was that, in other fields of inquiry, — in physics,

chemistry, and biology, for example, — discoveries were made as the result of scientific method, aided by laboratory apparatus. Hence, it was concluded, for a real science of psychology, the important thing is not a deep experience of mind on the part of the scientist, but scientific method, supported by ingenuity in the invention and use of apparatus. Given the scientific method, no vital experience of the subject-matter is necessary. You press the button and the method does the rest. A compositor needs no appreciation of literature to produce a page of good poetry; just as little does the scientific psychologist need a personal experience of mind.

Thus is mind banished from the psychological laboratory. For it is equally unnecessary that the subject of psychological experiment be endowed with mind. As a recent writer has remarked, in entering the psychological laboratory you check your soul at the door. The rules of scientific method, indeed, forbid the admission of the soul; for to admit the soul would mean that you intend to understand your subject as he feels to himself — by sympathetic appreciation; and sympathetic appreciation, as we have seen, is the method employed by unscientific primitive man. Thus it comes about that, while the professors of other laboratory subjects are eager to secure beautiful specimens, in the psychological laboratory you rarely find a subject chosen for his intelligence. Any featherless biped will do, and if it happens to be of subnormal intelligence, so much the better.

Nor does an inspection of laboratory methods suggest a need of intelligence. The typical thing is to measure a man's reaction-time, that is, to find out how quickly he can respond to a signal by pressing a button, using for this purpose an elaborate system of electric

keys, magnets, and wires, in connection with an electric clock. The apparatus is fascinating; but after getting the results, you know as much about the man's mind as you knew before. Or you harness him to another apparatus equally delicate and ingenious, for recording the variations of his blood-pressure upon smoked paper. While thus harnessed, you give him doses of pleasure or of pain; you tell him a funny story, or perhaps a sad one; and with each change of stimulus you note a simultaneous change in the line recording his blood-pressure. But what kind of changes goes with funny stories and what kind with sad ones, the apparatus seems not yet to have shown. Or perhaps you apply to him the 'sensory tests,' to determine his sensibility to differences of color, pitch, odor, weight, or what not; or the tests of 'motor-coordination,' that is, of manual dexterity.

For these typical psychological experiments not only is activity of mind unnecessary, — since the most that the subject has to do is to say which of two things is bigger, — but it is a positively disturbing influence. If the subject stops to think, the result is thus far vitiated. In the general conception of scientific method the purpose of experiment, as distinct from mere observation, is to eliminate disturbing conditions; as applied to psychological experimentation it seems that the purpose is to eliminate the presence of mind. Thus, if you were shooting at a mark with a rifle, you would make it a point to find out before each next shot where your last shot had hit; otherwise you could not shoot intelligently; nor, moreover, would the result be regarded as a test of your marksmanship. But in psychological tests knowledge of the last shot is strictly forbidden, and you are forbidden even to speculate about it. For here the purpose of a repetition of shots is to strike an average, and

the computation of averages requires that each shot be fired under the same conditions — obviously, the conditions of ignorance.

But if by chance mind happened to enter the psychological laboratory, it could not remain there. Upon this point, *crede experto*. I have spent many hours acting as subject in the psychological laboratory. I have countless times lifted each of a pair of weights, one after the other, and reported whether the second was heavier or lighter. I can testify that, after a few minutes of this kind of exercise, all that remains of the mind is a conviction that it can make no possible difference whether the second is heavier or not; with perhaps a dull wonder as to how many of the tests are yet to come. Indeed, I should be ready to propose, as a measure of social economy, that we utilize our more hardened criminals as psychological subjects, if this were not certain to be forbidden on the constitutional ground of 'cruel and unusual punishment.'

The scientific psychologist consoles himself with the reflection that, if the facts discovered in the laboratory are not very exciting, they are at any rate 'scientific facts.' One phase, indeed, of the scientific prepossession is the belief that a fact is not fully a fact unless it is discovered in the laboratory; or, at least, by an expert scientist in his official capacity. Psychological laboratories have been in operation for thirty years or more; and for more than twenty years I have been searching for one fact worthy of consideration, — for one 'discovery,' so to speak, as measured by what they call a discovery in other sciences, — for one such fact discovered in the psychological laboratory which did not repeat what we already knew, or which required a laboratory for its discovery.

Several years ago I thought I had

found a little one. A distinguished psychologist, in a public lecture which I attended, was explaining the value of the psychological laboratory. We all know, he said, that imagination may be mistaken for reality, but it required the laboratory to show with scientific certainty that reality could be mistaken for imagination. I can give only a rough outline of the experiment reported. The subject is seated facing a screen of ground glass, behind which, unknown to him, there is a projection-lantern, and in the middle of which, if I remember correctly, there is drawn a circle of a few inches diameter. He is told to look at the circle and to imagine that it is red. Presently the area of the circle begins to be tinged with red; and since he is unaware of the fact that a projection-lantern is being operated behind the screen, he takes this reddish tinge to be the product of his imagination. Thus we prove, by scientific method, that reality may be mistaken for imagination.

I will admit that, as I walked home after the lecture, I felt that I had received a demonstration. The 'discovery' was not precisely awe-inspiring, but did it not amount to a vindication of scientific method? How could one have unearthed such a fact except in the laboratory? Then I suddenly remembered. A few evenings before, it had happened that my wife, who was sitting in my study reading, had laid down her book, assumed an attitude of listening, and then, taking up her book again, had remarked to me with a smile that she was so accustomed to listening for the baby's cry that she often heard him cry in imagination when in fact he was quiet. Whereupon, having just imagined the same thing myself, and doubting that we could both be victims of imagination, I opened the door and discovered that the infant was really crying. Here, then, it

was demonstrated, in the heart of the household, with no apparatus except a baby, yet with all the scientific rigor that one could reasonably desire, that reality may be mistaken for imagination. And what is more, it was shown — to my own amusement, after taking the matter so seriously — that the mistaking of reality for imagination is a most commonplace experience, likely to occur in any case where the object in question is rather faintly perceived.

Indeed, for the student of mind who keeps the eyes of his mind open, there are a hundred facts to be got from ordinary intercourse with men, for one to be 'discovered,' with elaborate ingenuity of apparatus, in the psychological laboratory. Such facts count for nothing, however, with the scientific psychologist; they are not 'scientific' facts. Possibly not; yet I cannot help thinking of the very correct sportsman portrayed in *Life*, who explained his failure to bring home snipe by the fact that he 'had n't his sniping-coat on.'

III

About fifteen years ago, when it began to appear that the scientific method was paying no dividends, an attempt was made to boost the stock by applying the method to the study of mind in animals. Here, again, it would seem that, if we would grasp the psychology of animals, we must, so to speak, converse with animals. We must live with them; and we must not only note what they do, but we must strive to understand their motives. We must try to see the animal from the inside. To the scientific psychologist, however, any sympathetic study of animals is mere nature-faking. His own method may be illustrated as follows. He desires to know, for instance, whether the dog is capable of discovering that red lights point in the direction of food and of

freedom, while white lights point nowhere; and how long it will take the dog to find out. Accordingly, he places the dog in a 'maze,' consisting of a complicated arrangement of paths marked by red and white lights. If the dog follows the red lights, he will find food and relief at the end; but the white lights will only keep him forever in the maze. Perhaps, however, the dog is indifferent to the investigation. To overcome this difficulty the psychologist used to starve him. Latterly, I believe, he prefers to carpet the floor of the maze with electric wires, by means of which he may give the dog a gentle hint, in the form of a shock, whenever the animal seems disposed to give up the task. In the end he finds out how long it takes the dog to learn that red lights contain the promise of relief; and then, so far as the mind of the dog is concerned, he knows just as much as before.

Now for a companion-picture. Imagine with me the dogs of my college town assembled in a psychological congress for the purpose of learning how long it will take a man to discover that a given series of scents — which mean, probably, only a little less to the man than colors to the dog — leads to safety and freedom, while other scents will only lead astray. Let us assume, then, that our canine congress has marked the town with a maze of olfactory paths, one path, the path of freedom, being marked by a series of odors of oil of cloves, the other paths, which only return upon themselves, marked by odors of mint, wintergreen, asafetida, or what not. Then suppose that you are one of my fellow citizens on your way home some late evening, indulging, in the quiet of the night, in philosophical meditation. Suddenly you find a pack of dogs (the investigating committee) at your heels. Their threatening attitude starts you on a

run. Whenever you are disposed to halt, for the purpose, perhaps, of trying conciliation, one of them gives you a nip in the leg. Let me ask how soon you would expect to discover the path marked by oil of cloves, or to grasp its significance, and what value a test conducted under those conditions would have as a measure of human intelligence. For my own part, I believe that the test would demonstrate that the dog is more intelligent than the man; for in point of fact the dog does eventually discover the way out, and I cannot conceive that the man would ever discover it.

What does the dog think about animal psychology? Of course, I cannot say with certainty, but I can relate a strictly true story. Several years ago I strolled into the laboratory-room of a pupil and friend who was conducting such an investigation as I have just described, under the guidance of the professor of psychology; and on his desk I saw a book which appeared to have been gnawed by rats, the upper half of all the pages having been destroyed. In response to my curiosity, I learned that my friend, after putting his cocker spaniel through the maze, had taken the dog to his home. As soon as the dog entered the house, he made for the book-shelves and with his paw scattered a whole shelf-full of books over the floor. Then, selecting the book I had seen, he proceeded to chew it to pieces. It was the standard textbook on animal psychology.

I have introduced the reference to animal psychology because it marks a definite stage in the process of applying the scientific prepossession to the study of human life. Animal psychologists were not long in discovering that they learned nothing to speak of about what the animal felt or thought. But they had embarked upon a programme and established a science. Therefore they

said, 'What difference does it make? If we cannot study the animal *mind*, we may at least study the animal *behavior*; and behavior is, after all, the more definitely scientific fact. Accordingly, by animal psychology we shall hereafter mean animal behavior; "mind," in other words, shall be simply "behavior." What shall we say, however, of human psychology and the human mind? May we say that the human mind is likewise nothing but behavior?'

So far from being disturbed by this turn of the argument, the psychologists — at least, a now considerable school of them — welcomed it with joyous relief. Why not? Is not this precisely the conception that we need to make psychology a full-fledged science? For years we have been pretending to study the human mind; yet in point of fact we have never found anything in our laboratories but human actions. And what else is there to observe there? Let us therefore announce boldly that psychology, whether human or animal, is a study simply of behavior.

Shall it be admitted, however, that psychology is *not* a study of mind — in other words, that, the existence of mind being conceded, the scientific psychologist confesses an inability to grasp it? Here again the psychologist proved equal to the occasion. Science, he now explains, is a study of realities, and the only genuine realities are the scientific realities — those reached by the application of scientific method. But scientific method, when applied to the human mind, discovers nothing but human behavior. Behavior is therefore all that is real in 'mind.' What we call the human mind is the behavior of the human body — that and nothing more. Mind, in the sense of an inner, personal, spiritual experience, must be laid away, along with the immortal soul, among the discarded superstitions of an unscientific past.

IV

Thus has the mind been abolished by act of Parliament. And not only for the psychological laboratory, but for human society and the human race. In this behavioristic psychology we behold the perfected beauty of the scientific prepossession. The scientific prepossession began by saying that the only thing real about the heavenly bodies is how they look; it ends by saying that this is the only thing real about you and me.

To be sure, not all the behaviorists are as simple-minded as their theory of mind. The logically more sophisticated have provided an avenue of retreat through a private definition of 'behavior.' There are others, however, who take the behavioristic conception in all its native simplicity. According to them, your behavior is simply and solely what other persons are able to observe; and how you look, not to yourself, but to the world — that is all there is of *you*.

One of the more diverting of these has been able to combine his own view with that of the Viennese psychologist, Sigmund Freud, scientific interpreter of dreams and professional misinterpreter of human life — himself an enchanting illustration of the scientific prepossession. The idea common to both is that the 'expert psychologist' knows much more about any man than the man can possibly know of himself — not only with regard to his external actions and his past history, externally speaking, but also with regard to what we should call his motives and feelings, but what the behaviorist would define simply as what he is going to do. Thus, according to Freud himself, if I am unfortunate enough to forget your name, it means that I look upon you with hatred or contempt — and this in spite of my assured conviction that my feeling

toward you is one of unqualified affection and respect; according to our Freudian behaviorist, it means that I am on the way to do you an injury. And thus, again, — to make use of one of the latter's most beautiful illustrations, — if I meet you at the railway station and desire to know whither you are bound, it would never do simply to put the question to yourself. It means nothing that you think you are bound for Boston, for what you think is not real. The thing to do is to consult the external evidences of your 'behavior'; to begin, perhaps, by ransacking your pockets or your traveling-bag — as if you were intoxicated; or perhaps to call a private detective to find out what you have just been doing; or, best of all, to call in an expert psychologist, if one happens to be handy, and ask him to make a scientific interpretation of your action and speech. You may then discover, to your surprise, that, instead of being bound for Boston, you are on your way to the Panama Canal.

Doubtless the time is coming, before we are through with the prepossession, when all domestic and social intercourse will be made luminous and transparent by the presence of expert psychologists. In those fair days social intercourse will be untroubled by falsehood or insincerity, or even by genial exaggeration. For — You are just about to tell your best story, or to utter a polite excuse, when the psychologist interposes: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but since you are not a Freudian, let me say that you are unwittingly making the most intimate revelations.' This sample of expert advice I quote from our Freudian behaviorist.

If, then, you question the propriety of the term 'prepossession,' I shall ask how it strikes you to find yourself treated as a merely external, natural

fact — really only what other persons see and never what you yourself feel. And if you still object that, at any rate, no prepossession is implied in applying the idea to external nature, then I may ask, Why this prejudice against nature? I will own that I share the prejudice. Yet when I sit down 'in a cool hour,' I find myself asking whether it is not a very peculiar world in which some things, such as men and animals, exist, not only as perceived by others, but also as felt by themselves, while other things, such as mountains and trees and solar systems, — or whatever the demarcation of the individual may be, — exist only as they are perceived by others. Is it not a strange logic which permits us to ask both how it looks and how it feels to be a man, but of the things of nature forbids us to ask more than how they look — to others?

And if you point to the fundamental absurdity of explaining nature by the analogy of human motives, then I shall ask how else we are to make nature intelligible. And I may also ask whether, in blissful unconsciousness, modern science may not be guilty of just this kind of interpretation. From the developed scientific standpoint the only real facts in nature are the mechanical facts, and the only true explanation a mechanical explanation. Is it, then, impertinent to remark, with Bergson, that man himself is a mechanic? Nay, that the scientific man is the mechanical man *par excellence*? At any rate, it seems that, as compared with art and philosophy, science is nothing if not practical.

So much, however, for the scientific prepossession as it finds expression in the science of psychology. If space per-

mitted, I might go on to show that this is only one of several points at which the prepossession touches human life. I might point, for example, to the great biological prepossession, which teaches that the only real thing about man is that he is an animal species. And as an illustration of this prepossession I should summon the scientific apostle of eugenics, who, as a scientific test for determining a desirable marriage, proposes that we ignore the tastes of those to be married and study the procedure of the stock-farm. Since the appearance of the biological prepossession a couple of generations ago, it seems that human life has become mainly a process of reproduction, and right living a matter of right reproduction.

Or I might point to the biological cult of the 'strong man,' which teaches that, since biological evolution is a competition for existence, therefore war is the proper business of human life; according to this prepossession, the real objection to an international league for peace, is not that it is impracticable, but that it is unbiological. Or I might point to the somewhat similar economic prepossession which teaches that economic laws are to be obeyed as sacred even if we should find it both useful and possible to ignore them.

All of these prepossessions find their logical expression, however, in the cult of scientific management and scientific efficiency, which, I should say, represents the real German propaganda in this country for a generation past. Every one has his own theory of the war. To me it seems that if the war has any deep-lying significance, it is a war of humanity against the scientific prepossession.

REACTIONS OF A RESERVE OFFICER

BY GERALD CHITTENDEN

Of the thousand problems which face the reserve officer, that of discipline is probably the most interesting, the most perplexing, and the most novel. In general, he has not had much to do with it since he left school, and there his point of view toward it was most often hostile. The mechanics of it — the matters of justice, punishment, and reward — are simple enough, and at first he does not see beyond them. Presently, the more complicated elements of the problem confront him, and he begins to perceive that it is not a physical one, but almost purely psychological. Considered as a whole, it is made up of an infinity of details; it is a dangerously personal matter, for every case that comes before him for decision has contained in it the factor of his own personality, the factor of the offender's personality, and the factor of the offense. If he tries to follow the easy platitude that he must treat all men alike, he is doomed; the object of discipline in the army is to get the best work out of each individual, and to produce at the same time an absolutely uniform result throughout the military unit. Instant obedience is imperative; it cannot be secured from all men in the same way.

The reserve officer, then, finds himself on the horns of a dilemma; he hesitates between the accurate individual treatment of men, which may make him appear unjust, and the unwavering adherence to mechanical standards, which will in the long run make him ineffective. From considering the prob-

lem an easy one, he passes to the stage where he believes it to be almost insurmountable in difficulty. Gradually the fog clears, however, if he proceeds with courage and tries to satisfy no man save himself.

Offenses divide themselves into two classes — the simple infraction of established regulations, for which the penalty is standardized, and the complex cases arising among men who are constitutionally hostile to the law simply because it is the law. The first class needs no lengthy consideration, for it causes no serious trouble, sets up no psychological reactions, and can be dealt with on a purely impersonal basis. The man dances, and pays the piper; the just corporate mind of his company will give him no sympathy, and in general he expects none.

The case of the chronic kicker is more subtle. Often he avoids breaches of regulations, and confines his activities to the undermining of the more important qualities of *esprit de corps* and morale. These qualities are the result of intelligence applied to discipline, and are incomparably more important to a command than discipline itself; the man who is constantly in clandestine conflict with them is therefore incomparably more menacing to an organization than the man who is frequently drunk and disorderly or absent without leave. On the other hand, the chronic kicker has often the makings of a good soldier, just as the leader of a gang of bad boys is often potentially an excellent citizen. Since it is

the business of all officers to make good soldiers out of the material at hand, they must treat such men as individuals and not as military molecules. No two of them can be treated exactly alike; some must be beaten with rods, and others tickled with straws; some must be given positions of responsibility, and some must be used as kitchen police. In dealing with them, the officer's knowledge of psychology, and his desire to achieve in his unit a sort of discipline which shall be constructive and not superficial, are of the highest importance to the service. Before he can proceed intelligently, he must make up his mind what he wants; that is, he must furnish himself with an adequate definition of discipline.

It has been, in general, most abominably defined. A writer in a recent magazine said that it was 'doing what you don't want to do,' and italicized the statement because he was so sure he was right. If he was right, the mere fact that a man did not want to beat his wife would be proof positive that he ought to do it; and the streets in front of our jails would be full of crowds clamoring for entrance because they would rather live almost anywhere else. Printing the statement in italics is nothing less than a crime, because the man in the street habitually believes everything he sees in italics. It is doubly harmful in these days, showing as it does a hidebound misunderstanding of the drafted man and the drafted man's mind: our soldiers are busy learning how to do what they want to do, — kill Germans, to wit, and get the filthy job finished as soon as possible, — and they have no time to bother their heads with speculations as to whether they want to obey orders or not. In fact, they rather like the orders before they have been in the service many weeks. That they are disciplined requires no proof, since they have been in

action overseas; undisciplined troops win no battles. The processes of discipline, pleasant or not as the case may be, are to them unimportant, because they know without thinking about it that discipline is a means to an end and not an end in itself — something the magazine writer does not seem to be aware of. The definition, moreover, is Teutonic. One of the most serious indictments against the Germans is that they have flagellated themselves like mediæval fanatics, till they enjoy pain for pain's sake, and have degraded discipline, the fundamental condition of all success, until it has become with them a fetich thirsty for sacrifice.

And we are in more danger from Prussian ideas than from Prussian arms. The thorn-squeezing proclivities of the magazine writer above quoted appeal subtly to our Puritan instincts; we are still suspicious of everything that does not make us uncomfortable, and too often choose to plod because we are afraid to fly. There is nothing surprising about the high morale and unconquerable spirit of our draft army, unless it be our own surprise at the presence of these qualities. They were to be expected by anyone who had taken the pains to know the American spirit, which is exasperatingly slow to start, and absolutely refuses to stop till its end has been gained.

Unless he appreciates this fact, — and in general the new reserve officer does not appreciate it, — he will waste his energy in worrying about purely formal discipline. Being unfamiliar with military life, he is likely to forget that the entire army is now living under service conditions, with the probability of action constantly before its eyes. Even in the old army, where the type of private soldier was not usually so high, the guard-houses emptied themselves almost automatically when the regiment was ordered for active duty —

in other words, as soon as the purpose of discipline became concrete and imminent instead of abstract and remote.

Undoubtedly, we were the most undisciplined nation on earth before the war; impertinence to policemen was a national characteristic. It is not altogether a paradox that the draft army has proved itself amenable; our contempt for regulations did not always imply a contempt for law. The personal experiences of most men had satisfied them that it paid to behave; even such inexcusable infractions of law and order as lynchings exhibit a sort of an inverted respect for the basis of all law, as well as a resentment at the tardiness and uncertainty of our courts. We were, and still are, casuistical: having always our personal ends in sight, and being beautifully certain of their virtue, we never bothered our heads about the means. If the means as well as the end were worthy, so much the better. As soon as one clear, unquestionable goal was set before the country, our individual concentration on our personal objectives became crystallized; the national purpose became the personal purpose of every man in the country, and of every man in the draft. In the past year, those of the people who are not directly under orders have accomplished marvels of self-discipline in the matter of food-consumption, contributions to all sorts of funds, and sacrifice of all that made the life of the individual worth the living. Similarly, the

drafted men, with the national objective in mind, have wholeheartedly submitted themselves to the strictest sort of discipline, at the same time preserving their individuality. It is an amazing combination, to be sure; none have found it more so than our enemies. But, when it is analyzed, there is nothing startling or revolutionary about it; like everything else, it is a result of causes and not a miracle.

The causes and the result must both be appreciated by the young officer before he is capable of handling a draft outfit. He will run across all sorts of superior officers, most if not all of them competent in the extreme, and skilled in maintaining discipline. The more of them he works under, the better for him, for he will more quickly discover the golden truth that underlies their methods. At first, he may try to imitate one or another of them; then, as his experience grows wider, he will at last learn that imitation is the one broad and easy way to failure. No two successful disciplinarians are alike, unless they are so by chance; the uniformity of their results too often makes them appear so. Results must be uniform: that is of the first importance; otherwise we should have a mob instead of an army. But each man must try for them in his own way. He may be a success or he may be a failure, as the gods decree. The discovery of his own individuality is his only chance for success.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIFTH YEAR

I

To a visitor who has not crossed the Atlantic eastward since August, 1914, the first overwhelming impression is one of complete unreality. The incredulity of the farmer, who irritated his Kansan neighbors by maintaining that the war had no existence outside the 'damned lying newspapers,' becomes not only intelligible but natural. The thing itself is so incredible to rational thinking that even its remoter manifestations seem grotesque. One thinks of it as of a prodigious joke, in which the world conspires to conduct the neophyte through some solemn farce of preposterous initiation. To the summer tourist, what could be more unreal than the ostentatious secrecy of sailing, the ships painted in whorls or cubes or checkers, as a child would paint his Noah's Ark or a vorticist his exhibition canvas; the cruisers, destroyers, balloons, and hydroplanes enveloping the convoy; the passengers, with life-preservers on their shoulders, looking for all the world like stage figures in some masque of *Pilgrim's Progress*; and at night the blackened ports and the secret flashings from bridge to bridge, as if the ships were winking at each other in enjoyment of some monumental humbug?

Gradually the sense of illusion weakens. The decks, crowded with khaki, moving bands of gray-green topping the camouflage of the ship's side, grow very real. You lean over the rail, and imagine King Philip's miniature Armada silhouetted against the immensity of this modern fleet. The huge portent begins to seem actual, and after the fleet comes to anchor and you step

ashore from the lighter, you watch the battalions of American boys file past, —

And the drum is rolling Dixie,
And they step to it like men, sir, —

and the full meaning of it all sweeps over you. It is very far from home for these boys to fight and die.

I spoke to a group of them standing at rest in the luggage-shed, waiting for their coffee.

'Where do you come from?'

'Pike County, Alabama, sir.'

'Ever been away from home before?'

'Not outside Pike County, sir.'

'This is different, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir, I reckon it will be some different.'

St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, the Argonne. — It will be 'some different.'

A few months of Europe change these young Americans fast. At first, new-world separateness flames up and their prejudice for a time strikes deeper. They express themselves cogently on the subject of the bargaining Frenchwoman who sells them two scrawny apples for a franc, or volunteer their candid opinion of the British Tommy who talks an alien slang and smokes tobacco inferior to Bull Durham.

'Hello, you bloomin' Britisher!' one will shout to Thomas Atkins as he strides past. 'Hello, you damned Yank!' returns Thomas stolidly. And the pair go off together to damn each other's eyes in two mugs of pitifully thin beer, retailed at fourpence each.

It is after the fiery baptism that the real change begins to show. I remember a visit to a hospital not far from the front, where the wounded were coming in very fast. There was no complaint,

no 'grousing,' none of that easing of their souls' burden so dear to a patient's heart in the free wards at home. Here the nurses are all 'angels — better than angels, sir'; and the doctors, 'human all right.' My experience did not embrace permanent hospitals, where tedious convalescence frazzles the temper; but in all the wards through which I passed, I heard no word of complaint or criticism, only gratitude and a sharp unceasing eagerness to go back to the front again. Among the walking wounded, I can still see a negro boy, colored like a domino, with his white teeth and ebon face. There were two bullet wounds in his right arm.

'Much hurt?' somebody asked.

'Yes, sirree. It done hurt suthin 'orful; but we went through dat brush two miles in three hours, we done did, sir. If you don't believe it, ask the major.'

Again, in a ward of badly wounded, moans and muffled shrieks were coming from one bed. They were the only sounds of despair which had reached my ears. I went to the boy's side. He was a young Italian from Fall River, clutching his string of beads as he writhed in bed. Then, from the next cot, a low voice called to me, 'He ain't grousing, that Dago. He's just coming out of ether.' And those groans were the only discordant note I had heard that day.

I turned to the man who had spoken. He was lying very quiet, his face drawn and his new-grown beard giving him that look of primitive sainthood one sees so often in serious cases.

'How are you?' I asked.

'Fine,' said he. 'I'm lucky. It's that poor chap on the other side, in the corner, who is in trouble. The gas has skinned him good and plenty.'

And so it was. There lay the boy, biting his bloodless lips, from which no sound escaped, his left arm suspended from a swing, that it might be spared the agony of touching the bed-clothes.

'But you yourself,' I said, continuing the talk, 'where were you hit?'

'Oh, I'm all right,' came the familiar refrain; 'I'm lucky.' And, pushing back the sheet with his left hand, he bared the stump of his right arm, severed at the shoulder.

'When did that happen?'

'Last night. But I'm all right. I'm lucky.'

They are wonderful, these young men, filled with an austere exaltation which is the only chivalrous element in this brutal war. That, too, will go if the war should last. For one year — possibly for two — the tonic virtue of the fight persists. Then comes disillusion, cynicism, unbelief in God and man.

II

Nothing in Great Britain, I think, is so remarkable as the faces of the people. In offices, in the shops, in the shell-factories, in the parks, everywhere, are quiet, untroubled faces. Neither casualty lists nor victories in Flanders find expression on the streets. There are no more Masfeking nights. The people are too tired, too sick at heart with hope deferred, too disillusioned about the glories of victory. Every day or two the papers print the list of honors which it has pleased His Majesty to confer, and also that other Roll of Honor which stretches from Antwerp to Aleppo, and has filled a million British graves in Flanders and Northern France alone. But, just as a universal sorrow is robbed both of loneliness and of that secret sense of injustice which lends so much of bitterness to grief, so honors, in widest commonalty spread, abandon much of their distinctive value. But however such thoughts may help to repress grief and to restrain pride, there can be no explanation except in character for the placid manner and calm expression which greet you

everywhere. Mourning is almost unknown. Once in a while — scarcely more often than in New York — a man wears a black band on his arm; and, now and then, one sees a shop-girl with the photograph of her husband or her lover pinned against her breast; but, largely speaking, there is no formality of grief; and to see, after crossing the Channel, every other Frenchwoman swathed in black, strikes one by contrast as with a blow.

It has its spiritual effect, this unselfish willingness not to be cut off from others; and the sorrow becomes a common sorrow with a common strength to bear it. The individual courage put forth is quite beyond praise. So normal seems life that the visitor cannot tell which of the company it is into whose house desolation has lately entered. Sitting beside me one evening, at a dinner in a provincial city, making himself particularly agreeable, was a gentleman whose family history was quite unknown to me. Nothing about him suggested misfortune. His ready smile and pleasant eager talk were rather of a man fortunate and unhurt. After the dessert, our host made a brief speech, alluding to the loss to the community of the young lives spilled in Flanders. Then, below his breath, my neighbor whispered, 'Three weeks ago to-night, and my boy would have been twenty-five to-day!'

Without this discipline of mind and heart, England could not have geared herself for the five years' struggle. The people could not have kept the pace. Leisure is the fruit of an older generation than we Americans enjoy, and the English are a leisurely people. The masses spare their brains more than ours do, and the classes are more apt to cash in the margin of comfortable and intelligent leisure. But for years now the nation has been at work — hard, grinding, cruel work. The extraordi-

nary sex-revolution which has added six million women over thirty years of age to the voting lists, and has sent a million and a half in the earlier prime to the munition factories and other industries behind the war, is, of course, the salient fact; but what strikes the observer most is, on the one hand, the force of the shock which has given political freedom with so little opposition to a body of voters as large as that which previously exercised the suffrage, and on the other hand, the extraordinarily high quality of the labor which has been added to the motive-power of Great Britain. Go into any of the colossal munition plants which dot the industrial centres, and you will be little short of amazed at the intelligence and well-being of this mighty army. In our own mills and machine-shops, there is a factory pallor on the women's faces, and that tenseness of look and gesture which with us is the register of piece-work. There the young women are as ruddy and as free from nervousness as if they had just come in from the fields. Their manual skill is fast overtaking that of the men, although, by custom still jealously preserved, their weekly wage is apt to average some fifteen shillings less. And even in shops where only heavy work is done, through some simple device of block and tackle women take an ever-increasing share of the burden.¹

It is interesting to speculate how the whole history of modern labor might have been changed, had the safeguards of welfare-work, sanitation, good food, good quarters, which now protect woman labor, found their prototypes in the brutal days of factory development.

What will become of this woman labor after the war? Vague predic-

¹ According to my own incomplete observation, the Carpenters' Union alone has succeeded in absolutely prohibiting the labor of women. The mediæval spirit has elsewhere been abandoned. — THE AUTHOR.

tions are made that, of the fifteen hundred thousand workers added to labor from woman's ranks during the past four years, at least half will be reabsorbed by the return of normal home conditions. My own belief is that this is largely exaggerated. Liberty and high wages are alluring bait, and of the considerable number of women operatives with whom I talked no one (except a young woman who was to be married the next day) expressed the slightest desire to step out when the war was over, and to owe her pin-money to the bounty of a father or a husband. What will be done when the armies tramp home from Flanders, everybody wonders, but nobody knows. Yet it is not dangerous to prophesy that a nation painfully in need of labor will not reject the services of women in large-scale production because objections are made by labor unions controlled by precedents created to run a small-scale world.

III

To an American, the adventure of going to England now is for the first time to discover Englishmen. Something has happened. That insensible curtain, crisp and starched, which has hung between them and us so long has gone. Whether temporarily or forever, it is, I think, for Americans to say; but gone it is to-day, whisked away in the night. I do not say that everything has changed. We Americans are still chastened matutinally by the *Morning Post*, while the philosophic editor of *Blackwood's* still applies the unmethodic caustic of his 'musings.' But these are unchangeable minima in a world of change. What is important is, that with Englishmen we should feel no constraint, nor they with us; that we should both recognize how small are our divergencies, and how immense our

common aims. The attempts to bring us together in the past have been too self-conscious. There has been too much talk of Hands across the Sea, and Blood calling to Blood; for if the blood of earth's peoples were to call to their blood in America, no Tower of Babel could hold the tumult. And as for the hands across the sea, Briareus himself could not shake them. But our common literature, — a literature based on English forms alone, — common speech, and common institutions have created in us a kindred instinct which shall save us at the last. For instinct it is which has brought us where we stand. Ypres and Passchendaele, Peronne and Albert were magic words to us; they were the secret code which meant that Great Britain might bleed to death for a cause which is our own. Each name of them meant hurry, hurry; and that message, though we knew it not at the time, was registered in our hearts and souls.

The change which revealed Englishmen to Americans came very suddenly. I think it came the 21st of March. On that day, England was in peril. The unbreakable front had been broken, and the worst defeat in British military history had been incurred at the very climax of the war. England did not despair. She would die fighting, but for the first time the thought would not down that she might not win. In September, 1914, the peril may have been as imminent, but the Empire had not then begun to put forth its strength; nor was it universally known that a bad defeat could not be retrieved. That burly self-confidence which in the affairs of the world has been perhaps the best inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon was shaken to its foundations, and in that instant of wild doubt a new sense of faith was born in a larger but a divided destiny.

It is of the complete acceptance of

America that I speak. The tide of confidence in us had been rising ever since that April evening in 1917, when the President pledged all that we are and have to the Allied cause. But at that time the straitening resources of British finance, the desperate shrinkage of British shipping, were imperfectly understood except by a few. The map of empire sprawling red over the globe brought in those days a comfort almost physical to British households. It was the tragedy of the Fifth Army, which, like a lightning-stroke, showed the situation as it was.

How remote those terrible March days seem now! No wonder the fire of idealistic enthusiasm has burned lower. Englishmen live in a temperate clime, and their souls live with them.

Consider, too, the human argument. The danger is past. How natural to think that, perhaps, after all it was never quite so present as it seemed! At any rate, it is France and England who have fought, and, great God, how they have suffered! At the very end, America enters. Her fresh strength tips the scale, and she is able to buy with money what has cost her sister nations tears and blood. And now it is America, with armor almost undented, who offers to dictate the peace, who counsels moderation, who talks of the danger of future wars as if this one did not suffice to fill the full horizon of her thoughts. And this America, who buys at bargain rates the leadership of the world, still stands aloof from those who fight beside her. She will be their associate, but not their ally; their friend, but not their brother.

This sentiment, less formulated than felt in England, has standing neither in morals nor in logic. We have the highest precedent for that; but to those who wrongfully sympathize with the laborers who have borne the burden and heat, but receive every man a penny,

even as they who have come in at the eleventh hour in the comfortable coolness of the twilight—to those the argument comes home. I would not labor the point; for to do so would be to falsify the impression of true and cordial fellowship, which Britain offers and which every American must feel. But plainness is what we want, and truth, and this is truth; and to-day it should not be passed over or quite forgotten.

So the current of natural feeling runs. And then, perhaps, though one suspects rather than hears the criticism, there is a note of the absolute in the President's diction, of the final, the perfect, the immutably right, which grates on the ear of European statesmen, accustomed to compromise in this naughty world. Moses, of course, was everlastingly right; but many there were who were temporarily at odds with him.

And if we think of ministerial personalities, with reasonable effort it is possible to conceive the state of mind of a Methodist and Welshman with hortatory gifts and Celtic imagination sitting quiet in the front pew while a Presbyterian dominie expounds the whole moral law at length and with precision. There is a great deal in human nature besides right and wrong, and argument is not always accepted strictly on its merits.

When the time for the discussion of peace-terms comes, let us remember that the British are a tired people, who have suffered all and more than all that a race should be called upon to bear, and who through the miraculous success of the last few months see within their grasp a reward for their labors more tangible than the justice and security for which they have waged this war. Let us remember that for more than four years of terrible and desperate circumstance, they have kept their courage and their faith.

IV

No one knows England now who has not stood at the docks of a Channel port and watched stream past the never-ending daily lines of khaki, east to the front and westward home on leave. After a year in trench-muck, fifteen days in which you can be clean and smoke when you like and talk with women and trot children on your knees, is not a bad sort of Paradise; and when you think that if the Channel steamer is late there is no allowance at the other end, a little kicking at delays is not amiss. But it is a quiet crowd, the homeward-going one. They are not like boys from school, these older serious boys, for they know that holidays do not last long, and that they will go back and back till finally the long vacation comes. They are not depressed, but not exuberant, and I rather think the livelier crowd is the one returning to the front. There are more jokes in it and more whistling; and as each Tommy bends under his mountainous pack (for pack and rifle never leave him lest he be called suddenly for home service), you look into his rough, red face, and wonder whether his gift for taking the world as he finds it is not after all quite the most useful that any fairy godmother has to bestow.

Much has been said about the war being brought home to England, yet it is not generally realized how true this is to the physical sense. Officers on morning inspection duty in the front trenches frequently dine at the Savoy or Ritz, and go on to the opera that same night. The strange jumble of life can offer no sharper contrasts, and the violent intertwisting of it all lends a touch of the dramatic to a war singularly devoid of theatrical effects. This war is too big for drama. It has panoramas, but few pictures, and is in its essence an unthinkable prodigious

mass of detail. It is this infinite devotion to little things which gives rise to the boredom of which private and officer alike complain. The higher command and the King — the fount of honor — do what they can through picturesque rewards. Orders, medals, bars, clasps, D.S.O.'s, D.S.M.'s, V.C.'s, Mentions in Dispatches, fall in grateful showers — but nothing takes away the deadly, stifling sense of tedium. Men become mechanical. They go to life or death as they are called. Every soldier, as the saying is, has his number upon one bullet, none else can touch him. Fatalism has robbed life of its last adventure.

In a material way, what is done for the troops at the front is not short of amazing. A man could, as it were, taste his way forward by the quality of the food he eats. In London there is no sugar, almost no milk, eggs at ninepence each, very little jam, the staff of British life; but as you cross the Channel, the fare enriches itself automatically, as it were, and at divisional headquarters the starved palate comes into its own. Everything is there, and everything delicious. *Vive la belle alliance*: English viands and French cooking!

One is constantly asked, Is there much hatred of the Germans among the soldiers? Contempt there is, and expletives adequate to express it, but not much hate. Occasionally you see a man vindictive for some personal reason, like one I spoke with who, in happier days, had been a porter at Waterloo station. 'No peace with the beasts till we bomb Berlin. That's what I say. They killed my mother and my only sister with one of their dirty bombs; and, before we stop, I'm going to get even!' The French do it better. Watch a peasant standing in front of the pile of rubbish which was his home. He shrugs his shoulders. '*Les Boches, les sales Boches!*' he will say, and that is

all. With the victories of September and October, the tide of hate and revenge rose, as was natural. It is no use feeling revengeful unless you are apt to have your hopes come true. But whatever part hatred may play, there is among the British people no general desire to continue the war beyond the attainment of absolute security. The papers of large circulation play continuously upon mob passion, but the people never fully respond. Both in England and America the press is gradually ceasing to represent national opinion. In England, perhaps, the discrepancy is most marked.

v

At the gate of a little French cemetery, desecrated like a thousand others by the brutalities of war, still stands a splintered shaft, placed there two years ago by the good people of the village, and on it the inscription runs, —

‘Confided to the tender care of the Commune of Machemont. They who are buried here have died for their country. It is their right that beside their graves the people flock and pray.’

The rights of these dead soldiers confided to the little commune, which now itself is dead! The generations pass fast in these communities of northern France, and in that simple monument is their history. First go the young men, who are forever to be remembered; then, the old; then, ruin and forgetfulness. The place thereof shall know them no more. But, if the stranger look further there in this ruined graveyard, ploughed by shells, utterly profaned, he will see strange, true records of this world war. Here among the thick-strewn mounds of French boys is a larger grave. ‘Soldats Allemands,’ the inscription runs beneath the Genevan cross; and then the list, Hans and Fritz and Hermann and the rest. And

right next them — a curious company for eternal sleep — upright boards bearing at the top the symbol of the crescent, and below, the record: Mokbar ben Ama of the 6° Tirailleurs; and beside him, Embarek B. Mohammed, Caporal, 6° Tirailleurs; and beyond, Christians of other nations, resting side by side in their scarred graves. And above all, in the very centre, a great Crucifix. The Christ rests upon it, one arm severed at the shoulder, which hangs piteously down. And below, the words of hope, where no hope is: *Ego sum resurrectio et vita*.

A monstrous jumble of incongruities such as this marks all France to-day. The least prejudiced of nations, she has made all the people of the earth at home within her borders. Black, yellow, white, and brown, all are welcome. For hundreds of miles the native population seems submerged by the inundation. A single division of American troops may fill forty villages, and there are more than forty of them. The millions of British transform vast sections of France into a country which superficially seems as English as Yorkshire. Along the roads streams a procession as cosmopolitan as though the last trump had summoned them from the corners of the earth: Sikhs, Burmese, Indians from Arizona, and from the remotest east, Sengalese, Cingalese, Chinamen, Annamites, Arabs, fierce little brown men from Madagascar, Russians, Portuguese, Italians, Serbians, Czechs, lanky Australians with a jaunty tilt to their slouch hats, New Zealanders who, even to western eyes, wear a different look, and Mississippi negroes chanting their gurgling melodies — a chaos of the flotsam and jetsam of the world, and yet perfect order, every company a cog in a machine too vast for the mind to grasp.

Will France ever emerge again when the alien waters have subsided? She

never can be the same. The habits and associations of centuries have been dissolved, families have been scattered, women, the constant element in the French character, have been harried and dispersed. Throughout the devastated districts the purity of French blood has been grievously impaired by the invasion of friends as well as of foes.

It is not until you come to the French front, itself, that France seems herself again. For there is a terrible naturalness to the war. It has gone on so long that all life is geared to it, and men and women, half a dozen miles behind the advancing trenches, begin to lead their normal lives again. The old French spirit is there, still untainted. Watch a group of officers and men standing at rest. Liberty, they are fighting for; Equality will come when peace returns; Fraternity, they have. They are brothers-in-arms, talking and joking together. Often you see a lieutenant with his arm over a private's shoulder, or a captain rearranging a man's pack in comfortable fashion, or officers and men exchanging knives and corkscrews at their common lunch: sights to make a British officer shudder and an American wince. And yet the discipline in ranks is not less good because the comradeship is nearer. There is a sensibility in 'Oui, mon capitaine,' that is forever lost in our 'Very good, sir.'

There is a strain of philosophy in the French fibre giving strength to the weave. Quite characteristic is an inscription which I chanced to find penciled on the walls of a ruined *presbytère*, where soldiers had been sleeping. Anyone distressingly familiar with the sort of thing usually scratched on dead walls in America will appreciate its tenor: —

La guerre provoque le pillage
Le pillage c'est la ruine.
La ruine amène la patience,
Et la patience implique la paix.
Donc la guerre produit la paix.

La paix provoque l'abondance,
L'abondance suscit l'orgueil,
L'orgueil amène la guerre.
Donc la paix produit la guerre.

Not profoundly original, perhaps, but reflective and sensible.

If you would understand the *poilu*, you must consider his commissariat. The commissariat of the British is a perfect mechanism. Lorries and soup-kitchens roll forward in infinite lines and perfect order. The American army, still in its first year, is an *armée de luxe*, every appointment admirable, and with an obvious and correct reliance upon the machinery of war, characteristic of our national genius. But the French — they use machines when they can, but petrol is scarce, and men must be fed. Back and forth behind the lines goes every conceivable vehicle which can be pushed or dragged — on two wheels, or on four; sometimes, I think, on three. These *charrettes* and *char-à-bancs*; omnibuses which once set down passengers at the Place de la Bastille; great farm wains drawn by oxen; tiny donkey carts that have seen long service with the original donkey between the shafts; lumber wagons with ox and horse yoked together in the old family harness, consisting, in French fashion, largely of rope; and anything and everything that can carry food and drink to the front line. And on top of each plump load reclines a driver in the horizon blue the *poilu* has made famous, a pipe in one corner of his mouth and from the other a gentle strain of caustic argument with his beasties: 'Nom d'un chien! Va t'en! Ghrr—'

There is something indescribably moving about it all — something homely, domestic, intimate, as if a people had risen to defend their own fireside. There is a word the French use that gives something of its meaning. *Se débrouiller*, they say of a man who makes things go, whatever he has to do it

with; and *débrouillard* is a sort of contriver with odds and ends, who has a homely genius for results. That is your *poilu*, making his commissary out of old farm contraptions. Yet I am told that the coffee at the front is just as hot, and comes as promptly, as if the rivers of France flowed with gasoline.

There is another picture of this French front that lingers in my mind. A château, the glory of the neighborhood since the eleventh century — one wing of it, the ancient abbey, had been burned by peasants in the Revolution, but the great gothic arches still stood, tier on tier. And now the old mansion itself had been methodically gutted — not for any military reason; there had been no battle near; but because it was beautiful and the people loved it. Against that blackened ruin a regiment lay *en repos*. Their arms were stacked, and the men were stretched in motionless groups here and there; a dog, lying by his master's head, mingled his straggling hair with the *poilu's* beard. In the great bare doorway stood a group of sheepish-looking prisoners in German *Feldgrau*, a little embarrassed, and yet perhaps not displeased with the idea that their power had wrought the demolition. It was just such a scene as, in the days of realistic art, Alfred de Neuville loved to paint; and one watched it with a curious feeling that the tableau must have been arranged for the visitor's benefit. Just then, from the arch still intact, came forward to greet us the lady of the castle. Her hat was stained by the weather, and her gown had long since lost its color, but she smiled as pleasantly and welcomed us as cordially as if she were still the mistress of the beauty which for so many centuries had been bequeathed to her to hold in trust for posterity. And as she led us through the great rooms, now vaulted by the sky and carpeted with dust and ashes, and showed us the

white squares on the walls whence Nattier's canvases had been torn, for removal to some Oberstleutnant's home in the Vaterland, it was hard for an American heart not to feel the hate which the countess had cast out from her own.

We know the French too little. I have spoken of them as the least prejudiced of people. That is true, but it does not protect them from the charge of a too conscious remoteness from the intellectual interests of other people. Among the literati of Paris, ignorance of English speech is almost an accomplishment; and rich and varied as their preoccupations are, one is tempted to think that nothing alien is humane to them. But the French, who have always appreciated their country too much to travel from it, have ever been hosts to travelers from every other; and now that, literally, the world has come to France, for good or evil the old contracted vision of the race will never be the same.

In this fifth year of war, Americans think of France as a ruined country. And in a restricted sense the physical desolation which has come over Northern France is more complete than it is possible to describe. Flourishing cities like Albert and Merville and a score of others are not merely crumbled ruins — they are dust, to be shoveled into the roadways to make macadam of. But in a larger national sense, France is not ruined, but flourishing as she has seldom flourished before. Rivers of gold pour in from the Golcondas of the world. The Americans alone are spending in France upwards of \$150,000,000 monthly — a monthly total of \$200,000,000 is not far away. Upon every dollar of this the government, by its ten per cent impost on all sales, raises a considerable portion of its present revenue. If the war goes on for some eight months, the balance of trade,

once so enormously in our favor, will actually be against us, and France will be the creditor nation. Although her taxation of her own people is notoriously light at this time, it may very well be that, after the war, alone among the nations, she will be well on the way to a solution of her fiscal problems.

The French are not spendthrifts. The francs which slip so smoothly into the till stick at the bottom. French contributions to their own charities form one of the least heroic chapters of the war. The peasants give of their poverty, and the government gives, but the bourgeois button their pockets; and it is a startling criticism of this attitude to say that, when the Americans ship supplies into French towns, for the use of French sick and refugees, an *octroi* is actually levied upon them at the town gates. Then, too, very generally prices have risen beyond what is necessary, and bargains were never more smartly driven than with the American soldiers, who have been taught to think of themselves as crusaders flocking to a rescue. The French point of view is, not unnaturally, quite different. For three years, they say, we fought your war, and our legions have kept America inviolate. Meanwhile we have the misfortune of having the war in behalf of all civilization fought on French soil.¹

Truly it is a good thing for a man's soul to talk with his neighbors, and to learn that the white light of truth is made up of many colored strands. Side by side with commercial France is heroic France. After motoring all day

¹ The American's instinctive criticism of these characteristics of the French goes too far. The idea of paying rental for the portion of France which is occupied by our forces is instinctively repugnant to us. But should we not pay our own citizens if we dispossessed them of their rights? And shall we do less by the citizens of a friendly country? — THE AUTHOR.

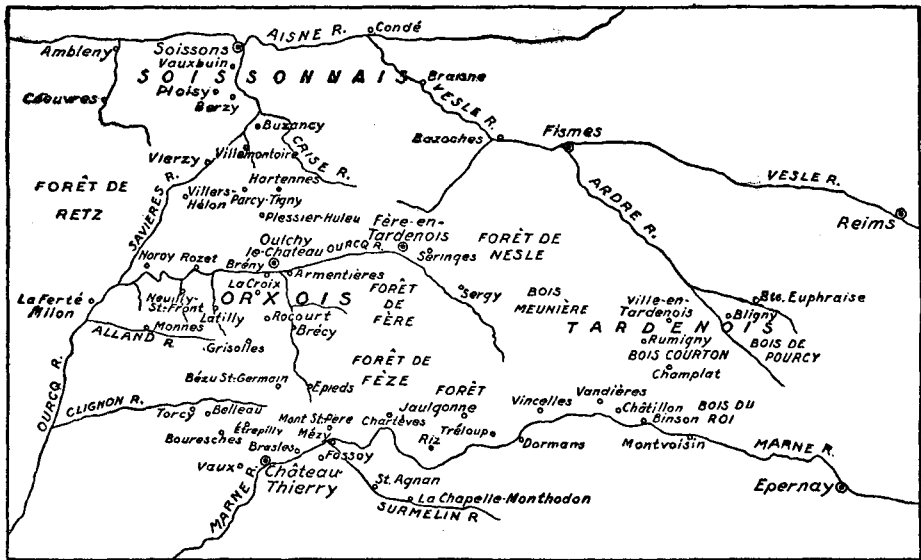
through deserts where once were towns, we stopped in front of a splendid old wall, bastioned by towers, and bordered by a moat. In the centre a drawbridge led to the mediæval gothic arch which opened on the court. We entered and stood where Gabrielle d'Estrées had often welcomed her royal lover. Of the three stone pavilions which had overlooked the marble balustrades and the poplar-lined garden beyond, two were crumbled to blackened destruction, and the third, which had housed the humble offices of kitchen and servants' quarters, was badly impaired. The beauty of the place, the contrast of past and present, would make the eye of the most casual passer glisten with sympathy; but the gentleman who received us, who had lost his only son a year ago, and who had lost as well all that his forefathers had bequeathed him, showed us about as cheerfully and pleasantly as if he could still point to every feature of the architecture he knew so well.

'Come up to my own quarters,' he said; and led the way up the spiral stair, which went up from the outer kitchen to his tiny bedroom, furnished with a narrow cot, a rickety chair, and a cracked ewer and basin. 'Here I am now,' he said. 'Not much, but sufficient.' And then, 'I am not in a position, gentlemen, to offer you a cup of tea, but a glass of tea you shall have.'

So we repaired to the housekeeper's room, where was a single ancient servitor, her head bandaged for injuries during the fire kindled by the Germans; and there had our glass of tea in chipped tumblers, passing from hand to hand the single spoon which the château afforded.

Bright threads like this of the eternal France are everywhere mingled with the warp the Fates are spinning.

E. S.



AN AMERICAN BATTLEFIELD

FROM THE MARNE TO THE VESLE

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

TERRIFIC battles, ushering in the dawn of victories which will ensure the freedom of the world, were fought in July and August, 1918, between the Marne and Vesle rivers, from Château-Thierry to Soissons and Fismes. In this soul-stirring struggle the young American troops played a large part, and played it with heroism and success. It has occurred to us, therefore, that the American people will be glad to become acquainted with the battlefield made glorious by their sons, with the soil which will some day be a consecrated goal of pilgrimage for the entire nation.

This field of death, bristling with ruins still smouldering, was formerly, and will soon be once more, a beautiful stretch of country. Here we are in the

heart of the Île de France, and the countryside displays all the gracious charm of a typical French landscape. With its undulating plateaus, pleasant vales, broad green valleys, forests and greensward, châteaux and villas, small towns, and dear old villages thronged with souvenirs of the past, the district between the Marne and the Aisne was peculiarly representative of France—the France of the Merovingians and Capets as well as of the twentieth century.

There is no manufacturing and little commercial activity; but a skillful, varied, and persistent culture of the soil, with special attention to those most exacting of crops, the vine and vegetables, which are successfully raised only by dint of hard labor, and to

the production of vast quantities of sugar-beets and cereals.

The villages, built of the beautiful stone of the district, have, one and all, an air of dignity and prosperity which gives animation to the landscape. The very names are among the most pleasant to the ear, and often among the most illustrious in the language. Our great men of letters, La Fontaine and Racine, Pope Urban II, who preached the First Crusade, and other statesmen and princes, all born in the province, had already made it a genuinely historic spot; and the memory of the battles fought by Napoleon at Château-Thierry and Soissons, against the invaders of 1814, has not yet faded. When they turned the enemy back from Paris, the Americans were fighting in the most truly French of all the districts of France, and their gallantry has imparted to it a new charm, a more resplendent glory.

But this attractive region does not exhibit everywhere the same features. The topography of the Île de France is so varied that one can distinguish several families, or groups, of landscapes between the Marne and the Vesle. Let us follow them, in the order followed by the different stages of the battle.

The southern portion is the most elevated and most picturesque; it includes the shores of the Marne, from Epernay to Château-Thierry, as well as the hills and valleys to the eastward, grouped about the Ardre River in the district called the Tardenois. In the centre the battlefield embraces plateaus studded with low hills, half hidden by broad patches of forest, and cut by deep, narrow valleys — those of the Ourcq and its affluents; whence the region is known as the district of the Ourcq, or the Orxois. Lastly, to the north this undulating ground gives place to a practically level plateau,

a vast table-land of cultivated fields, through which flow the deep ravines of the Aisne, the Vesle, and their affluents. This is the Soissonnais.

From the Tardenois to the Soissonnais by way of the Orxois, let us follow in the wake of the French and American armies, in their decisively victorious advance.

I. THE MARNE AND THE TARDENOIS

On emerging from the plains of Champagne, at Epernay, the Marne flows through the plateaus of the Île de France as far as Paris, and the country along its banks changes its aspect. Instead of the wide valley which seems one with the immense bare plain, the stream, breaking out a path for itself through the solid mass of the plateau, has cut a gash from 500 to 2000 metres in width, which turns and winds in graceful and ever-changing curves. Thus, although its general course is from east to west, the trend of the walls of the valley constantly changes and bears toward every point of the compass in turn. Moreover, these walls, intersected by the ravines and valleys of numerous tributary streams, are cut up into capes, bastions, and deep hollows. Finally, the cliff from whose summit the plateau overlooks the valley, and whose average height is about 150 metres, at times rises steeply from the lowland, and again is broken up into terraces following the different strata of which it is composed. Thus, although the topographical elements are simple enough, they lend themselves to an ever-changing combination of forms, which gives to the landscape its great charm, and at the same time offers some formidable advantages of various kinds from a military standpoint.

The bright green ribbon of the Marne winds along the valley bottom. The

placid stream, about a hundred metres wide and broken here and there by islets, wanders from one bank to the other, lined by poplars and willows. On either side of its limpid waters are broad fields, whose delicate greenery frames the sparkling line of the river, which forms a by no means impassable obstacle. In the days just preceding the German offensive of July 15, American patrols constantly crossed between Château-Thierry and Mézy, and picked up prisoners and information on the northern bank. In like manner, during that offensive the attacking German troops were able without great losses to cross the Marne and attack the defenders on the southern bank. To be sure, the Allied air-men made their life a burden by keeping up an incessant bombardment of the bridges, large and small.

But the real obstacle which this valley offers is found in the slopes which dominate it, and it was there that the fiercest fighting took place until the day when the French and Americans, having thrown the enemy back across the river, scaled the cliffs of the right bank on his heels and dislodged him therefrom. In this neighborhood there were two sectors of terrific fighting — that of Châtillon-Dormans upstream, and that of Château-Thierry below.

Going upstream, the valley is quite wide: from Monvoisin to Dormans, by Château-Thierry, it measures two kilometres almost everywhere. The high cliff which overlooks it on the north, cut by a multitude of narrow valleys coming down from the table-land of the Tardenois, forms a series of buttresses which make excellent defensive positions. On the sharpest, which is a genuine peninsula overhanging the main valley, sits the village of Châtillon, formerly crowned by a haughty feudal castle, on whose ruins was erected a statue of Pope Urban II, who long

ago had trouble with the German emperors. The slopes below are hard to climb, because of their steepness and the network of tilled fields. Here we are at the heart of the vine-growing district, and these banks of the Marne contribute largely to the production of the famous champagne. The vines extend, on long rows of poles, to the very summit of the cliffs, especially on the right bank, which has a better exposure to the sun; they are often connected by strands of wire, on which straw mats are placed to protect the vines from the cold in winter.

On a lower level, nearer the stream, are magnificent orchards: the cherry tree joins with the vine to impart to those slopes an aspect of rustic opulence. Huddled white villages, with tawny-hued pointed roofs, follow one another in regular succession on the rolling ground. Their names have lately won a terrible celebrity: Binson, Vandières, Vincelles, Tréloup. Sandstone quarries burrow into the summit of the cliffs and furnish shelters for the defenders. Finally, there are strips of forest along the slopes wherever the exposure is thought poorly suited for crops. All these features unite to form a cheerful, animated, lovely landscape; but at the same time a conglomeration of obstacles which the Allied troops were able to overcome only after fierce fighting.

Below the little town of Dormans, the valley narrows temporarily: from Tréloup to Brasles it is frequently less than 500 metres in width. The cliff, although steep as before, is less cut up, and the patches of forest are larger. At the mouths of the smaller affluent valleys, the villages rear their church-towers on the hillsides, overlooking the lowest vineyards and orchards; on this right bank are Jaulgonne, Chartèves, and Mont Saint-Père, all taken by the Allies late in July, and Fossoy, where

the Americans successfully repulsed the German attack of July 15.

But now the valley widens once more as it enters the broad basin of Château-Thierry. It is a beautiful spot, and at the same time, of great military value. The little town long ago forgot its rôle of fortress, but has been brutally reminded of it by the violence of the battles that have been fought in its neighborhood. In the foreground is the wide expanse of fields in the valley bottom; then a suburb of the town enclosed between two arms of the Marne. Across the river, scaling the slopes of a hill crowned by the ruins of a castle, the town rises, terrace-like, at the mouth of a narrow valley. The position can be carried by frontal attack only on the heels of a defeated foe, as Napoleon carried it in 1814, and Franchet d'Espèrey just a hundred years later. But in 1918 the Americans had to take Château-Thierry in flank, and in order to force their way into the town, had to fight the bloody battles of Vaux, Bouresches, and Étrepilly, which carried them to the north of the town and hastened its evacuation.

What is the nature of the terrain above those steep cliffs which enclose the valley of the Marne? Does it become more favorable to military operations than the deep depression through which the river flows? Not by any means. The surface of the table-land is broken by so many ravines and narrow valleys which descend steeply to the Marne, that it is cut into a multitude of ridges and hillocks amid which it is no longer possible to recognize the original horizontal aspect of the plateau.

On the other hand, the strata which lie on the surface — loam, sandstone, and clayey sand — make a heavy, impermeable soil, quite infertile, in which it is hard to raise anything, and which

is largely given over to woods. Thus, freedom of movement is impeded by deep ravines, ridges running in all directions, and more or less dense forests; an offensive is difficult, and the defensive easy. This is true in the immediate neighborhood of Château-Thierry, where the ravines of Vaux, Brasles, Chartèves, Jaulgonne, and Tréloup, and the valley of the Surmelin, slash the plateau on either side of the Marne into fragments — into forest-topped hillocks which are genuine fortresses, where the struggle was terrific and where the Allies were able to advance only one step at a time: on Hill 204, west of Château-Thierry, in the Bois de Mont St.-Père, the forest of Fèze above Jaulgonne, and especially on the spur of the forest of Riz; and south of the Marne, at the broad, wooded bastion of Saint-Agnan and at La Chapelle-Monthodon, where the fighting was so intense from the 15th to the 20th of July.

This strip of broken table-land becomes broader again farther upstream, above Dormans and Châtillon-sur-Marne. In that direction the plateau of the Île de France ascends until it is more than 260 metres above the stream. Erosion has been even more active there, and in that part of the Tardenois the plateau is dissected into narrow strips separated by deep valleys, broad and moist, the largest of which is the valley of the Aisne. In the valley bottoms the streams are bordered by bands of tillage land; above, on the lower slopes, amid the vineyards and orchards which monopolize all the favorable exposures, is a multitude of small villages, some of which have become famous — Ste.-Euphrasie, Bligny, and Ville-en-Tardenois, whose rustic dwellings of uncut rubble, arranged amphitheatre-wise, sheltered some 500 inhabitants. Higher up, on the uneven surface of the plateau, are

scattered villages built on limestone foundations — tiny fortresses, like Rumigny and Champlat, the scene of hard-fought battles. Almost the entire surface is covered with forests of pine and oak and birch. These are the woods of Le Roi, Courton, Pourcy, and Reims, where hand-to-hand fighting went on for more than a fortnight, British, Italians, and French succeeding at first in checking the enemy and then in forcing him back, in those titanic combats. They were, in reality, genuine mountain battles; for the hills reach a height of 265 metres, above the level of the plateau, while the valleys are at least 100 metres deep; and the difficulties of the uneven surface were greatly increased by the obstacles offered by forests, vineyards, streams, and the villages, closely packed with stone houses, which could easily be transformed into fortifications.

A deep, broad, swampy valley, traversed by an unfordable stream; surmounted by steep slopes bristling with vineyards, orchards, villages, and diversified by quarries; above, an entanglement of low hills, ravines, and valleys, under a mantle of forest — such was the theatre of operations in which the Americans won their first great victory. A more difficult terrain could not be desired, or one better adapted to test the valor of the victorious troops.

But, when they had made themselves masters of this battlefield, the Allies were by no means at the end of their labors; and the difficulties of the ground to be traversed were still serious in the central portion of the theatre of operations — the Orxois.

II. THE ORXOIS: OULCHY-LE-CHÂTEAU AND FÈRE-EN-TARDENOIS

The Orxois is a plateau extending north of the Marne to the Soissonnais, at a mean height of 160 metres. But it

is very far from being uniform. Let us study the nature of its soil, and the relief, that we may comprehend its aspects more thoroughly. The substratum of the plateau of the Orxois is the layer of rock called 'hard limestone' 30 to 40 metres in thickness, so much of which is used for building material in the towns and villages. This layer is almost horizontal, and if there were nothing superimposed upon it, the plateau would be a practically level platform. But above the hard limestone are successive layers of a far different character — layers of sand, of Beauchamp sandstone, mingled with marl, making a moist, impermeable, infertile soil; then another layer of limestone, softer and more clayey than that below. Finally, this upper limestone is covered, especially toward the east, with thin layers of marl, clay and, lastly, Fontainebleau sand, which are connected with the strata of the Tardenois. Thus, to a depth of 100 metres, we find a succession of diversified strata, hard and soft, dry and moist, which impart great variety to the landscape.

The valleys which intersect this conglomeration run from east to west, toward the deep depression hollowed out by the Savières and the Lower Ourcq. From north to south, we can count three — the Upper Ourcq, by Fère-en-Tardenois and La Ferté-Milon, the Ru d'Alland, and the Clignon. Very wide where they pass through the upper strata, these valleys grow abruptly narrower and deeper when they reach the level of the hard limestone, where they are little more than deep and narrow ditches. Between these furrows, the marl, sand, and softer limestones form ridges, now steep, now rising more gently, the sandy soil bearing woods, the limestones cultivated fields.

Thus the whole plateau of the Orxois is a series of elevations and depressions,

running from east to west, which form just so many obstacles to an advance from south to north like that of the Allies. Luckily they approached this locality at the same time from the west, which enabled them to outflank the obstacles simultaneously with their approach from the south.

North of Château-Thierry, three or four kilometres from the Marne, the plateau is less diversified. The only obstacle is the valley of the Clignon, which deepens rapidly toward the west. Above it, at the summit of the limestone cliff, the plateau forms a species of promontories on which are built villages — Torcy, Belleau, Bouresches. The American troops had held their positions there during the last part of June, and it was there that the heroic marines halted the enemy in his march upon Paris. And again, it was there that they assumed the offensive on July 18, to outflank Château-Thierry from the north. On that day they carried the ridges of Torcy and Belleau; on the 19th they pressed beyond Bouresches; and on the 20th they forced their way into Étrepilly and Château-Thierry.

Immediately beyond, the terrain is not so difficult. The Clignon valley becomes less rugged and gradually blends with the plateau. Toward Bézu-St.-Germain and Epieds lies a comparatively open plain with extensive stretches of fallow land. In this more open region the progress was more rapid; on July 22 the American troops took possession of Epieds, twelve kilometres from Bouresches, their starting-point.

But the difficulties are more serious farther to the north, along the hills which form the southern boundary of the valley of the Ourcq. Although the depression made by the Ru d'Alland, being broad and level, is not a considerable obstacle, it is not the same be-

yond. The relief map shows a line of heights running from west to east, and rising higher and higher in that direction. From these heights a multitude of valleys descend to the Ourcq, from south to north, cutting the crest into hills separated by depressions. Thus the terrain is broken up in every direction and well adapted to meet an attack from the west as well as one from the south.

It was necessary to deal with all these obstacles one by one. Starting from the west, the French had to carry successively these lines of crests and depressions with their fortified villages: ridge of Monnes, July 19; ravine of Neuilly-St.-Front the same evening; the hill of Latilly and its wood the 20th; La Croix and Grisolles the 21st, with their thickets and dense plantations of osiers. On the 23d the Allied troops took Rocourt and the wood of Le Chatelet; on the 24th the deep ravine of Brécy; and, finally, on the 25th, French and Americans together attacked the hill of the forest of Fère, which is 228 metres high, completely covered with woods, cut by ravines, and flanked by fortified villages. On the 27th the whole position was taken, and the Allies were on the verge of the deep valley of the Ourcq, which they were next to cross.

This line was a by no means inconsiderable obstacle. Imagine, if you please, a deep depression, twisting and turning in all directions, and from 200 to 400 metres wide, extending at least as far as Fère-en-Tardenois. It is bounded on either side by cliffs of hard limestone, 30 to 40 metres high, in which innumerable caves are scooped — the so-called *boves*, which are used as dwellings, with doors and windows flush with the face of the cliff. These *boves* are invaluable defensive positions, out of reach of bullets and shells. The valley bottom is wet and swampy,

with dense clumps of poplars mingled with alder-bushes. There are numerous villages at the foot of the cliffs, — Rozet-St.-Albain, Brény, Armentières, — or on the slopes above, like Noroy. A frontal attack on such a position would have been too costly. The Allies turned the line of the Ourcq from the north. They crossed the river in force in the upper part of its course, where it has not yet attacked the stratum of hard limestone, and where the valley is wider, and the sides are less steep. Nevertheless they encountered terrible difficulties.

North of the Ourcq, indeed, the last heights of the Orxois form another chain of hills, from four to six kilometres wide — the last obstacle before we come to the plateau of the Soissonnais. These hills are of the greatest possible diversity of shape and vary in height from 200 metres at the western extremity to 230 at the eastern. Their bases consist largely of sandstone and Fontainebleau sand, with clumps of forest scattered here and there; higher up is the softer limestone, the land being entirely cleared and covered with crops. Here and there we find the remains of the former covering of clay and Fontainebleau sand — wooded ridges which expand toward the east into the wood of Seringes, the forest of Nesle, and Meunière wood. These hills, the last as we travel northward, where they command the whole of the Soissonnais, have therefore the greatest strategic value, particularly the positions of Hartennes, Plessier-Huleu, and Seringes.

Luckily these formidable defensive positions were approached from the west, astride the ridges. Starting from the forest of Retz, the French crossed the Savières with a rush, and in a single bound reached Noroy-sur-Ourcq and Villers-Hélon, which lie along one of the ridges, surrounded by orchards.

On July 19 they had advanced three kilometres to the east; the strong line of the Ourcq was outflanked. On the 20th they were at Parcy-Tigny and Rozet-St.-Albain, pushing forward over the broken ground planted with sugar-beets and cereals, enlivened in spots by small clumps of trees perched on the sandstone hillocks. Thus they drew near to the heart of the position — the ridges of Plessier and of Hartennes. There the resistance was much more violent; but after three days of hard fighting, the French entered Plessier and approached the village of Oulchy-la-Ville, surrounded by picturesque heaps of sandstone blocks mingled with pines and birches. On the 25th, in the evening, they were in occupation of Oulchy-le-Château, which lies in a charming vale running down to the Ourcq. The line of the Ourcq, as to that portion where the river, flowing between high cliffs, constitutes a real obstacle, was in the Allies' hands.

It remained to complete the victory by the conquest of the eastern sector of the hills; and this again was no easy task. The French and Americans had now to approach that strong defensive position from the south. On the 28th they entered Fère-en-Tardenois; the Americans crossed the Ourcq, taking Sergy, which changed hands nine times. On July 31, after more titanic battles, they wrested Seringes from the foe. On August 1 there was a general advance all along the line, and the Allies carried the whole line of hilltops, from Plessier-Huleu to Meunière wood.

This was the end: the horizon expanded. From the heights conquered in fourteen days of fighting the Allies went down to the plateau of the Soissonnais; soon they would reach the Vesle and join hands with the troops who had retaken Soissons. Among the numberless heroes of this second

battle of the Marne, they who stormed the heights of the Orxois and either outflanked or crossed the valley of the Ourcq were the bravest of the brave and are entitled to the largest share of our gratitude.

III. THE SOISSONNAIS

The third act of the battle was played upon a terrain quite different from those preceding it. The relief is considerably simplified. The great plateau of the Île de France, which is buried, as it were, under the accumulations of recent deposits, where erosion has worn gaps in the ridges of the Orxois, and hollowed out the deep ravines of the Tardenois, is reduced here to the substratum of hard limestone, almost entirely free from superimposed layers. So that, instead of being an uneven, swampy district, the Soissonnais is a dry level table-land, where the streams flow underground through the layers of limestone. A fertile district, too, for the surface is covered with a thin coating of loam, in which sugar-beets and cereals vie with one another in profusion of growth.

However, the plateau is intersected by occasional valleys, generally broad and deep. The two most considerable are those of the Vesle and the Aisne which come together above Soissons, at Condé, and isolate the famous Chemin-des-Dames to the north. Two tributaries, Ambleny brook and the Crise, flowing down to the Aisne, subdivide the southern portion of the Soissonnais, where the battle was fought. With respect to the plateau, these valleys are little worlds apart. Below the hard limestone, they have hollowed out a path through very soft rocks, sands, and clays; in these the streams have inevitably made large inroads, sapping the limestone cliffs which overhang them. Thus the valley bottoms are

abnormally wide — from two to three kilometres near Soissons. The presence of the clayey soils makes them very moist, and we find there fields of beets and grain side by side with extensive tracts of grassland. On the lower slopes are many small fields given over to the less hardy products — beans, orchards, and sometimes grape-vines. Here are most of the villages, at the level where the water-courses, seeping through the limestone of the plateau, reappear in the shape of springs, on the impervious stratum. For the most part the villages lie along the hillsides, surrounded by trees, embellished by châteaux and parks. They are well-built and attractive, boasting churches of graceful architecture, thanks to the lovely decorative stone taken from the quarries in the limestone cliffs above, which are called *boves*, or *croutes*. A fascinating, fertile country, diversified and pleasant to the eye, before the war it might well have been taken as a sample of rural opulence.

Plateau and valleys, then, differ materially — the one monotonous and easy of access; the other, no less charming than varied, but presenting great difficulties of passage in the face of opposition. There is not a village on the plateau: only a few large farms and scattered sugar-beet refineries. In the valleys and on the slopes there are everywhere houses, châteaux, parks, orchards, and grottoes. The slender church-tower barely rises to the level of the plateau, as if to watch for the approach of an enemy. The conditions then were quite simple: on the plateau it was possible to gain many kilometres in a single rush; but in the valleys a fierce resistance was to be expected.

The French and American attack in the Soissonnais was fortunate in its starting-point. In the course of the hard-fought battles between June 15 and July 15, the French had retaken

the entire valley of Ambleny-Cœuvres, and had gained a footing on the plateau to the eastward, which stretches as far as the outskirts of Soissons. To the south they had completely cleared the verge of the forest of Retz, from which they were thus able to debouch into the plain.

The first onrush was magnificent. Starting at ten minutes to five in the morning, the Allies were within sight of Soissons at ten o'clock, having overrun the whole plateau on a front of some ten kilometres. Rarely has a more successful attack been seen in this war. It was even said that on this first day some French and Americans got as far as the suburbs of Soissons. But the danger for the Germans was too great, and they brought all their reserves thither. Moreover, they had the valley of the Crise to support their defense.

This valley is the widest and deepest of all those which eat into the plateau of the Soissonnais from the south. The very considerable depression is more than 100 metres below the surface of the plateau, which it cuts in two, effectively shutting off all progress from west to east; for on the south a narrow isthmus, that of Vierzy, barely separates it from the ravine of the Savières; and on the southeast it reaches to the foot of the wooded hills of Hartennes. Clinging to the sides of the valley and of the ravines which open into it, numerous villages — Vauxbuin, Berzy-le-Sec, Villemontoire, Buzancy — are the more difficult to capture because the artillery can hardly see them, as they lie close against the hillside. It was on the Crise, in the latter part of May, that a handful of Frenchmen held up the German avalanche from the Chemin-des-Dames.

The Germans paid us back in July. Sheltered in the ravines and windings of the valley, their artillery, being al-

most invisible, had nothing to disturb its aim. The villages, the orchards, the grottoes, crammed with machine-guns, were so many fortresses; the whole valley was a veritable hell. There were incessant counter-attacks, which the Allies, on the bare plateau, entirely devoid of cover, could repel only with the greatest difficulty. They pushed forward step by step, and by fits and starts. On the 19th our troops were hard put to it to hold the ground they had taken the day before; on the 20th they barely began to nibble at the ravines, at Ploisy and L'Échelle. On the 21st the Americans took Berzy-le-Sec, and the French were astride the lower waters of the Crise; on the 23d they went down into the ravine of Buzancy. But not until the 25th did they gain possession of the promontory of Villemontoire; and only on the 29th did a Scottish division, after three days of forward fighting, carry Buzancy. This last success, to be sure, was decisive, for it uncovered the upper valley of the Crise. And so, on August 2, the enemy gave way; that day the Allies crossed the valley along its entire length, and advanced across the eastern side of the plateau as far as the Vesle. On the same day they entered Soissons — at last. The ancient capital of the French kings, the city which formerly disputed the claim of Paris to be called the metropolis, is now no more than a mass of ruins. For four long years the war has laid its heavy hand upon her; and it is no new thing for her, since she had played an important military rôle in 1814, 1815, and 1870. She owes it to her fine location, in the heart of a broad valley, where the roads from south and east meet. Let us hope that her martyrdom will soon come to an end.

Here ended the second battle of the Marne. The Allies have regained possession of the whole plateau which

extends from the Marne to the Vesle and the Aisne. They have established themselves in the valleys of those great rivers, from Soissons to Braisne, Bazoches, and Fismes — even to Reims. They find there formidable obstacles to be overcome: a broad, moist, sometimes swampy bottom; facing them the cliff of the Chemin-des-Dames and the plateau of the Vesle, with its cap of limestone, and its numerous windings lined with villages and grottoes. Except in case of a surprise or a voluntary retirement, it will be a hard job to carry these positions. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The results already achieved are fine enough to justify us in declaring ourselves satisfied.

The work done in their *début*, by the American troops in conjunction with our own, was magnificent. They fought against victorious soldiers sure of success, and whipped them. They were engaged on a difficult terrain. In the south they were obliged to cross a

broad river and wide valleys, to scale cliffs bristling with defensive positions. In the centre they were confronted by a confused entanglement of broken ground, hills and ravines, woods and open fields, bisected by a deep valley half-concealed by trees. In the north they became acquainted with the snare formed by plateaus falling abruptly away into the wolf-trap of ravines, where the enemy, lying in ambush, refused to give ground. The Americans triumphed over all these obstacles, and deserve to be reckoned the peers of the best soldiers in the world. On the other hand, fighting as they have fought in these countrysides, so typically French in their simplicity and grandeur, and seeing all their charms foully outraged, our attractive villages destroyed, our churches — graceful masterpieces, in almost every case, of the Middle Ages — desecrated and shattered, they have come to understand France better; they have had a share in her misfortunes and in her hopes.

THE BABY IN THE BASKET

BY MADAME DU COURTHIAL

I

HEAVENS, how cold it is! The wind lashes my face and deprives me of breath. The pavement, covered with a thick layer of ice on which sand is no longer strewn, offers an elusive, slippery foothold. On crossing the road, the snow caves in and sticks to my legs like cold compresses. When I get back home my hands are as stiff as wood, and

I am not even able to take off my cloak myself.

And yet I must go out. I must go, for instance, and see my little nephews, who have been confined indoors more than a week through lack of *botiki*. We ourselves have made some for them out of felt shoes, paper, and rubber, and they are very glad to be free again.

I have arrangements to make also for my departure. To shorten my

voyage I should like very much to pass through Sweden and Norway, but such a journey is full of difficulties: the transportation agencies do not accept Russian money; departures from Christiania are very rare and irregular; in the Scandinavian countries the rouble is not legal tender; all the places on the steamers to New York are engaged long in advance. As for Finland, one never knows whether there will be a train across at the desired time.

It will be much better to go by way of Japan. I go to the Information Bureau and inquire whether there is still a place left on the Trans-Siberian on the fourteenth.

'On the fourteenth of June?' asks the clerk.

It is now November!!

A great number of my compatriots cannot understand my desire to go back *via* Tokyo. There is talk of Japanese intervention, and much misunderstanding. People imagine that the Japanese are coming as conquerors, taking advantage of the anarchy of the country. This apprehension is not shared by that part of the enlightened classes which is well informed as to the situation; but the masses are distrustful — 1903 is still too recent.

In any case, I must leave Russia as soon as possible. I had a baby girl in the month of October, and can find nothing with which to feed and clothe her. It is impossible to get a drop of fresh or condensed milk, and the druggists have not had any foods for newborn children for months past.

I apply to a clandestine commission agent for a ticket, as tickets are sold *sub rosa* by a few monopolists. He promises me a reply on the eve of each departure of the Trans-Siberian, but is unable to guarantee me anything for about three months.

In spite of this, I make all arrangements for traveling with my little baby.

I decide to carry her in a basket, and start on my quest.

What sort of basket shall I use?

This difficulty is soon solved — there are no baskets in Petrograd.

Finally, after an interminable hunt, a florist offers to order me one from some blind basket-weavers. It will be a flower-basket!

But we come to other difficulties.

I must have a fur to protect the child from the cold. In a big store I find a collection of rabbit-skins, the last remaining. I sew them on a piece of pink crêpe which I discover in the bottom of an old trunk; my wrap is made!

I shall need alcohol to heat the child's food. There is no liquid alcohol, so I shall have to use the dry.

The principal thing is still lacking — rice. Where shall I be able to get any? Without false shame I go to three different houses, where the parents of children generously give me all their reserves of rice. Altogether I collect about two pounds. Still, I am not easy. Will my baby-girl have the strength to bear the fatigue of the railway journey on rice-water only?

There is still the baptism before we leave. In normal times it would have been a source of pleasure to me to gather my friends together at this ceremony. Now, however, invitations are not to be thought of: each day one expects that the Bolsheviki will recommence firing, on one pretext or another, and no one is anxious to go out unnecessarily. Household events have to be limited to the most intimate circles. Each family has too many preoccupations to take any interest in the doings of others. How many must there be at this moment who are passing through a crisis! The government offices and the banks have decided to quit all work as a sign of protest against the Bolshevik government, and it is very probable that this action will cause the strikers

to lose their posts. How many unfortunates will then suddenly pass from relative ease to misery!

The baptism will take place at home. We go to the neighboring church to invite the priest. He will come on Sunday, at one o'clock in the afternoon, with his deacon and his *diashok* (acolyte who reads the prayers and sings the psalms). The drawing-room is prepared to receive them. In one corner a table is set, covered with a white cloth, in the middle of which is placed a big golden ikon, together with a vessel of holy water, a sprinkler, and tapers. In the middle of the room, on another table, are placed the baptismal fonts. The *diashok* arrives first, all dressed in black, with the Parish Register under his arm. In it he inscribes the christian and surnames of the child, its father, its mother, its godfather, its godmother. Then come the priest and the deacon, arrayed in their sumptuous chasubles. They undo their chignons and let their long fair hair fall round their shoulders.

I must withdraw, for the mother has no right to be present at this sacrament. I hide behind a curtain. The godmother takes the child in her arms. As the godfather has found it physically impossible to come from Moscow, his place is taken by my little four-year-old nephew, who plays his part with the greatest gravity. Each one holds in his hand a lighted taper. After the prayers and the chants, the cortège, preceded by the priest, marches three times around the baptismal font. The baby is given to the officiating priest, who plunges it three times into the previously blessed water; then, in the midst of prayers, he anoints it with holy oils and cuts off a lock of its hair. My little girl is given back to me, and I hasten to warm her in blankets while the ceremony is terminating. According to tradition, we should invite every-

one present to celebrate the baptism by a banquet. The actual circumstances lend themselves so little, however, to such festivity, that the priests hasten to take leave of us and return to their church.

A few days later, I receive a call on the telephone, telling me to be ready to leave on the morrow. The basket ordered by the florist is not yet finished. One of my cousins offers me that of her little girl's doll. It is so tiny, however, that I can barely squeeze in my one-month-old baby.

I leave in the midst of the elections. Men and women are being given voting cards. The struggle is principally one between the Bolsheviki and the Cadets (Constitutional Democrats). The former, being in power, take advantage of the fact to indulge in extravagant propaganda. They have affixed immense placards to the street cars, on which are inscribed in large letters:—

VOTE FOR BREAD, LAND, PEACE

The action of the Cadets is necessarily more discreet, and cannot be engaged in actively in the laboring quarters. Nevertheless, they will have a majority in the Assembly, and this will bring about its dissolution by Lenine.

At home I witness veritable electoral meetings: the cook, the chambermaid, the washerwoman, and the janitress exchange views as to the merits of the different parties.

II

Here I am, back again at last on the Trans-Siberian. I had been so impatient for this moment to arrive, and now I do not know whether I am pleased or not. My arrival in Porto Rico is still too distant, and dependent on too many circumstances, for me to be able

to feel the gladness of homecoming, and I have too many present cares to feel keenly the sorrows of parting.

My baby girl is sound asleep in her basket, rocked by the motion of the train. I take advantage of her slumbers to settle down as comfortably as possible in the lower berth, which has been given up to me by my traveling companion.

On the windows of the compartments I notice labels stuck on the outside bearing the words 'American Mission.' I go along the coach and find many of the passengers, like myself, trying to locate the whereabouts of this mission. Not being able to find it, we finally conclude that we are simply in the coach which brought it to Petrograd. Shortly afterwards we learn that such is, in fact, the case, and that these labels have purposely not been removed, in order that they may serve as a protection for us.

The other coaches have been invaded by the Bolsheviks at every station. At each stop, to save us this annoyance, our conductor goes out on the platform and shouts at the top of his voice, —

'Don't come in here. Respect the American Mission!'

This admonition serves its purpose as far as Viatka; but there the soldiers insist on entering our coach, shouting, —

'Where is this American Mission? Show it to us.'

The conductor has an inspiration born of desperation. He runs into a compartment occupied by two negroes — dancers from the *Olympia* — on their way back to the United States, drags them out on the platform, and presents them to the crowd. Overcome with fright, they protest loudly in English. Their color and their exclamations have a galvanizing effect on our assailants. They withdraw — convinced!

At Perm, the attack is more serious. Just as we are leaving, the international

coach is seriously threatened. The soldiers throw stones at the windows, try to climb in through the doors, and insult us: —

'Since you resist, you dirty bourgeois, we'll make you all get out, and we'll go on instead of you.'

We barricade ourselves in. There is a moment of panic. Several of my traveling companions start to make their preparations for an evacuation.

At this critical moment, there is a sudden silence. A man's voice is raised. It is a soldier who conjures his comrades to let us depart in peace. After a lengthy harangue, he finally carries the day.

We are off again!

Our progress, alas, grows slower and slower. Stop follows stop. Now our engine is taken away, leaving us out in the wilderness until we know not when; again, we are obliged to make way for slow-moving local trains.

Typhus breaks out in the coach behind ours, in which I had nearly booked a place. As soon as we arrive at the station of Irkutsk, it is uncoupled and abandoned, with everyone in it.

We have no more water. At every station I have to get out and run to the buffet for some, so as to be able to make my baby's food. I do so in terror, as I run a grave risk of leaving her to continue the journey alone, since there are no more stops of fixed duration, nor any departure signal. I do not know how it is that I did not miss the train several times a day.

I myself feed on bread and butter during the sixteen days' journey. A restaurant car is, indeed, attached to our train, but getting to it is too dangerous: the platforms from one coach to another are covered with ice and have no railings. The waiters themselves do not dare to leave it. At one station an intrepid passenger tries his luck. He slips and disappears

under the train, whence we hear his shouts of terror. He is soon fished out, and, once back in safety, swears that he would rather fast the rest of his life than make the attempt again.

The slowness of our progress becomes so tiring that all the passengers agree to club together to give the driver a good tip, with a view to persuading him to speed up his pace. We hope also that our generosity will encourage him to allow himself to be stopped less easily by the Bolsheviks; but, in spite of this effort, we do not notice any great change in his mode of procedure.

More excitement! At one of our numerous halts my traveling companion descends to buy something at the buffet. There she finds some succulent little pies. She has been so long without such a treat that she rather lingers over them; and when she returns, finds the train under way. She tries to jump on the footboard, but misses and stays hanging to the door, dragged along in its wake. Luckily the shouts of an American, who also had missed the train, succeed in attracting the attention of the driver, who, recognizing in the late-comer one of his most generous clients, decides to pull up so as not to lose his biggest daily tip.

The further we advance, the more I am impressed with the dreary sadness of Siberia. We are crossing an immense sea of snow. To the right, to the left, in front of us, and behind us, is nothing but snow, more snow, and still more snow. The sky is livid. The mountains, the valleys, the trees, the villages, everything is hidden beneath a white counterpane. Not a sound, not a cry, not a bird, not a living thing! Everything is so uniformly white beneath those sombre clouds, that at moments it is hard to realize the fact that one is in motion. The cold is horrible. Nothing can give any idea of the desolation. This is indeed the Kingdom of Death.

It seems as if we shall never emerge from it.

At Pogranishnaya we are visited by custom-house officers. They search every nook and corner of our compartment, and finally discover a sleeping bunk crammed with opium. The owner of this contraband is not to be found! All the passengers crowd around the officers and ask to see the opium. The conductor cries out indignantly, —

‘Robbing the customs — cheating the nation! The confiscation of the stuff is not enough; the guilty parties ought to be hanged!’

Then, turning to me, he adds in a whisper, —

‘If the fool had only given me a little tip, I would have got everything he wanted through without any trouble! That’s the result of greed!’

The voyage is so desperately monotonous that I decide not to go on to Vladivostok, but to stop at Kharbin: from there an express will take me across Corea to Fusan, whence I shall be able to take a boat for Yokohama.

More difficulties! I learn that from Kharbin on, the new Russian money (that is to say, notes of 20, 40, 250, and 1000 roubles) is not accepted. As all my wordly goods are in notes of 1000 roubles, I try to get rid of them. The conductor offers to give me change, in return for a little commission of three hundred roubles per thousand. I thank him! After two days’ efforts, I manage to get 250-rouble notes from one of the trainmen in the restaurant car. Even these are too large, so I distribute them among those of the passengers who take their meals in the station buffets. They use them to make payment, and bring me back the change.

Residents of Kharbin urged me not to leave the railroad station, but to pass the nights there while waiting for the express. I can use the telephone to find out whether there are any vacant

rooms in any of the principal hotels; but they tell me it is no good counting on obtaining anything. They advise me most especially to beware of the Chinese, who, under pretext of taking strangers to a hotel, lead them to the docks, where they rob them.

But shall we ever get to Kharbin? At the Manchuria station we have grave doubts. We are told that the whole train is to be sent back to Petrograd, with all its passengers. We are halted there for several hours, feeling as if a sword were hanging over our heads. With what relief we at last recommence our journey! We can hardly believe our good fortune when we come in sight of the station of Kharbin. The journey from Petrograd to Vladivostok should have taken ten days — already it has lasted sixteen. Nearly everyone hastens to leave the Trans-Siberian, which continues its journey with only two passengers.

III

This is not the moment to lose my head. I have to call up all my *sang-froid*. While fastening up my hand-baggage, I make my plans.

The train stops. I call a porter — a Chinaman — and tell him to take me to the ladies' waiting-room. I do not know whether he has understood me, but he nods his head, picks up my baggage, and dashes off. I have hard work to follow him, carrying the basket in which my little girl is asleep.

Hardly have I crossed the threshold of the waiting-room, when I draw back. The floor is covered with women and children, lying helter-skelter beside bundles tied up in big colored kerchiefs containing all their poor belongings. The atmosphere is fearful. Apart from that, the room is already crowded to overflowing.

Wherever shall I set down my baby?

At last I manage to get a chair in the buffet. I place the child on it, begging the woman in charge to look after her during my absence, so that I may go and make the necessary declaration and get my trunk, which had been registered up to Vladivostok. I also wish to inquire by telephone whether any hotel accommodation is available.

The good lady refuses.

'And what if you do not come back?' she asks.

I look at her in astonishment.

'It would n't be the first time such a thing happened — that's how children are abandoned.'

An old peasant-woman standing nearby breaks in, —

'Can't you see that she is not one of that sort?'

The nature of her outrageous suspicions then dawns upon me. To reassure her, I point out that I am leaving all my baggage there, besides. This seems to convince her, and she consents to look after my little girl.

My declaration is made, but there is no porter anywhere to go and get my trunk and take it to the cloak-room. I myself go and search everywhere in the baggage-car, by the light of a lantern lent me by a conductor. At last I find it! My entreaties persuade a trainman from the restaurant-car to come to my assistance. Both of us are making useless efforts to extract my trunk from the pile under which it is buried, when a well-groomed gentleman standing on the platform notices our plight and takes pity on us. Very courteously he joins his efforts to ours, and after some minutes' work, our labors are crowned by success.

Since all the hotels to which I have telephoned are crammed, I have to go back to the waiting-room.

My little girl has disappeared!

In dismay, I seek for her everywhere, but all to no avail. I am on the brink of

despair, when one of the women asks me if I have lost anything.

'I do not see my little girl whom I left here in a basket.'

'I have n't seen any little girl, but the woman in charge, before going away, stuck a basket on top of that cupboard at the end of the room.'

I rush to the cupboard, climb upon a chair and find my baby sleeping quietly and unmoved, upon her improvised pedestal.

The long weary hours pass slowly by. I sit there in forced immobility, my baby in my lap.

Toward midnight the door opens to give access to a boyish soldier. He throws his coat down on the ground and stretches himself out upon it almost at my feet.

There is a murmur of disapproval.

'You know quite well that men are not allowed to come in here, my boy,' says a voice.

The soldier starts to laugh.

'I am a woman, like you. I belong to the Battalion of Death.'

There is a babel of remarks.

'Of course, I saw at once that he looked like a girl.'

'Poor little girl — she would have done better to stay at home.'

'No, no; it's not a woman's work.'

'How brave!'

Everybody is silent again, so as not to disturb the slumbers of the other sleepers.

I look curiously at the round face of the woman-soldier, her gray eyes, her curved nose, her little mouth. Indeed, she looks just like a little village lad of some fourteen or fifteen years.

She is the first to speak, and to ask me in a low voice, —

'Is that a baby you have there?'

I nod assent.

'You look tired. Won't you give it to me? I will rock it if it cries.'

'Thank you, but it is you who must

be tired,' I reply, thinking of all the hardships she must have been through.

'When did you enlist?'

'Oh, as soon as the call was made.'

'Why?'

'My brother was killed by the Germans.'

'And they let you go at home?'

'I was no longer at home. I was working in town. I dare say they made fun of me in the village, but what do I care?'

'You must have found life in the army very hard.'

'At first, yes; but as I have never been spoiled, I soon grew accustomed to it. I like this life.'

I should have liked to continue the conversation, but numerous '*Sh's*' call us to silence.

The little soldier is not long in falling asleep. As for me, I sit impatiently, waiting for daylight.

At last the longed-for sun rises. My companions yawn and stretch themselves and go, one by one, to the little wash-basin. Then two tables appear, as if by magic: everyone brings tea, water, bread, or sugar, and all share a common repast. I see that the days of waiting have united everybody. I await the end of the meal to go and make a few indispensable purchases and to see if there is no way of continuing my journey.

In the buffet most of the passengers are still sleeping. A few are impatiently waiting for the coffee which is not yet ready. In the other rooms, queues are already formed in front of the ticket-offices.

A number of Chinese soldiers pass by. They have just occupied the town. The third-class waiting-room also is full of Asiatics, who, squatting on the ground, chatter, sleep, and eat.

I take a sled. The driver does not understand a word of Russian. Fortunately I call to mind conversations

heard on the Trans-Siberian regarding the plan of the town, and point out the way by gestures.

How sad Kharbin looks! One only just catches a glimpse of the houses — lost at the end of gardens. At eight o'clock in the morning the town is still asleep. The streets are deserted. The temperature is seventy-five below zero. The cold seems to stifle all life and all movement — and I can understand it. I have hardly been out for ten minutes, and I already feel numbed through and through. Even one's brain works more slowly.

It is a great comfort to learn that there is a train for Shangshun at two o'clock in the afternoon. There I shall be able to await comfortably the departure of the express for Fusan. At my request, the station-master issues me a permit to board the train at once, without waiting for the hour of its departure.

Where am I to find a porter! I run from one end of the station to the other, but not one will consent to lend me his services. Are they really so busy or don't they understand me? — I do not know, but the result, so far as I am concerned, is the same.

One o'clock in the afternoon! My permit has been of no use to me — but so long as I don't miss the train altogether! In despair I turn to a soldier and beg him to help me.

He loads all my baggage on his back, and off we go. The train is on a siding, and will not be brought to the platform. We have to climb over several freight-cars and locomotives which bar our way. The ground is slippery, and I cannot use my hands with my baby in my arms. I have never in my life performed such acrobatic feats. At times I am almost on the point of returning to the station, and it is only the vivid memory of the last night that forces me on.

At last we come to the train. The soldier helps me settle myself.

'I don't know how to thank you,' I say, on taking leave of him.

'There's no need for thanks; I am very glad to have been of service to you at the moment of your leaving Russia. Leaving with a good impression, your memories of the Russian soldier will perhaps be a little better, and you will have more faith in him.'

IV

Shangshun, Fusan, Shimonoseki! How far off they all seem now! My passage through those marvelous countries was so rapid that all that I have brought away from them are only fleeting but never-to-be-forgotten visions: visions vibrant with life and color; gay, sad, and tender — impressing themselves ineffaceably upon my memory, as if to soften my regret at being unable to let my eyes dwell longer upon them.

And yet my arrival at Shangshun was accompanied by fresh troubles. The only hotel in the place was full, and I came very near passing another sleepless night.

Seated in the hall, I found myself with other travelers from Kharbin. Among them I at once noticed a familiar face — an American who had been one of my traveling companions on the Trans-Siberian.

'Just imagine,' he says to me, 'at Kharbin I lost three grips. A Chinaman came up to the train as if he were a porter. I handed over my baggage to him, when, without saying a word, he started to run. Seeing that he was leaving the station, I ran after him; but his legs were much better than mine and he disappeared in the darkness.'

During this conversation, I notice the manager making me mysterious signs. He had succeeded in providing

accommodation for me by having a bed placed in one of the dining-rooms.

Crossing Corea, I see, in the sunshine, snow of dazzling whiteness, and men and women all in white. The women wear wide Turkish-looking trousers and blankets reaching from the head to the waist. They are hardy-looking, well-made creatures. According to tradition, their costume comes from the time when, nearly all the men having been massacred by the enemy, the women dressed themselves in the costumes of their dead and set forth, themselves, to fight.

We arrive at Fusan just at dawn. I have just time to embark. The port, encircled by mountains, all but hides the town, rose-tinted by the rising sun.

The vessel passes quite close to Tsushima, not far from where the Russian fleet, commanded by Rojdestvensky, met with disaster in March, 1905. How many times I had pictured to myself the fatal hour in which thirty-eight of our warships were destroyed by Admiral Togo. For a few moments the radiant country seems to take on a note of tragedy.

On we go, — Shimonoseki, — from one end of Japan almost to the other, — and then, Yokohama.

After the privations of Russia, I en-

joy the light, the soft climate, life itself, with an entirely new intensity. I think with vexation of the lost, spoiled years that those I have left behind are passing in Russia.

A Japanese boat, the *Corea-Mar*, takes me on to Honolulu, where we spend twenty-four hours. On our departure, a Hawaiian band comes and plays on the wharf, and young girls bring us garlands of roses, tulips, and pinks. It is a custom of the country, a sign of hospitality. The departure of every vessel is accompanied by music, the passengers on leaving being decorated with wreaths of flowers around their shoulders.

Another week, and the Golden Gate draws in sight. I have but little time in which to wonder at the marvels of San Francisco and of the southern states through which I pass, bound for New York.

On January 30 I am back in San Juan. My little girl, who is just three months old, has already passed eight weeks of her life traveling by land and sea. As for me, the memories of my travels are fraught with so much charm that, in spite of my joy at being back home, I dream fondly of setting out again some day, and revisiting at leisure the fairy-like countries which I passed through with such good fortune.

WITH THE TANKS

BY HAROLD A. LITLEDALE

I. ANATOMY AND HABITAT

I

WE were not always with the Tanks. We came from the infantry, from the cavalry, from the artillery, from the Machine-Gun Corps, the Motor-Machine guns, the Flying Corps, the Army Service Corps, and even from the navy. We came at first in the varied uniforms of our various regiments, and a motley crowd we were — the British infantryman in his turned-over trousers, the Scotsman in his kilt, the artillery boys in riding breeches and jaunty bandoliers, and he of the senior service in regulation navy blue. Some of us came with the mud of the trenches on our boots and the stains of war on our clothing; others, who had not been overseas, were more presentable in clean khaki.

We were not always known as the Tanks. At first, a great deal of secrecy was thrown about us, and we were called the Heavy Branch, Machine-Gun Corps, wearing the crossed-machine-gun insignia of that service. Later, in the summer of 1917, after we had cut our teeth and done a little biting on our own account, we became the Tank Corps, and the insignia was changed to a tank surrounded by laurel leaves, surmounted by a crown. By that time we had grown, and four original companies had become many battalions, the first handful of tanks had been multiplied and were legion, and we had

established a dépôt in France in addition to dépôts in England, schools for gunnery and for driving, great workshops and stores behind the line, and advanced workshops and stores near the line. Also, we had taken part in many battles, and done a little toward winning some of them, perhaps, learning how most effectively to use our new engine of war, and improving upon it so much that, when the enemy used tanks against us, we were able to outdistance and outmanœuvre his machines to his very great astonishment and dismay.

The spirit of adventure called most of us to the Tanks. This was not because we were any braver than our comrades-in-arms, but because our natures demanded a change to new conditions; for we were of that kind whose natures always demanded a change. And so the call for volunteers found us ready, and when the word of acceptance came, our hearts beat quickly and our hopes rose high; for we were tired of the monotony of the trenches and the monotony of the guns. And yet, when we came together, we wondered why many of us were there; for while some of us were selected because we were machine-gunners, and others because we were motor-drivers, there were many of us to whom the machine-gun and the motor were incomprehensible things. But in the end we did not find this lack of knowledge any han-

dicap; for the army authorities, who were wiser than we, knew that to men of average intelligence and education these things were easy to learn; and to our very great amazement, we found that a week was all that was necessary thoroughly to master any machine-gun and to qualify with it at the range, and that two weeks were all that was necessary to grasp the principle of the internal-combustion engine and the mechanism of the tank.

All that, however, was only the preliminary training, and there followed weeks and often months of instruction and of drill until we became letter-perfect. In those later weeks, of course, some of us fell by the wayside and were returned to the infantry or the cavalry or the guns.

There were times when the spirit of adventure within us received a severe jolt. That was when we had to haul about cases of petrol, drums of oil, and tins of grease; for with every move — and we were constantly moving — it was necessary to form a 'dump' of such things as were necessary for the beast to move and have its being; and our minds will always turn back to nights of rain, and to roads of mud along which we struggled bitterly, bearing upon our shoulders or our backs great loads, the petrol leaking from its tins against our heads and so into our eyes, the thick oil escaping from its drums and trickling down our backs. All this was sheer navvying and not at all what we expected, but it was most necessary.

Later, when we converted obsolete tanks into supply-tanks, much of this work was done by them and it became so organized that supply-tanks brought petrol, oil, and grease up to us in action, or established dumps at certain designated points to which we turned back during the course of the battle, so that we could refill, return, and carry on. Thus the beast of prey did not alto-

gether lose its usefulness with old age, but became a beast of burden and, as such, took no small part in making the fighting tank an efficient and formidable weapon.

Not all tanks were to survive for this service, however, for many went into action never to return; others sank from view in the Flanders mud, and our men dug down to them and converted them into bomb-proofs; and six of the first ever to be used lie along the Arras-Albert highroad, some on their sides, some on their backs, others still head-on toward the enemy's line, all of them broken and black with rust; for time and battle have shown them little mercy and left them merely unattractive hulks on the high tide of the German trenches.

Our first impression of the tank was one of disappointment. So much had been printed, after their first appearance in battle, of their freakish appearance and their great size, that we expected something far more strange in design, more monstrous, more dragon-like, and twice as big. However, when we came to go into action with them and to see some of them lurch clumsily when they were struck by armor-piercing shells, we inclined to the belief that they were quite large enough, and we even came to cherish a secret feeling that it would be much nicer and more comfortable and safer and healthier all round, if the tank could be made smaller and less conspicuous. Later it was made smaller; but the small tank was for special work and the large tank remained as large as ever, although certain internal improvements made it easier to handle and thereby increasingly difficult to hit. How increasingly difficult to hit they became, may be appreciated when it is known that the first time the improved tanks were used in battle, not one of them was lost. That action took place during the mer-

cifully sheltering cover of the darkness of a morning in the early summer of 1918; and while sixty tanks were used, the German official statement gave the number as eight hundred!

We were disappointed, too, to find that the tank could not do all that we had heard it could do. We had quite expected to climb to the house-tops, or, failing that, to go right through houses, to uproot great trees, and to waddle through wide rivers. The newspapers had depicted the tanks doing all these things; but we were to learn that roofs have a habit of giving way under the weight of 35 tons, which is the weight of a large tank, and that it was easier to go round houses than to go straight through them; and we were to learn that large trees, deeply rooted, successfully resist great force, and that the rivers of France are so muddy in the bed, that to cross them, as indeed once we had to in action, it was necessary to lay down a causeway of barrels filled with cement.

But, in spite of these early disappointments, there was much about the tank that satisfied the spirit of adventure, and there is not one of us who will ever forget his first ride — the crawling in at the sides, the discovery that the height did not permit a man of medium stature to stand erect, the sudden starting of the engine, the roar of it all when the throttle opened, the jolt forward, and the sliding through the mud that followed, until at last we came to the 'jump' which had been prepared. Then came the downward motion, which suddenly threw us off our feet and caused us to stretch trusting hands toward the nearest object — usually, at first, a hot pipe through which the water from the cylinder jackets flowed to the condenser. So, down and down and down, the throttle almost closed, the engine just 'ticking over,' until at last the bottom was reached, and as the

power was turned full on, the tank raised herself to the incline, like a ship rising on a wave, and we were all jolted the other way, only to clutch again frantically for things which were hot and burned, until at last, with a swing over the top, we regained level ground. And in that moment we discovered that the trenches and the mud and the rain and the shells and the daily curse of bully beef had not killed everything within, for there came to us a thrill of happiness in that we were to sail over stranger seas than man had ever crossed, and set out on a great adventure. And some of us were to do great deeds, and others were to do simple things; some of us were to win great glory, and others of us were to crumple up against the engine or the guns, never again to stir; but all of us were to learn that it is not life that matters, but the courage which one brings to life.

II

One who volunteered for the Tanks waited for four months outside Lens before the call came. During all that time he did his turn in the trenches and his 'rests' in a concrete dugout in Noulette Wood. And as the weeks passed and no word of his transfer came, he despaired of its ever being granted.

Lens has since fallen into British hands, but when he was there, the enemy's position was too strong to be captured by direct assault, although the fighting reached the outskirts of it and hiding men threw bomb at hiding men in the little yards and gardens where once children played. Also he heard that the French civil authorities had requested that the city be shelled as little as possible, because it was understood that the enemy was holding civilians there, women as well as men, and because it was sought to save Lens

from the ruin and desolation that lay around; for one had only to look upon the high ground that borders the Lens plain, to see the leafless, lifeless thing which was once the wood of Notre Dame de Lorette, the wreck and ruins which were once Souchez and Angres, and the fallen towers which were once the coal-mines of Liévin.

And in those weeks while he waited for his transfer, it was to this high ground that he often walked on summer evenings and, standing where the wire is still black and the bones of those who died upon it could even then be disturbed by the trespasser, he would look out into the night upon the lights that went up from the line, as far as La Bassée and Armentières.

Once, after a visit to Château Nouvelle, of which part of the walls alone stand, and where a great German 'dud' shell may yet be seen on the ground between the greenhouse and the artificial lake, he returned, to be told that the orderly sergeant had been looking for him.

'It's about your transfer to the Tanks,' one told him.

His transfer! He had forgotten about that. And now it had come through!

With a queer feeling inside him, he looked at the men with whom he had shared so many hardships.

'That right?' he asked casually, as if it did not matter at all.

Some one replied that he was to start in the morning; so he turned to his kit and started packing that and buckling it together without a word, for he could not trust himself to speak. And he was engaged in that when the orderly sergeant came and told him what he already knew.

In the morning, after shaking hands all round and wishing and being wished good luck, he paraded at the company office. He was given a movement order for Headquarters, Tanks, and instructed

to go to Noeux-les-Mines, the nearest railhead.

'You'll have to march it, I'm afraid,' the captain said, 'because the road's under shell-fire and closed to lorries.'

The soldier saluted and moved off. Across country he marched, until he reached the Bethune-Arras road, on the shell-riven trees of which were nailed signs that read, —

DRIVE SLOWLY

to avoid raising dust

which attracts

SHELL-FIRE

In most cases, however, the last line had been altered by erasing the S, making it 'Hell-Fire,' which was more appropriate and exact.

There was little shelling of the road that morning, however, for it was under observation from the German 'sausages,' and for that reason was void of transport and troops. Shells could be seen dropping in the general direction of Noeux-les-Mines, though, and the prospect was not quite pleasant.

At times the soldier, in whose pocket was the paper which stated that he had been transferred to the Tanks for 'the good of the service and at his own request,' unbuckled his equipment and, dropping it to the ground beside the road, flung himself there to rest and smoke, for the way was long and dusty and the day was hot. But at last the great slag-heaps which surround Noeux-les-Mines came into view, and then the little city nestling there, houses here and there in ruins, the result of shelling or of bombs.

Some shells were falling on the railhead as the soldier made his way toward the station. He was very dusty, very hungry, and very tired, and he wanted to wash, eat, and rest, for it was past noon and he had been marching since early morning.

Arriving at the station, he reported to the Railway Transport Officer, more generally known as the R.T.O.; for the army delights in being enigmatical and has its A.G., its D.A.G., its D.A.A.G., its H.Q., its B.H.Q., its G.H.Q., and, perhaps, its Deputy R.S.V.P., until one's head swims trying to make out who or what is meant.

After examining the soldier's movement order, the R.T.O. looked up and said that the train for that day had gone.

'Come here to-morrow morning at 10.25, and report to me. For to-night, go to the Town Major, tell him I sent you, and he'll fix you up with a billet and rations.'

III

Each one of us who transferred in France came to the reinforcement and training dépôt with a secret hope that he might be sent to Blighty for instruction. (Blighty is the soldiers' name for England. It is a corruption of the Indian word for home.) But in the first five minutes at the dépôt, that hope disappeared, and we knew that we should not see Blighty except in the ordinary routine of leave and wounds. As leave is granted only about every fifteen months, and even wounds are frequently difficult to get, the prospect of going home was soon dispelled.

In those days the dépôt was only in its infancy. It consisted of a score of tents for the men, and half a dozen small Armstrong huts for the officers. But each week it grew, and after we left and went to various battalions, it was moved elsewhere, and huts such as are used in the British camps were erected.

On our arrival at the dépôt we were classified in two lots, — drivers and gunners, — the sheep and the goats, as it turned out to be later, for the better

pay fell to the drivers and the dirtier work to the gunners. We were all given the rank of gunner, however. This was a relief. In the infantry we had been privates, but the term private soldier had ever been a source of mystery to us, for we had never discovered anything private in our lives to warrant the title. Even our private letters were not sealed, and had to be censored before they could be dispatched. Also, we were not permitted to have any private property; for a soldier belongs, body, soul, and belongings, to the army, at least theoretically, for of course we did have private property. This consisted mostly of the photographs of our wives, our children, and our sweethearts. The rest was what we bought in the way of soap and polish; for the one piece of soap and the single tin of blacking which the army issues to each recruit upon joining, can scarcely be expected to last through a campaign, be the soldier ever so economical in washing his body or in cleaning his boots!

Just what was the mode of procedure in selecting some men to be drivers and other men to be gunners, we never knew. Perhaps it was gauged by the size of one's boots or the color of one's eyes. At any rate, quite frequently a skilled motor-mechanic would be sent to the gunners' company, while an expert machine-gunner, who knew nothing about internal-combustion engines, would find himself among the drivers. In the long run, however, it did not matter much, for each driver had to qualify as a gunner, and each gunner was given an elementary tank course and taught how to drive.

The reasons for so complete a training were obvious. In case a tank was knocked out or developed serious engine-trouble, the entire crew could carry on in the trenches or the field with the guns; whereas, if all the drivers

were killed, any gunner could bring the tank back. But to the average Tommy this dual instruction boded ill, for the soldier believes that the less you know, the better off you are. For instance, if you are a machine-gunner, a bomber, and a signaller, you will probably come in for more 'shows' than if you are simply a rifleman; wherefore a little knowledge is considered a dangerous thing. But later each one of us thanked his lucky stars that he was gunner and driver too; for there came a time when we did have to carry on in the trenches or the field with the guns, and there came a time, too, when the drivers all 'went West,' and the gunners had to bring back the tanks.

With the rank of gunner we drew slightly higher pay. In the infantry our rate of pay had been one shilling a day, half of which we turned over toward the support of our dependents, the government supplementing the allowance. As the Tanks were classified as artillery, and the daily rate of pay in the artillery was one shilling and twopence halfpenny, we drew this additional twopence halfpenny. Later, when the Tank Corps was established and pay in the army generally increased, we drew as much as two shillings and eightpence a day as first drivers, plus war-pay of a penny a day extra for each year we had been in the army; and the government relieved us of compulsorily contributing to the support of our dependents and itself undertook their entire support, which, however, we were permitted to increase by voluntary contributions from our pay.

The dépôt was in a back area. The site was ideal, a valley with woods on either side, making it difficult to observe from the air. Not infrequently hostile aircraft sailed overhead as if in search of us; but they failed to find us, for we were never subjected to aerial attack.

The camp was in a large field. The field itself was used as a parade and sports ground. Along either side were two rows of tents in which the men were housed. At one end was the mess-hall and at the other end the officers' quarters. The entire camp was surrounded by a hedge and poplar trees, so that little could be seen from the road which bordered the eastern side. Along the western side ran a double-track, wide-gauge railway, and a spur of this led into Central Workshops, less than a quarter of a mile away. In a sense, Central Workshops was a tank hospital, for it was there that tanks which had been damaged in action went for overhauling and repair, and there at any time one could see tanks with great wounds in their sides, and, searching among the heap of cartridges on the floor, find some button or shred of clothing which told only too clearly what had happened. Later we were to see much of Central Works, for it was here, too, that all new tanks arriving from England were first tested before being turned over to the men who were to take them into battle; and it was upon flat cars moved into this siding that we were to drive our tanks, and so move to within striking distance of the fighting line.

It was to a tent on the side-lines that the new arrival was sent. If he was lucky, he found himself in one occupied mostly by cooks. The luck manifested itself after 'Lights Out,' when tins of sardines and jam and pieces of bread and cheese would mysteriously appear and be passed around; for while the army ration is sufficient, manna from the soldiers' heaven, which is the cook-house, is always welcome. And almost nightly this manna rained upon this tent, and from the beginning the new arrival got a portion, for soldiers always share.

For the most part the men at the

dépôt were recruits from England sent out to reinforce battalions which had suffered losses in action. A few battalion men were there, though, and these could be distinguished by the colors on their shoulder-straps. In those days the battalions were designated by the letters of the alphabet: A Battalion, B Battalion, C Battalion, D Battalion, and so on, and the colors of A Battalion were red, of B Battalion yellow, of C Battalion green, of D Battalion blue. Later, the lettering system was discontinued, — why, we never knew, — and A Battalion became the First Battalion, B the Second, C the Third, D the Fourth, and so on.

At that time those of us who had only had instruction on tanks in England, and those of us who had never seen a tank, looked with awe upon these battalion men; for most of them had seen action in the tanks, and many of them had been wounded, gone to hospital, and subsequently been dispatched to the dépôt for return to their respective units. And because so much mystery attached to the tanks, we came to think that their risks had been greater than any we ourselves had run, and we often tried to get them to talk of it all; but found them strangely silent. Later, we were to learn how ridiculous this sense of awe had been, for we in turn were to suffer from much the same sort of thing and were to hear people in the streets murmur hoarsely to each other, 'He's with the Tanks,' as if we were the pick of the army, undergoing greater hardships than anyone else.

The officers at the dépôt were there under circumstances similar to our own. Some of them were battalion officers who had been wounded; others were reinforcements sent from England, and others were officers who had transferred in France from as many different units as ourselves.

Usually the routine of the day included physical training, squad-drill, gas-drill, machine-gun instruction, preliminary tank instruction, and fatigues. Fatigues were doing any odd job around the camp, from peeling potatoes for the cooks to unloading quartermasters' stores. And, the day finally ended, there were still pickets and guards to be done in turn. The fire picket was a more or less informal affair which we did not mind; but guard had to be mounted in full marching order, and so searching was the inspection that a spot of grease on your pack might cause you to lose three days' pay and be confined to camp as well. Guard-mounting in steel hats some thirty miles behind the line seemed to us only a ceremonial instituted purposely to aggravate the soldier, and we grouched a great deal about it until we heard the reason, which may or may not be the true one. It was said that, in the first few weeks after the dépôt was started, and when there was one tank there, guard was mounted in the usual manner, the men wearing the soft field-service cap. A sentry was posted at the tank, and that night, when the corporal of the guard marched the relief to that point, he fell over the prostrate body of the sentry. He picked him up and carried him to the guard-house and later had him removed to a hospital, for he had been struck over the head with some blunt weapon. Why or how he had been struck, he never knew, nor how long he had been unconscious; but the affair was put down to espionage and resulted in an order to wear our shrapnel helmets when on guard. Color was lent to the theory of espionage by a later incident; for through papers found on a man arrested in England the intelligence officers traced a German spy, and caught him on that spur of the railway track leading to Central Workshops.

IV

It was while marching to the baths that many of us saw our first tank. For two days rain had been falling and the parade-ground was camouflaged by two inches of water and four inches of mud. Of the two the water was probably thicker than the mud; so, because we could not do squad-drill, we were warned for the baths. These were shower-baths, two kilometres distant, but they were more like an anæmic fire-sprinkler system than anything else. They were housed in a dilapidated old barn, the roof of which leaked more water than came through the sprinklers.

With towels over our left shoulders we were lined up and marched off, grouching a good deal, for it was still raining and the road was in a wretched condition. We had just passed Central Workshops when the tank appeared, moving along the road slowly, making less noise than we expected, for we were to learn that most of the noise is internal and little except the exhaust can be heard from without.

We marched to the side of the road to let Behemoth pass, and in that moment forgot the mud and the rain, and laughed as it slid past, much as the infantry are said to have laughed on that summer morning which marked the beginning of the Battle of the Somme. But our merriment lasted only a moment, for a sharp order brought us to a realization that we were marching to attention; so we set our faces and trudged on.

It has been printed that the tanks were called 'Willies.' We ourselves never used the name. At first they were known as landships, and H.M.L.S. Campania comes to mind. In those days all the tanks were named. There were Explorer and Explosive, for instance; and when the Germans came to

use tanks we found that they had named theirs, too; for one of the first German tank-commanders called his tank Elfreda, probably after his sweetheart. But Elfreda turned out to be fickle and quickly deserted to our side, and we made much of her, for she was the first of her type to be captured. With us, however, names quickly fell into disfavor, and in the end were discontinued, and tanks fell to the military routine of carrying regimental numbers.

In those early days a tank always to be relied upon to create more than usual interest was one presented to the British army by a councilor of the Malay States. In front of the tank, on either side, was painted a large staring eye, such as may be seen on the bows of Chinese junks; and the idea probably was the same, for the Chinese say, if a ship has not got eyes, how in the world can it possibly see to go?

To-day tanks are largely of four types: the male tank, the female tank, the gun-carrier (or supply) tank, and the 'whippet.' The male and female tanks are of the heavy type, and are identical in size. They differ only in armament, for the male tank carries two large cannon and five machine-guns, whereas the female variety is armed with seven machine-guns, reversing the poet's assertion that the female of the species is deadlier than the male.

While male and female work together, and probably would have entered the Ark side by side had they existed in those days, they are used for entirely different work. Generally speaking, the male tank is used first to pass over barbed wire and flatten it, so that infantry may walk through, and then goes on to the more important work of destroying 'pill-boxes,' — machine-gun emplacements, — so-called because of their appearance. It is for this work that the cannon are used and

armor-piercing shells are fired, and not infrequently what remains of the emplacement is sat upon by the tank itself. That, however, is a dangerous undertaking, for the tank might be hoist with its own petard and ditched in its own destruction.

The female tank, moving in the wake of the male, passes over the wire in the same spot, effectively flattening it, and acts as 'mopper-up' of the infantry, with the exception of those who come into direct observation of the male; for while the male is pounding the 'pill-boxes' with her guns, the female is going across the enemy's trenches and moving along the tops of them, firing her machine-guns at the infantry there.

In shape male and female, as they are to-day, are identical with that first tank used at the Battle of the Somme. One attachment that was immediately discarded, however, was the trailer of wheels. These great wheels were used to assist in steering the tank, and were so devised that, when it went into a shell-hole or a trench, they could be lifted clear by internal mechanism. They were found to be of little value, however, and were discarded without delay. That was the first improvement, and later, when certain other internal changes were made, the tank manœuvred so much better and went so much faster that, when those which had been captured from us were patched up and used against us, we found that we were able to run circles around them and defeat them at each encounter.

Of all our tanks the least successful was the gun-carrier. This was of greater length than the fighting tank, and was designed to carry a piece of ordnance of large calibre into advanced positions, newly captured; and the arrangement was such that the gun could either be fired from the tank or be dismounted and put on wheels. For some reason, however, this plan did not work

out as well as was expected, and many of the gun-carrier tanks were used to bring up supplies, and as such did highly efficient work, more than making up for their early failure.

Of all our tanks the 'whippet' was the big surprise. This was a small tank, built for the purpose of pursuit on ground which could not be traversed by an armored car. The surprise came when the whippet, built much along the lines of the gun-carrier, succeeded in traversing ground which invariably ditched the bigger supply-tank.

With the failure of the gun-carrier, we of the heavy fighting tanks came to the belief that to have the tracks—or caterpillar tread—pass completely round the hull was an essential to success; for in the gun-carriers this was not done and they found difficulty in getting out of holes. But when the whippet, whose tracks, like those of the gun-carrier, did not pass completely round the hull, proved a success, we came to change our views and to lay the blame to incorrect balance.

While whippets were first used in the early part of 1918, it was not until the second defeat of the German army on the Marne and the Somme, that this type came to be generally known. The enemy's forced retreat to the old Hindenburg line was an ideal condition for the whippet, and these little tanks, which have a greater speed than their bigger brothers and sisters, were able to harass the foe and to break up the rear-guard machine-gun fighting which he attempted to put up. This they did so effectively that, in the late summer of that year, civilians seemed to talk in terms of whippets, not realizing that the preliminary work of the male and female tanks in flattening down wire, breaking 'pill-boxes,' and causing the enemy to give up his lines of defense, was needed before the whippet's effectiveness could be complete.

These, then, were the tanks which our men took into action. In the beginning none of us knew anything about tanks. We had learned the engine and the mechanism, and had driven them over holes and trenches; but battle conditions we found to be entirely different. And because this engine of war was new, our high command had to learn tank tactics; and not before all of us had made many mistakes, did we learn how tanks should be handled and where they should be used. Those mistakes cost us dear, both in men and in tanks, and there was a time when, although we ourselves knew the tank to be a valuable instrument, we quite understood that the confidence of the public had been shaken by our failures.

How near the Tank Corps came to being abandoned, few persons know. Its fate was decided by one single engagement, and only a minor operation at that.

At one point on our line there was a German position of seven machine-gun emplacements, or 'pill-boxes,' which was forever causing trouble. It was planned to take that position, and the commander there was ordered to draw up a plan of attack and an estimate of casualties; for in the British army no attack is made without an estimate of casualties, and if they are out of proportion to the zenith of success, the attack is never made. In this instance the number was placed between 400 and 500. This figure the high command thought too high, and the tanks were asked if they could capture the position. Officers of our corps looked over the ground and examined aeroplane maps. Then they announced that they could take the position, and that, as the infantry would be used only to consolidate the ground won, the casualties would not be nearly so high as the first estimate. And so the attack

was made, and the position was taken. The casualties were only seventeen and the Tank Corps was saved.

V

We called them 'busses,' and the name stuck. 'Landship' was too long and too clumsy to last. Even 'tank' did not stand the test of time, except officially in the army forms and the army correspondence. Always it was busses.

To each bus a crew was assigned. The duties of the crew were to keep the mechanism and the guns in working order, and to take the tank into battle. With the large busses the crew consisted of one commissioned officer, one non-commissioned officer, and six men. In the case of the gun-carrier, when those busses were relegated to supply-work, only drivers were carried, as there were no guns. With the whippets the crew was not so numerous as with the male and female tanks, because the whippet was smaller, and there were fewer guns to be operated.

The general shape of the heavy British fighting tank is well known. The elevation is roughly that of a rhombus, with the two acute angles rounded off. The plan resembles somewhat the letter H, with a heavy cross-bar for the body, the sides of the letter representing the tracks.

For the most part the tanks are made of armor-plating. In some places the armor is thicker than in others, but at the thickest it is not more than three eighths of an inch. This may seem ridiculously inadequate, but the armor is hardened by a process used for ships of the British navy. It is bullet-proof and bomb-proof, and shrapnel more often than not does no harm. Armor-piercing shells, however, are effective when direct hits are made. The Germans even use an armor-piercing shell weighing only one pound, and seem to

think it quite satisfactory. These shells are fired from specially designed anti-tank guns, which are kept in the front lines or in concealed places just behind the line.

Even the tracks are made of armor-plate. These tracks in the heavy fighting tanks run completely round the body, and are made of individual plates, so that they can be 'broken,' or opened up, anywhere, to permit the mechanism underneath them to be examined. This mechanism, in a general way, consists of rollers, chains, and sprocket-wheels and differs little from that of the average American tractor, but is greatly improved. The rollers need constant lubrication, and after every trip men are assigned to greasing up. This is a job which all of us hate cordially, because it consists of forcing grease into these rollers from outside, with a grease-gun, and one not only gets very dirty but, as there are fifty-four rollers to each tank and most of these are within two inches of the ground, the job is back-breaking and often necessitates sitting down in the mud. Usually greasing up outside falls to the gunners, for the drivers have other work inside, not always so arduous but equally important, and needing their greater knowledge of the engine and controls.

Projecting from either side of the male tank are two large sponsons. These are not quite one third the entire length of the bus and are placed amidships. They are emplacements for the guns, and give the heavy cannon a wide traverse. The sponsons are removable and can be pushed in flush with the side. Were this not so, tanks could not be taken on trains because of their great width with the sponsons in position, and every move by train involves the arduous job of pushing in sponsons when entraining and pushing them out after detraining.

In the female tank the sponsons are comparatively small. The large one is not needed in this case, as the female has only machine-guns; but even the small sponson of the female is made to shut in. The supply-tanks and the whippets do not have sponsons.

Entrance, in the case of the male tank, is effected by means of doors at the back of each of the sponsons. In the case of the female these doors are underneath the sponson and open into the side. There is also a door at the rear of the heavy fighting tank, and a fourth place of entrance or exit elsewhere. All these doors are provided with locks, which are proof even against the Hun; there have been times when he has come around and tried to open them, to be greeted with revolver-fire; for each member of the tank crew carries a revolver for personal protection and close-quarters work.

The engine is installed along the centre-line of the tank and slightly forward of the middle. At first, a powerful engine designed for heavy tractor-work was used; but this was found to be scarcely strong enough, and another engine was specially designed and contributed no small part of the success of the improved tank.

It is in the front of the tank that the driver sits; for there are the throttle and the controls and the brakes and the gauges which register the oil- and petrol-pressure. Beside him usually is the non-commissioned officer, who operates the forward machine-gun; and by no means the least among the driver's annoyances are the empty cartridge-cases which are ejected from this gun and which usually find the driver's left ear or eye as a target.

The tank officer usually sits in the conning tower amidships. Observation from the driver's seat is restricted on either side because of the tracks, but from the conning tower the lookout has

an unrestricted view in all directions. Thus he can watch for 'targets,' and, being in the middle of the tank, is well situated to command it. He is so close to most of the gunners that he can communicate with them either by shouting or by making signs; but so terrific is the noise of the engine that it would be utterly impossible for the non-commissioned officer and the driver to hear him, so speaking-tubes run from the conning tower to the driver's cab.

In action in a tank, heat is one of the great hardships, for it is so exhausting that the men frequently have to buck themselves up with restoratives, carried in the tank's medicine bag. Usually, in the ordinary course of travel, or going up, men walk outside the tank, or ride on top, the driver alone being inside; but in action all have to be inside, and the tank is shut up so that in broad daylight it is quite dark within. Observation for the driver and gunners is made possible by lookout ports, in which eight tiny holes are drilled. These holes are about this size, but set farther apart.

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Strangely enough, observation is not so difficult as might be imagined. It is above these holes that the only padding in the tank is placed; for, contrary to the general impression, tanks are not padded inside, nor are men strapped into seats. The gunners for the most part stand; the two men forward are seated, and when the driver is about to take a severe drop or incline, he shouts back through the speaking-tube and the men hang on, bracing themselves against the engine or the guns. The padding over the lookout holes consists of a head-rest against which one presses the forehead in order to bring the eyes as close to the holes as possible. These lookout holes superseded periscopic

prisms, which proved unsatisfactory. The prisms were made of glass about two inches thick; but bullets striking this glass, while not breaking it, starred it so that observation became difficult if not quite impossible. To meet this, a steel reflector was tried out, but did not answer the purpose; and so the holes were resorted to, and while observation involves an unnatural straining of the neck, it is effective.

While bullets do not penetrate the armor, but only ruffle it up a bit at the point where they are deflected, a great deal of bullet 'splash' does come in. This is more annoying than serious, and after an action one could pick out any number of these tiny splinters from one's face. So, as a means of protection against 'splash,' face-armor was invented. This looks much like a bandit's mask, with a steel-mesh chain hanging from it. The mask itself is of thin steel, with slits for the eyes, the whole padded for the face and adjustable to it.

The greatest danger, however, whether in or out of action, is that of fire. Smoking inside a tank is forbidden. Usually smoking is not permitted within twenty yards of one. This is because of the great amount of petrol, or gasoline, carried, and because of the fumes. Thus an armor-piercing shell entering the tank, not only explodes in a confined area, but usually sets the machine on fire. When that happens, men have to escape as best they can, tumbling out of the doors, usually to be greeted by the enemy's machine-gun fire. Often, however, so much damage was done by the shell itself, that only those nearest the doors ever escaped. The rest perished in the flames, and those who have ever had to go back to a tank and see their comrades burned almost beyond recognition, will bear testimony that death by fire was feared more than anything else.

Such, then, is the tank. It came at a time when intense artillery barrages made the ground in front and behind the lines almost impossible to traverse. Thus the infantry was hampered in movement, and often reached the enemy's barbed wire only to find that, while its form had been destroyed, it lay there as tangled and as dangerous as ever. Furthermore these barrages were enormously expensive, and one British barrage, lasting three days, cost more than \$63,000,000.

Perhaps the most serious fault of the barrage, however, was the notice of attack which it gave the enemy. While an attack might be on a limited front and the barrage on an extended front, it was like sending a visiting card. So the Germans watched and prayed. Often they prayed for the attack to begin; for after two or three days and nights of intense artillery and trench-

mortar fire one longs to have it over and done with.

The tank virtually abolished this method of attack. Artillery barrages were kept up even after the tanks were perfected, but frequently the element of surprise was attained by the use of tanks without a preliminary fire. And so, in the dark of the early morning, the tanks go over, male and female, ahead of all others, and they cross the enemy's wire and flatten that, and then press on against his 'pill-boxes,' leaving the infantry with their bombs to settle affairs in the dugouts. Often the artillery assists the tanks, once the battle has begun, and particularly when dawn breaks and visibility exists. Then they put up smoke-barrage, and the tanks carry on with the assistance of these screens, smashing down defenses, mopping up personnel, and creating terror in the hearts of the enemy.

(To be concluded)

THE EDUCATION OF WILLIAM II

BY MAURICE MURET

IN an absolute monarchy, such as the German Empire is in fact, the sovereign's personality plays a supremely important part. In the thought of the whole world, to-day, Germany is William II. Even in time of peace the Kaiser's figure aroused keen curiosity, and that curiosity has been immensely quickened since July, 1914. Everybody wants to know how far he is personally responsible for everything that has happened and is happening; and his char-

acter is scrutinized for arguments tending to prove his innocence or his guilt.

In opposition to some personal enemies of William II, — if I may call them so, — I am of the opinion that he was not essentially warlike at the outset of his career. So long as he was not subjected to the baleful influence of Prussian militarism, — or, at all events, so long as he was under other influence as well, — he justified the fairest hopes. He exhibited as a child sentiments far

different from those that he exhibits today. In those days every sort of violence seemed to horrify him. He even gave evidence of certain estimable tendencies. The Kaiser's present rôle, then, is not a logical result of his natural disposition, and is only in part a consequence of his early education.

From the very beginning the man who lately reigned over the German Empire was subjected to numerous contradictory influences. In the end, the most detestable of them carried the day; but for some time the triumph of the others seemed very probable. The education that he received is what I propose to sketch briefly in the ensuing pages.

I

The prince who was destined one day to reign under the name of William II was born at Berlin on January 27, 1859. Prussia was still only a kingdom, but a kingdom assured of never lacking kings. William I was in robust health, and his son, too, was likely to live for many years. The accession of the new-born prince to the throne of Prussia seemed far in the future. Nevertheless the loyal Prussian people learned with the liveliest satisfaction of this new gift of Heaven to its royal family. And when an old general, a familiar guest at the palace, shouted to the crowd, 'My friends, it's a fine healthy youngster!' his words were received with enthusiastic cheers.

Until January 27, 1877, when he attained his majority, the eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess Victoria bore the same Christian names as his father — Frederick William; but to his parents he was always '*Unser Fritz*'; and his future subjects also loved to call him by that name.

The monarchical spirit is so deeply rooted in the Prussian people that the young prince, even in the cradle, be-

came the object of a veritable cult. The kings of Prussia must needs be guilty of enormous errors to lose their popularity. This popularity seems today an incomprehensible phenomenon to the nations at war with Germany; and, in truth, it can be explained only by the unparalleled blindness of a whole people. But we must always make allowance for Prussian loyalty, which has not been shaken by the war.

For a short time the excellent relations between the Prussian people and King William I were slightly impaired. It was in 1848, when he was still only the heir apparent to the throne, at the time of the revolutionary movement which menaced so seriously every throne in Europe. But a reconciliation soon followed, and the events of 1848 had been entirely forgotten in 1859, when the young prince was born. As for the father of '*Unser Fritz*,' then Crown Prince, he too was universally beloved and admired. And in very truth he well deserved both affection and admiration. He was noble-hearted and upright, kindly and fearless. The Germans, over whom he reigned but a hundred days, called him the '*Noble*.' This is one of the finest titles that can possibly be bestowed upon a prince by popular acclaim. It is one which none would ever have thought of giving to Bismarck, the bitter and inveterate enemy of Frederick III.

Frederick the Noble had married, as everybody knows, Victoria, daughter of Queen Victoria and Princess Royal of Great Britain. They were the happiest and most devoted couple. Both had simple tastes, detested the military régime which was held in honor at the Prussian court, and preferred above all else the privacy of their own intimate circle. The community of their tastes extended even to their political ideals. They insisted upon the superiority of Anglo-Saxon liberalism to Prussian

absolutism and militarism. That is why Bismarck and the court detested the Crown Prince and his wife; but they were not disturbed by the hatred with which the Junker party pursued them. They quietly brought up their two sons, Prince Frederick William and Prince Henry, according to the ideas which were dear to them and which they held in common.

In the message thanking the people for the marks of affection which they had received on the occasion of the prince's birth, they said, 'May we succeed, with God's help, in rearing our son for the honor and welfare of our dear Fatherland!' It is due to the present Emperor's parents to say that they never forgot this oath taken before the whole nation. They did everything in their power to fit William II for the burdensome task which awaited him.

Being solicitous to make of him a man sound in body and in mind, they attached equal importance to bodily exercises and intellectual tasks. The prince was born with a withered left arm, so that he was manifestly unfitted for most kinds of sport. Nevertheless a methodical system of training made him an accomplished sportsman. As a child he showed a marked predilection for aquatic sport and performed some genuine exploits in that field. The ponds of Potsdam held no mysteries for him. In his holidays he traversed them in all directions, in all weathers. It is told of him that one day, between six o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon, he accomplished an itinerary including the circuit of the Isle of Potsdam and a trip to the Isle of Peacocks — in all, going and returning, about 42 kilometres. It was on Wednesdays and Saturdays, during the summer months, that the young prince performed these prodigies. Accompanied by his younger brother, Prince Henry, and a tutor, he

would set out at dawn and not return till evening. They lunched on an island on eatables which they had taken good care to fetch, and which they warmed in the ashes of a huge fire of dead branches, playing that they were Indian chiefs on a hunting trip.

Like all young Europeans of his generation, William II read with keen delight in his boyhood the romances of Fenimore Cooper. He built 'wigwams' in the park of Potsdam, brandished the tomahawk over the heads of caitiff warriors, and smoked the pipe of peace till it made him sick.

Ardent as he was in play, he was no less ardent in work. Unlike his brother, Prince Henry, who is only moderately intelligent, William II is unusually well endowed mentally. His mother, who was herself a very intellectual person, was proud of her eldest son's aptitudes, and eagerly pushed forward his education in all branches. He learned French and English in childhood, and always talked with his mother in English.

Did he love his mother? Certain words and acts of his — we shall recur to this subject later — have occasioned some doubt; but they are of a later period, when he had begun to take a hand in politics. He seems to have been in the early days an obedient and even affectionate son. Indeed, the Princess Victoria devoted herself to his upbringing with such solicitude and love that it would have been unparadonable of him to be unmoved thereby. To be sure, her love did not preclude a proper sternness of discipline. William II and his brother were not spoiled by over-indulgence. Indeed, it was said that the Princess Victoria sometimes went so far as to punish them with her august hand, when they had committed a serious fault. But such incidents were rare.

The young princes began their day's work at six o'clock in the morning, and

had most of their lessons between six and nine. Then mental gymnastics gave place to physical gymnastics. They alternated methodically according to the wise plan drawn up by their mother. It was by her command, too, that cold baths played a leading part in the hygiene of the princes. Lastly, their table was exceedingly simple — one might almost say, frugal. Their meals lasted twenty minutes — twenty-five at most.

This strict discipline had a beneficial effect on the elder prince's constitution. That he is a strong swimmer, a good shot, a skillful fencer, he owes to the training which he had in his youth. Being almost helpless so far as his left arm was concerned, he made it a point of honor to have a right arm strong enough for two; and by dint of will-power and application he succeeded.

The scheme of education worked out in mutual agreement by the young prince's parents naturally assigned a place to religious instruction. Here again it was the mother who determined the general principles to which such instruction must conform; and it was she who selected the ministers of religion to whom it was intrusted. Now the Princess Victoria, albeit a good Christian, was utterly opposed to the narrow orthodoxy held in honor at the Prussian court. Personally she had fallen under the influence of rationalism, then a new thing. She was even supposed to approve the audacious utterances of David Strauss, the author of a *Life of Jesus* which the court clergy had solemnly condemned. William II received his first lessons in religion from a pastor who was not a disciple of David Strauss, but who was broadminded and tolerant. This was enough to provoke loud outcries from the orthodox and Chauvinists of the old Prussian nobility. Because Princess Victoria had a more exalted conception of religion

than those fossils, she was regarded by them as an enemy of the Christian faith, a free-thinker — unworthy to be intrusted with the spiritual education of a future German Emperor.

Inasmuch as William II loses no opportunity to-day to celebrate the 'good old German God,' as he practises with so much beating of drums the old Chauvinistic, bellicose national religion, one finds it hard to understand that the Junkers should once have been afraid that he would turn out 'badly.' From a religious no less than from a political standpoint, he underwent an extraordinary change between the year 1874, when he was 'confirmed,' and 1914, when he declared war on the civilized world in order to hasten the progress of the Teuton Moloch.

The religious education which he received was wholly devoid of sectarian narrowness. We must not forget that a third of the population of the German Empire is Catholic. Frederick William's instructors would have been greatly at fault in teaching him any save a broad and tolerant form of Christianity. On this point Princess Victoria's personal preferences were in accord with the interests of the kingdom and the empire. It is generally believed in other countries that the religion of the Hohenzollerns is the Lutheran. This is an error. The Hohenzollerns belong to the Evangelical confession, which is less rigidly dogmatic than the Lutheran. The prince's religious masters sought their inspiration in the same principles believed in by his parents; they devoted themselves especially to making him a zealous disciple of Jesus Christ; they strove to develop in him the Christian conscience. Since the beginning of the war he has ceased to deserve the title of a Christian sovereign, but as child and young man, he did his utmost — sincerely and with success — to make his

conduct conform to the teaching of Christ.

For the occasion of his confirmation, which took place in the church of Sans-Souci at Potsdam, September 1, 1874, he had prepared, by order, a 'confession of faith,' of which we must acknowledge the deeply religious tone. 'I know,' he wrote, 'that grave tasks await me in life; but that prospect, far from depressing me, does but strengthen my courage. I will ask God to develop my powers.'

What a pity that William II has abandoned this truly Christian humility! What a misfortune that he has denied the truly Christian God of his youth, to sacrifice to the overweening, sanguinary false gods of the German Walhalla!

II

It has been said that Frederick III, had he lived, would have been, unlike his father, William I, a 'civilian emperor.' That would have been a singular novelty in the Hohenzollern family — a novelty which the court dreaded mightily.

The kings of Prussia have many times spoken of the absolutist, military Prussian monarchy as 'a bronze rock,' fatal to guilty aspirations toward modernity. Such has been through the ages the predominant characteristic of the monarchy of the Hohenzollerns. It rests upon an essentially military foundation. It is based upon the right of might, as opposed to the might of right. Princess Victoria's English liberalism recoiled from this old-fashioned conception of government, and she had infected her husband with her repugnance. By common consent the prince's father and mother did their utmost to guide their son in a direction less archaic than that followed by the court. If it had depended on them alone, they would certainly have prepared the heir

to the throne to be, like his father, a civilian emperor. But sacrosanct tradition, always so powerful in a monarchy, triumphed over their personal predilections, and reduced their efforts to nought.

This tradition demanded that the young prince's military education should be carried on *pari passu* with his general education; nay, more, that it should take precedence of it and, in some sense, absorb it. When he was barely six years of age, Frederick William had his initiation in the profession of arms; at nine he had acquired the habit of giving the military salute to all those who approached him. On May 2, 1869, he figured for the first time in a regiment of the Guard, wearing the immense bearskin cap of the grenadiers, and with the ribbon of the Black Eagle across his chest.

On the occasion of the first parade in which he took part, his grandfather addressed to him personally a part of the speech which he made to the troops. He had to commemorate the doughty deeds of General von Werder, and acquitted himself of that pious duty with all the eloquence at his command. After which, he added, addressing his grandson, —

'As for you, Prince Frederick William, to-day you have, for the first time, drawn your sword among your troops. I cherish the memory of the oldest officers of this regiment, and I trust that you will bear your sword in its ranks to an advanced age. May you also, one day, after as long a period of service as General von Werder's, look back upon a new and brilliant chapter of the history of this gallant regiment! May the same good fortune befall you as befell the general in 1866!'

It is impossible to misconceive the warlike tone of this speech. If the young prince's father, breaking with the militaristic past of his family, gave

to the education of his sons a rigidly civil direction, his grandfather remained doggedly attached to the militaristic tradition of the Hohenzollerns; and, as the head of the family, he exercised a preponderating influence. He would not have permitted his grandson to fail to comply with the rule so devoutly regarded in his family. Before the gratified eyes of his grandfather the young prince passed through all the grades of the Prussian army. At six years of age they had given him a military tutor in the person of Captain von Schroetter, of the field artillery, and that military mentor exercised no less authority than his civilian mentor. Even as a child, he was keenly alive to the prestige of the uniform. Moreover, he adored his grandfather. No one greeted with more fervent enthusiasm that victorious sovereign when he returned to Berlin after a successful campaign, his brow wreathed with glorious and bloodstained laurels.

If we would fairly grasp the character of William II, comprehend the contradictory influences to which he was subjected and the battle they waged in his mind, we must not forget that the spectacle of a victorious home-coming of Prussian troops after a successful war was thrice presented to him. On June 16, 1871, he appeared in person in the triumphal review of the German army on its return from France. He rode behind his father and beside the Grand Duke of Baden. He witnessed the tokens of well-nigh frantic adoration with which his grandfather was greeted. He saw what outbursts of unreasoning enthusiasm military renown can evoke in a people fond of war.

That spectacle reacted profoundly — perhaps without his knowledge — on the young prince. He passed twenty-seven years of his reign repeating, with variations, that he did not desire war; but even when he declared himself al-

together devoted to peace, he did it in words that smelt of powder. His grandfather's militaristic and warlike influence counterbalanced most unhappily the *civilian* influence of his parents during that period of his life when his character was being formed.

Faithful to their programmes, the Crown Prince and Princess kept their eldest son away from the court as much as possible — and from the courtiers as well. He would become familiar only too soon with those shady intrigues and base rivalries which are the daily fare of all courts. It was much better to place the heir to the throne in direct touch with the nation itself in all its simplest and sanest qualities.

After mature reflection and careful inquiry, Frederick William's parents put him in the *gymnasium* at Cassel. As everyone knows, the German *gymnasium* is a sort of intermediate stage between the grammar-school and the university. After two years of study in the *gymnasium*, the pupil comes out with a certificate of proficiency which entitles him to be matriculated at any university in the Empire.

On the benches of the *gymnasium* of Cassel Frederick William and his brother Henry came into direct contact with young men of the middle class. This compulsory companionship was the very thing that attracted Princess Victoria and her husband. But Emperor William, and the Prussians of the old stock of whom his immediate *entourage* was composed, were far from happy over this arrangement. They did not conceal their displeasure. Nevertheless, despite their disapproval, the young princes went to live at Cassel in the autumn of 1874.

They remained at Cassel two years and a half, entirely devoted to their studies. Not only did they follow the lectures given at the school, but they had private lessons from the most com-

petent teachers. The same instruction was given to both, but they did not derive equal profit from it. Prince Henry — be it said with due respect — was a very dull pupil. He had no liking for any kind of study. He cared for nothing but sport, and spent the lesson-time longing for the hours of recreation and the holidays. He shared his older brother's predilection for aquatic sports, but cared for nothing else. In conformity with his tastes, he became the sailor of the family.

The reports that Prince Henry received from his masters at the Cassel *gymnasium* were far from flattering. All the laurels were for his brother. We may think what we will of William II, — and we cannot to-day avoid thinking all evil of him, — but we cannot justly deny his acute intelligence. His mind is singularly keen and alert, he has an all-embracing curiosity, an extraordinary power of assimilation, and an incredible memory. The Hohenzollerns have always had good memories, but William II eclipses them all.

At the risk of distressing his German biographers, we must remark that he inherited most of his intellectual qualities from his mother. His father was an excellent man and a noble nature; but his most fervent flatterers have never dared assert that he was of superior intelligence. On the other hand, the Crown Princess Victoria was admirably endowed in that respect. Her son derives from her, we say again, his multiple aptitudes: the artistic sense of which he has not always made judicious use; the grasp of scientific problems; the comprehension of commercial and industrial questions. During his sojourn at Cassel, his masters saw these aptitudes spring up and develop. They did their best to encourage them, while Prince Henry lagged behind, dreaming of boats.

This universal adaptability which

characterizes the Kaiser impressed his masters at Cassel. He shone no less brilliantly in letters than in the sciences. He was very fond of poetry, especially poetry in the grand style, popular and primitive. The *Iliad* and the *Nibelungenlied* were his favorites. In the matter of eloquence he inclined to the style of Demosthenes, much less to that of Cicero. He loved history and geography, he drew fairly well, and was proficient in music. Of all the fine arts, music was the one which he studied most thoroughly.

The diploma which was awarded him after very satisfactory examinations contained this flattering testimony: 'His conduct was always irreproachable, and by his zeal and application Prince William has won the absolute confidence of his masters.'

He was no less popular with his fellow pupils than with his instructors. He has always striven to please. How often I have heard him spoken of as 'a charmer' by French statesmen who have met him traveling — before the war! On the benches of the *gymnasium*, he exerted himself to make a conquest of hearts. An unscrupulous professor having secretly communicated to him, on the eve of an examination, the text to which the questions would refer, the prince wrote out the text in full on a blackboard that stood before all the pupils, so that all could profit by it. This served the double purpose of teaching an indiscreet master a harsh lesson and of conferring a favor on his fellow pupils. William derived much advantage from such actions as this, which he always performed with more or less ostentation. His behavior as a youth showed signs of this theatrical predilection, which was destined eventually to become a mania.

At Cassel the two princes led a life as active as it was retired. Its details were arranged by a man who exerted a

dominating, although ephemeral influence on William II — Professor Hinzpeter.

Westphalian by birth, but Prussian in heart and soul, Hinzpeter was not an illustrious university professor, a scientific or literary colossus. Before he was called to serve princes, he was a humble schoolteacher. It was by his 'moral qualities' alone that he attracted Frederick III so strongly, who, with his wife's assent, intrusted to Hinzpeter not only the instruction of his sons, but the general oversight of their education. By confiding to this civilian, this man of no birth, this simple and modest bourgeois, the responsibility of directing the spiritual and moral development of the future German Emperor, the son and daughter-in-law of William I displayed anew that recalcitrant humor which scandalized the court.

Hinzpeter had in his make-up nothing of the 'Byzantine,' that is, of the servile and selfish flatterer. He brought up the young princes without indulgence, without weakness, without regard to the exalted position which they were some day to occupy. William II assuredly has no penchant for democracy; but, on the other hand, if he has not been altogether heedless of popular desires, it is due, in part, to Professor Hinzpeter. A dyed-in-the-wool Prussian in spirit, Hinzpeter confused love of the Fatherland with love of the reigning dynasty. To the young princes' instructor in French — a Frenchman who was a frantic Jacobin — he insisted upon this thesis, which seems absurd outside of Prussia: 'The Hohenzollerns have been great sovereigns because they have always marched with their epoch — when they have not gone ahead of it.' He proved this thesis by the most equivocal arguments. It is amazing to contemplate these Prussian intellectuals, so ultra-rigid and severe in the **matter** of private morals, and

so strangely complaisant, not to say cowardly, in respect to the public morality practised by their kings. Hinzpeter maintained, for instance, that Frederick II, called the 'Great,' living in an age of free thought, was fully justified in affecting a dense incredulity. And he had no doubt, he said, that the same Frederick would have been a scrupulous believer if he had lived in an age of faith. The readiness of the Hohenzollerns to espouse the ideas of their generation, in order to dominate it, was the secret of their popularity.

We must agree that this thesis is decidedly disquieting. The Kaiser's biographers exalt in all keys Hinzpeter's absolute honesty. Was not that quality of his somewhat too patriotically Prussian fully to deserve that name?

Professor Hinzpeter's favorable opinion of Frederick the Great was shared by the young man under his tutelage. His pupil had in those days a marked predilection for two of his ancestors — Frederick William, called the 'Great Elector,' who lived in the seventeenth century, and Frederick II, who ascended the throne in 1740. Both, it is important to note, were illustrious warriors. The Great Elector gave to Germany its first standing army. It was in his reign that Prussian militarism, which was destined to infect European politics with its virus, celebrated its earliest triumphs. Although not as yet a king, he assumed the rôle of an absolute monarch. Not content with making Prussia a militaristic state, he strove to convert it into an autocracy.

As for Frederick the Great, his rôle in history is well known. He passed his youth proclaiming his preference for a liberal government, extolling toleration, and declaring that he would be the king of the poor; he even dubbed himself 'King of the beggars.' He affected also a great horror of war and

of conquerors — the scourge of mankind. But he had no sooner ascended the throne than he changed his mind on all these points. He crushed the indigent classes with taxes, restricted public liberty, and passed his time making war — not without success, be it said.

In choosing the Great Elector and Frederick the Great among his ancestors for his models, did not the young 'gymnasiast' of Cassel act in conformity with deeply rooted atavistic instincts? Was it not to be feared beforehand that the efforts of his parents (especially of his mother) to remove him from militaristic, absolutist, feudal influences, in a word, from the genius of old Prussia, would prove fruitless?

The sojourn of Prince Frederick William — now known as Prince William — at the University of Bonn removed him still further from his father's and mother's ideal. At Cassel the young princes had led the strictest kind of life. The meals which they ate under the eye of Professor Hinzpeter were dispatched in a twinkling. Prince William had twenty marks a month for pocket-money, and from this he had to provide tips for his servants. At Bonn he lived on a less niggardly footing. The study of social science, jurisprudence, and political economy did not occupy all his time. He devoted many evenings to the *corps* to which he belonged — the Borussia, a society of students to which only scions of noble families were admitted. Duels with rapiers were a popular form of exercise. The prince was a warm admirer of that institution, a legacy from the days of barbarism. He never let pass an opportunity to extol and defend it against its defamers. 'It is my firm conviction,' he declared one day, 'that every young man who belongs to a *corps* of students derives from the spirit that prevails there the real guiding tendency of his life.'

The course at Bonn, the friendships formed in the Borussia with the young feudal lords, future military officers or civil functionaries, speedily banished from the thoughts of the heir to the throne all the relatively democratic ideas which the worthy Hinzpeter had inculcated, and the genuinely liberal principles upon which his mother had nourished him.

IV

The military education which Prince William pursued concurrently with his university course was not of a nature to imbue him with the modern spirit. His grandfather was really his military instructor. In that domain he was pre-eminently competent; and Prince William listened devoutly to his counsels. As a soldier, he owes everything to his grandfather and nothing at all to his father.

Delighted to find so docile a pupil, old William I put forth all his energy to develop the young prince's military fibre. As a child he had manifested distinctly anti-warlike, even anti-military sentiments. The French tutor, who accompanied him to Cassel, M. François Ayme, has left some interesting evidence of these traits. Prince William, it appears, never missed an opportunity to tell his French tutor that he would never make war on France. He never intended to make war on anybody. Nothing was easier than to abolish war. If the ministers who praised it were forced to settle international disputes with their own fists, there would be no more wars. M. Ayme had no doubt of his imperial pupil's sincerity, and it is possible that he then leaned toward that very simple solution of a very complicated problem; but as he came more directly in contact with the Prussian machine, as it has been fashioned by centuries of

absolutism and militarism, his point of view was modified.

Officers of high rank, specialists in every branch of military education, demonstrated to him the excellence of the German army, put him in touch with the prestige which it reflected upon the Empire and the benefits that would continue to be derived from it. On October 29, 1879, on leaving the University of Bonn, Prince William entered the First Regiment of the Guard, with the rank of lieutenant. He was instructed to train the young recruits who had recently joined the regiment. He performed this task successfully, and was congratulated by his grandfather on the day that he presented his first pupils to him.

On October 22, 1880, he was promoted captain, and his superior officers extolled the initiative which he displayed in handling troops. October 1, 1881, he was made a major and was transferred to the cavalry. In July, 1883, he made still another change and became an artillerist. He carried into the profession of arms the same seriousness and the same application which he put into everything else. He is no foe of gayety and good fellowship; he is even supposed to have a special taste for anecdotes of the sort that men tell only among themselves, in the smoking-room; but he has always treated serious matters seriously.

On his promotion to the higher ranks he exacted from his officers unremitting activity and application. He went so far as to claim the right to supervise their conduct outside the service. He showed his displeasure openly to those who lived too luxuriously and especially to those who played for high stakes.

By his marriage with Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, which was solemnized February 27, 1881, Prince William gratified his

grandfather's earnest wish. Although the princess's father had recently been dispossessed of his principality by Prussia, her family was closely connected in spirit with the conservative tradition represented by William I. She got on much better with her husband's grandfather than with the liberal-minded Crown Prince and his still more liberal-minded consort.

It does not appear that the present German Empress ever exercised any great influence over her husband. In so far, however, as her influence has extended, it has usually been, politically speaking, deplorable. With her narrow pietism, the extraordinary inaccessibility of her mind to any outside influence, her complaisance to militarism and reaction, the Empress has helped largely to make Berlin a veritable citadel against progress and liberty. If the Empress Frederick had continued to reign, she would have done her utmost to compel the German Empire to follow in the *pacifist* path of the other Western powers. No one has claimed that the wife of William II ever attempted anything of the sort.

Mirabeau, the great French revolutionist, said of Prussia that she was not a nation possessing an army, but an army possessing a nation. This judgment, uttered more than a century ago, is still true to-day. Prussia is an army, an intrenched camp, and the man destined by his birth to command Prussia finds himself, so to speak, compelled by all the institutions of Prussia to govern in accordance with tradition. At the outset he was seized and whirled away by the gears of the *machine*.

Under the influence of the British princess whom he had invited to share his throne, Frederick III attempted to stem the absolutist, militarist, feudal current. Perhaps, had he lived, he would have succeeded in turning the German Empire in the direction of

democracy and peace. But this is not certain, so potent were the forces which would have been marshaled against him.

So far as William II is concerned, the efforts made by his parents to inculcate a taste for novel Western ideals met with a pitiable failure. To be sure, in his childhood he was under the influence of his father and mother, of Professor Hinzpeter, — more questionable, that, — and of the masters selected by them; but as soon as he escaped from their supervision, as soon as he was subjected to other influences as well, these latter destroyed the work which had been begun and gave to Prince William's character its definitive stamp.

According to the unanimous opinion of eye-witnesses, he seemed infinitely more distressed by the death of William I, than by that of his own father. He felt himself to be much more truly his grandfather's grandson than his father's son. The ideas — or should we not say, the prejudices — in highest favor at the aged Emperor's court were in conformity with his innate sentiments and in entire harmony with his subconscious being. As a young man, he seemed to himself to stand on the same level with his grandfather and the 'great men' of his court. In the paternal and maternal circle, he was conscious of a sort of embarrassment. Indeed, the court gossip ascribes to him some almost irreverent remarks concerning his parents. It is reported in *Germany*, that he was taken one day, during manœuvres, with a violent bleeding at the nose. 'It is nothing,' he said to the officers who hastened to

assist him; 'it's the last drop of English blood coming from my veins.'

The anecdote is so unpleasant, it connotes so great a lack of filial respect on the prince's part, that I prefer to regard it as apocryphal; but the mere fact that it should have been invented, that it should have been circulated freely, bandied about, with pleasure and admiration, in those Prussian circles where people plume themselves on maintaining intact the genuine Prussian tradition, speaks for itself.

However, this anecdote, difficult as it is to verify, would simply go to confirm what events have proved: that William II, after his father's death, ceased to be an affectionate and obedient son to his mother. At the time of the distressing intrigues which raged about the death-bed of Frederick III, Crown Prince William openly took his place in the camp of Bismarck and the other inveterate enemies of his mother. He was able to rid himself of Bismarck in the sequel; but he carried out the policy which Bismarck would have carried out, and repudiated that which his parents would have tried to follow.

The official chronicles of the reign laud the Kaiser's *energy*; but that energy has been ill-directed. He has not set before himself the one goal worthy of a German sovereign of an open and far-seeing mind: the reformation of the foundation upon which the German Empire rests. And William II is the more blameworthy for having failed to accomplish this task because his first teachers had triumphantly proved to him how absolutely essential it is.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON HAVING BEEN BOTH A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR

WHEN this cruel war is over, and the mad rounds of parades, banquets, and reunions begin, I shall immediately set to work to organize the most exclusive of clubs. A mocking and envious friend suggests that our uniform consist of a white sailor hat, a soldier's tunic, — British, French, or American, according to the flags under which we served, — and a pair of sailor trousers with an extra wide flare. For the club is to be composed of those fortunate souls who like myself have seen 'the show' on land and on sea. To my mind, however, instead of mixing the uniforms, it would be better to dress in khaki when we feel military; in blue when our temperament is nautical. Think of belonging to a club whose members can dissect a trench-mortar with ease, and at the same time say, 'Three points off the port bow,' without turning a hair.

Marines admitted only after a special consideration of each case. Not that I don't admire the marines. I do. I yield to no one in my admiration of our gallant 'devil dogs.' But the applicant for admission to our club must have first served as a *bona-fide* soldier and then as a *bona-fide* sailor, or *vice versa*. Not that I am a sailor, or ever was a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy. All that I can claim to have been is a correspondent attached to the navy 'over there.' But four months' service, most of it spent at sea on the destroyers, subs, and battleships, entitles me, I think, to membership; consequently, being president, I have admitted myself.

'Well, you've seen the war both on

land and on sea; which service do you prefer — the army or the navy?' This question is hurled at me everywhere I go. I answer it with deliberation, enjoying the while to the full the consciousness of being an extraordinary person, a sort of literary Æneas, *multum jactatus et terris et alto*. And I answer briefly, 'The navy.'

I hasten to add, however, that you will find my answer colored by a passion for the beauty and the mystery of the sea with which some good spirit endowed me in my cradle. I was born in one of the most historic of New England sea-coast towns, where brine was anciently said to flow through the veins of the inhabitants. On midsummer days the fierce heat distills from the cracked, caked mud of tidal meadows, the clean, salty smell of the unsullied sea; dark ships, trailing far behind them long dissolving plumes of smoke, weave in and out between the tawny whale-backed islands of the bay, and tame little sea birds, almost the color of the shingle, run along at the edge of the incoming tide. So I admit a bias for the service of the sea.

Does the navy demand as much of the sailor as the army does of the soldier? A vexed question. The army, comparing grimly its own casualty lists with the navy's occasional roll, sometimes imagines, naturally enough, that the sailor lives, as the old hymn has it, 'on flowery beds of ease.' As a whole, there is no denying that living conditions are far better in the naval service, though much depends on the boat to which the sailor is assigned. A soldier in the trenches sleeps in his clothes; so does a sailor on a destroyer or a patrol-

boat; and I do not believe that I felt much more comfortable at the end of a long trip in an old destroyer, during which the vessel rolled, pitched, tossed, careened, stood on her head, sat on her tail, and buckled, than I did after a week or so at the front. Certainly, there was little to choose between the overcrowded living quarters of the sailors and a decent dugout. True, the 'toto,' *alias* 'grayback,' *alias* 'cootie,' or his occasional but less famous accomplice, the 'crimson rambler,' does not infest a navy ship. How many times have I not heard army folk say in heartfelt tones, 'Those navy people can keep clean!'

But a truce to the cootie. Much more has been made of him than he deserves. During the first six months of the war the creature was in evidence; but after the hostilities began to limit themselves to the trench-swathe, and this localizing war made possible a stable system of hospitals, cantonments, and baths, the cootie became as rare as a day in June, and to have such guests was an indication of abysmally bad luck or personal uncleanness. Moreover, a little gasoline begged from a lorry driver and sprinkled on one's clothes confers absolute immunity.

Consider the crew of a submarine. They do not have to plash about in a gully of smelly mud, of the consistency of thick soup, or wander down alleyways of red-brown mud, so cheesy that it sticks to the boots till one no longer lifts feet from the ground, but shapeless, heavy, thrice-cursed lumps of mire. No one has yet risen to sing the epic of the mud of France; yet 't is the soul of the war. The submarine sailors are spared the mud, but they live in a sealed cylinder into which sunlight does not penetrate, live in the close atmosphere of a garage; they cannot get exercise or change their clothes. A submarine crew that has had a hard time of

it look quite as worn out as soldiers just out of battle, and their color is far worse. And if there is a more heroic service than this submarine patrol, I should like to know of it.

And now the army in me rises to protest. 'I admit,' says the military voice, 'that service on ships may be a confounded sight more disagreeable than I had imagined; but the sailor has a chance when he gets to port to change his uniform, while a poor lad of a soldier must fight, eat, and sleep in the same old uniform, and must limit his changes to a change of underclothes.'

True, oh, military spirit! Civilian, — and thou, too, oh, sailor, — do you know what it is to be confined, to be wedded, without jest, 'till death do us part,' to *one* suit? One faithful, persistent, necessary uniform and *one* only. Two thirds of the joy of *permission* is the pleasure of getting out of a dirty, stale, besweated uniform. Heaven bless, Heaven shower a Niagara of happiness on those kindly ladies who sent us supplies of socks and jerseys! Don't be content to knit Johnny one pair of socks and a sweater: keep on knitting him a number of them, and send them over at intervals. The dandies of a section used to leave extra clothes in villages behind the lines. Alas, sometimes, the group, after service *aux tranchées*, was not marched back to the same village, and it was difficult to get permission to visit the other village, even were it near. Such expedients, however, are for luxurious times. Quite often there are no habitable villages for miles behind the lines, or else the civilian inhabitants have been ruthlessly warned away. In such circumstances there is no clean cache of clothes to be left behind in madame's closet. But the sailor — though he return as grimy as a printer's devil and as bearded as a comic tramp, there is always a clean

suit of 'liberty blues' in his bag, and to-morrow, clad in the handsomest of all naval uniforms, he will be found ashore, breaking fair British or Irish hearts.

I have tried to show that, in the judgment of an ex-soldier, the difference between the life of a sailor in a fighting ship and the life of a soldier in a fighting regiment is by no means as great as has been imagined. The army, I suppose, will grumble at such a pronunciamento. Let an objector, then, try being a lookout man all winter long on a destroyer — or try firing a while. All is not quite purgatorial, even at the front. Most army men know of quiet places along the line held, on our side, by rubicund, wine-bibbing, middle-aged French *territoriaux* — *bons pères de famille* who show you pictures of Étienne and Maurice; and garrisoned, on the enemy's border, by fat old Huns who want very, very much to get home to their great pipe and steaming sauerkraut. In places like these each side apologizes for the bad caste of its supporting artillery, while grenade-throwing is regarded as the bottom level of viciousness.

Once in a while people die there of old age, gout, or chronic liver complaint. No one is ever killed. Such *ententes cordiales* were far more frequent than those behind the line have ever suspected. On the other hand, some twenty miles down the trench-swathe, there may be a hillock constantly contested, a strategic point which burns up the lives of men as casually as the sustaining of a fire consumes faggots. Now it is the quick, merciful bullet in the head, now the hot, whizzing *éclat* of a high explosive, now the earthquake of the subterranean mine. But after all, a mine at sea is no more gentle than one on land; and to have a mine exploded under him is perhaps the eventuality which a soldier

fears more than anything else. On land, the thundering release of a giant breath from out of the earth; a monstrous pall of fragments of soil, stones, and dust — perhaps of fragments more ghastly; at sea, a thundering pound, a column of water which seems to stand upright for a second or two, and then falls crashing on whatever is left of the vessel. *Quelle monde!*

There is a distinct difference between the psychology of the soldier and that of the sailor. A soldier of any army is sure to be drilled, and drilled, and drilled again, till he becomes what he ought to be, a cog in an immense machine, scientifically designed for the release of violence; a sailor, drilled scientifically enough but not so mechanically, preserves some of the ancient freedom of the sea. Then, too, the soldier with his bayonet is a fighting force; the sailor, though prepared for it, himself rarely fights, *but works a fighting mechanism* — the ship. The battleship X may sink the cruiser Y, but there is rarely a *corps-à-corps*, such as takes place for instance in a disputed shell-crater.

Thus removed from the baser brutalities of war, the sailor never reveals that vein of Berserker savagery which soldiers will often reveal in a conquered province. As a class, sailors are the best-natured, most good-hearted souls in the world. Rough some may be, some may be scamps; but brutal, never. Moreover, living under a discipline easier to bear than the soldier's, Jack has not the sullen streaks that overtake betimes men under arms. Of course he grumbles — enlisted men are not normal if they don't grumble; but Jack's grumbling is as nothing compared to the fierce smothered hate for things in general which every soldier sometimes feels.

I would follow the sea, because I am a lover of the mystery and beauty of

the sea, and because my comrades would be sailormen. I would knock at the navy's door, because, after all is said and done, the naval power is the *ultima ratio* of this titanic affair. I have seen many of the great scenes of this war, among them Verdun on the first night of the historic battle, but nothing that I saw on land impressed me as did my first view of the British Grand Fleet in its northern harbor — the dark ships, the hollow ships, rulers of the past, rulers of the future, unconquered and unconquerable.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PREPOSITION

There is no sin in playing with pebbles, if one does not forget their connection with the stars and the suns. It is not reprehensible to 'study Plato for his prepositions,' if one remains mindful of the philosophic deduction that may depend on the interpretation of *παρά* or *ὑπὸ*. One loving the human whimsicalities of synonyms may be excused if he sometimes turn away from the bombastic importance of the noun, the nervous insistence of the verb, the glaring ornament of adjective or adverb, to regard some of the subtleties of the humble preposition.

All word-workers have their pet prepositions, and have a critical eye for writers who do not share their regard for this or that favorite, who are careless, say, with *by*, or indiscriminate with *in*. Unhappily there exist artists who show a lively interest in the more prominent parts of speech, but who seem to have no respect for the precious connectives; who make an ugly knot when they employ a conjunction, or stitch in a preposition with a prominence that offends the pattern.

The purpose of the preposition is to point out the place of its superiors, their relation each to each, *above*, *below*,

around, *near*; but its own place is shown by its usurping no other: its dignity consists in its obscurity. And yet the preposition is itself often so full of meaning that it requires a skillful stylist to give it all its due of significance, and at the same time confine it to its humble position.

Without the preposition, nouns and verbs, however important in themselves, might remain mere separate splashes of color or shape; it is for the preposition so to weave them into the web of the sentence that their relative positions may indicate to the full the significance of the patterned thought. Because its primary business is with placing other words, indicating each varying angle of their relation each to each, — as for example whether a thing emanates *from* a man or goes *to* him or passes *through* him, — the preposition is always hard to separate from its place-meaning, even with all the subtle distinctions of thought to which it may attain. Of these distinctions our adolescence, impatient of the schooling of rule and rhetoric, grows weary; but later there comes a pleasure in the play of connotation we may employ. Prepositions become picturesque with their import for our fancy. Examine *in* and *into*: *into* has a catapultic impact, suggests the splash of a stone thrown *into* the water, to be readily contrasted with the static quality of *in*, the stillness, the permanence of the stones, the plants, *in* the water. The distinction sometimes veers away from the primary difference, when, for instance, the pen hesitates in writing that the individual is merged *into* the whole or *in* the whole. To my mind, the waters of oblivion close over him with more finality if he is merged *in* than *into*. One enjoys preserving the accuracy of *between* and *among*, conscious of all the intimacy of *between*, all the promiscuity of *among*. In comparing *with* and com-

paring *to*, the imagination perceives an implication of social strata, since one compares a man *with* his fellows, in a democratic homogeneity; but in comparing him *to* another, one connotes the existence of a superior, an aristocracy by means of which we measure and contrast.

An instinct for niceties often leads us to turn to the greater subtlety obtainable by employing prepositions from another tongue than our own. The place element in a native preposition is likely so to persist, that one substitutes for its obtrusive literalness the greater subtlety possible to the foreign preposition from its unfamiliarity. Our own *for* and *against* are heavy with place-suggestion, as against the weight of pure argument inherent in the Latin *pro* and *con*. The prepositions of one's own language never can be made utterly free of literalness. Note how in 'under the rose' the thought is obscured by the picture, while, in '*sub rosa*' we instantly get the desired impression of all the whispered stealth of scandal. About the Latin *circa* there floats a delightful historic mistiness; *circa* 300 B.C. has a nebulosity not obtainable by the matter-of-fact *about*.

Each of us has, perhaps, his pet prepositions from alien tongues, as pleasing to his pen as his favorites of his own vernacular. Who of us has not a fondness for the dear discursive *de*, which long ago opened to us the pleasant paths of *Amicitia* and the strong self-reliance of *Senectute*? *De*, translated into its English equivalent *concerning*, has prefaced many a charming essay, and *concerning* still, whenever seen in a title, promises us entrance into all the enchanting realm of rambling.

The French *à la* supplies a word that social usage could hardly do without. We less gracious races need that French term, meaning 'in the manner of,' for manner has with us too little impor-

tance. We need to borrow from our Gallic cousins that prepositional phrase, as we need to learn, also, some of the grace that they believe should always crown conduct. We need to manage our social activities as well as our military ones more in the French fashion. Meditating on prepositions, Gallic and Latin, one remarks the adequacy of their employment in the Latin tongues, so that they weave the substance of the other parts of speech into a blended pattern, wherein they themselves remain duly obscure. What is the significance of the contrasting behavior of the German preposition, which insists that its importance shall be felt by arranging the whole sentence to meet its needs?

Does this pen-play with prepositions seem perhaps petty, as if a grown man should toss pebbles on the seashore? But perhaps the pebbles might tell him of eternity. Do we not sometimes need to remind ourselves of what is permanent? Perhaps words are more enduring than wars. There was once a man who thought it no paltry pastime to be preoccupied with words — small words at that: 'Hoti's business'; 'The doctrine of the enclitic *De*.' Because, refusing to be confined to the contemporary, he gave his study to language, the imperishable, a great poet thought him worthy of mountain burial in 'A Grammarian's Funeral.'

A NIGHT 'SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA'

There is a little factory town in the south central part of the State of New York, about fifteen miles north of the state line of Pennsylvania. I had counted 605 little red and blue stars on the huge white sign in front of the largest factory, and 204 on the service flag flying from the top of the other large factory, when I was informed that

another quota of seventy men had been ordered to entrain for training-camps on the morrow.

That night when I went to bed, I knew that some of the good people of the little town would find sleep a tardy guest; but I hardly suspected that to me, too, sleep would be unknown, and that I was destined to experience one of the most thrilling nights of my life. The village was having a carnival, a musical carnival — such as I had read about only in books dealing with mediæval knights in the romantic countries of the Latins. There was music everywhere — mandolins, guitars, banjos, accordions; vocal solos and arias, duets, quartettes, and sextettes.

About one in the morning I was out on the porch, sharing in the pathetic enthusiasm of the village. The night was clear and starry. A cool northern breeze was blowing softly from across the hills, lifting up the quaint, wonderful music of the parading groups of young men, and wafting it to the porches of listening villagers, who accepted it as the thrilling farewell of men who had worked and lived with them, and who were about to offer their lives for the freedom they had all enjoyed together.

Several Italians passed me shouting, 'Goode-bye,' while beating out a sweetly melodious serenade on their mandolins and guitars. A young Russian, with an accordion slung across his body, was the centre of a group of Slavs. With wistful monotony he kept on playing, accompanied by half-a-dozen voices, a melancholy Russian folk-song. And far away, in the other streets, instruments and voices were sending their musical expression of souls, sorrowing, encouraging, and hoping, into the still night.

Slowly, very slowly, the black mists shielding the low hills to the north turned into gray; day was approaching quite visibly, until it broke — gloriously radiant. In the east the sun swam out, round and large and peaceful, and a hundred voices cheered it. A rich tenor voice suddenly struck up, in the most musical of all languages, a prayer to dawn, so weird and thrilling and infinitely sweet, that a hush fell over the town, and the hills seemed to reverberate and reëcho his marvelous melody — a hush which lasted even for some minutes after his last notes had died away; and it was hard to distinguish whether the moisture in the eyes of the good people sitting on the porches was the reflection of the morning dew or the reaction of the Italian's song.

Then down below, at the foot of the hill, the newsdealer made his appearance. Instantly he was surrounded, and the headlines of his papers were translated into a half-dozen languages; and a great shout of joy went up to the sky. I bought a paper, and hurriedly read that the Franco-American forces had hurled the Germans back across the Marne, inflicting heavy losses, and taking thousands of prisoners. The crowd kept on cheering wildly, as if their own first victory were won. The sun was climbing upwards. It gave promise of a beautiful day. A young Greek passed me by, holding a newspaper in his hands. 'Good boys!' he said, pointing to the headlines; 'verry good worrk!' His eyes were glistening with tears.

Later in the day I saw these men depart for the camps — sturdy, tan-faced foreigners mostly, who had received this country's warm hospitality and had never forgotten it.